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Vol. VI, 1898==List of Contents.

I. THE SCAPULAR AND OUR LADY OF CARMEL.

	PAGE.
1. A Knight of the Scapular.....	26
2. Mary's Little Pagan Child.....	68
3. Efficacy of the Scapular.....	102
4. Our Lady During the Jubilee.....	135
5. In Peril by Water.....	170
6. A Flower of Carmel.....	204
7. The Scapular a Safeguard.....	236
8. An Invincible Rampart.....	258

II. HACIOLOGY.

1. St. Ambrose, by Rev. A. F. Bruder, O. C. C.....	13
2. St. Peters' Chair in Rome, by Rev. Stephen McDonald, O. C. C.....	16
3. St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, by Rev. Theodore McDonald, O. C. C.....	155
4. St. Peter-Thomas—His Life and Times, by Miss Sue X. Blakely,.....	42, 79, 114, 150, 181, 219, 251, 285, 313, 353, 386

III. POETRY.

1. To the Divine Infant, by E. d. M.....	3
2. In Praise of Wisdom, by Caroline D. Swan ..	3
3. The Purification, by E. de M.....	41
4. Mother of God, by Henry Coyle	49
5. The Annunciation, by M. L. Ryan.....	77
6. Easter, by E. d. M.....	114
7. May Carols, by Eleanor C. Donnelly.....	149
8. Whiteness of May, by Caroline D. Swan.....	159
9. Peace, by E. de. M.....	183
10. Flos Carmeli, by E. de. M.....	217
11. To the Carmelites of Compiègne.....	250
12. Carmelo, by Marcella Fitzgerald.....	302
13. St. Theresa	317
14. Loss of a Friend, by E. de M.....	351
15. Divine Mother and Her Babe.....	385

IV. FICTION.

1. "As A Stream Flows," a Serial by Miss Anna C. Minogue.....	50, 87, 128, 160, 191, 224, 257, 290, 324, 359, 397
2. An Easter Revelation, by Caroline D. Swan.....	104, 126
3. Rid of a Pest, by Chas. F. Keyser.....	138
4. A Daughter of the Prophet, by Rev. Philip A. Best.....	62

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

LIST OF CONTENTS—*Continued.*

V. CORRESPONDENCE.

	PAGE.
1. Roman Letter	198
2. From the Klondike.....	383

VI. FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR.

1. Epiphany, by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald.....	8
2. Feast of the Scapular, by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald.....	231
3. The Assumption, by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald.....	297
4. Translation of the House of Loretto, by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald.....	392

VII. DEVOTIONAL.

1. The Little King, by Rev. Philip A. Best	4
2. Flowers of March, by E. de M.....	97
3. Ave Maria, by Rev. E. Rick, O. C. C.....	167
4. Mary, "Mother of Fair Love," by E. d. M.....	313

VIII. OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

1. The Secretary's Letters, etc., by Miss M. Cummings.....	29, 70, 107, 143, 175, 207, 238, 270, 309, 341, 375, 408
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IV. EDITORIAL NOTES.

Editorial Notes.....	341, 73, 110, 145, 178, 210, 242, 275, 311, 343, 377, 412
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X. MISCELLANEOUS.

1. The Philippines, by Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.....	19
2. Woman and the Church, by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald.....	58, 120

XI. ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Infant of Prague	2
2. Purification.....	40
3. St. Joseph.....	74
4. Resurrection.....	113
5. Help of Christians.....	147
6. St. Veronica's Veil	182
7. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel	215
8. Carmelites of Compiègne.....	248
9. Archbishop Walsh.....	282
10. St. Theresa.....	316
11. Visitation	350
12. Divine Mother and Babe.....	419



TO THE DIVINE INFANT.

[These lines were suggested by the beautiful prayer in honor of the Holy Infant of Prague, composed by the Carmelite, Father Cyril a Matre Dei.]



SWEET Infant—God! I humbly fly to Thee,
 For I have heard Thy whisper all divine:
 "Come all who labor, come with trust to me,"
 "Your hearts can only rest in love of mine."
 Sweet Infant—Jesus! I believe in Thee,
 And hope for mercy from Thy loving Heart.
 O may I love and serve Thee fervently!
 "The Prince of peace," "Emmanuel," Thou art!
 Sweet little Jesus! Souls so dear to Thee
 Shall be the objects of my tender love.
 O grant that we may all eternally
 Rejoice and praise Thee in the land above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

IN PRAISE OF WISDOM.

Who comes with thee, O Father Time, to-night?
 'Twas Folly once, and Mirth in elfin guise,
 And Hope, whose flash electric lit our skies:
 Now, lo, a Presence soft in lambent light,
 Whose touch is calm.—O Time, give up the fight!
 Thou bringest snowy locks and tearful eyes;
 She takes the sorrow out! Thou givest sighs;
 She stills them, broadening the inner sight.
 Her name is Wisdom. Win her grace who can,
 The sweetest boon companion 'neath the sun!
 Serene she speaks—"Seek that which never dies,
 The truth of God, O dying child of man!
 Th' eternal majesty of thoughts that run
 Down the far rivers of the centuries."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE LITTLE KING.

BY REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O. C. C.

"If there is any thing that will endure
The eyes of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hands, and therefore undefiled,
Nearer the gates of Paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see ;
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer ;—
Yea, even sheathes his sword, in judgment bare."

—R. H. Stoddard.

"It is childish !"

"Very true, my friend, and therefore praise-worthy, and good for our souls did we follow it, for unless you be converted, and become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

This was the prelude to a discussion of divers devotions.

My subject is then, literally, "*childish*." It is in season too. The old year, with its good and bad, its joy and pain, is dead and buried. Holy Church takes it for granted that we, too, are all born again, so to speak—or, in other words, that the Babe of Bethlehem is again King of our hearts. With the new year, the holy Infant should grow within us from day to day. This is the lesson of the Christmas celebration. We felt strong after eating of the heavenly Bread and we resolved. To-day we put our resolutions to the test. The world with its deceit, sham and hypocrisy is ready to entrap us. You shrink backwards. You dare not take the first step. No wonder ! You mistrust your so-called friends.

"Have courage, my child !" says holy Church. Your best friend and pastor of your soul—the priest—loves to call you by the endearing name of *child*. "My little children !" repeated the Apostle of love. Have courage,

then, and go forth to-day in that sweet name which was given to your King. Hell and all that is in it will tremble at that holy Name.

Not long ago I heard of a hardened criminal being suddenly moved to tears by the words and looks of a little child. This brings us more to the point. The fact that I am trying to drive home is that we ought to try to become children again. The world says, go ahead ! Heed it not, but go backwards. Go back to the open, honest, simple and candid ways of your early days—in a word, be a child !

People are becoming very unnatural. We seem to be afraid of one another. We are slaves to conventionalities. We often feel disposed to throw off all restraint and act like children. Why, we are so accustomed to this guarded way of ours, that we have our doubts as to the sanity of a person who acts naturally. I think it was Emerson who said that whilst alone we are natural, but let a second person enter the room and we become unnatural, as if perpetually posing for our photographs. I might be paradoxical and say we naturally become unnatural. We are shocked if we hear an object called by its right name.

We all love and admire innocence and simplicity. How we feel drawn to

the saints on that account. We at times run across a person of talent and real greatness. We approach him with awe, and are surprised to discover a person humble and simple in his bearing. "Just like a child," we say to ourselves. So different from the usual run of men. What we admire, let us imitate.

It is rather a difficult matter to preserve innocence now-a-days. "It was different when I was a boy, (or a girl)," you say. "Why, boys know things now when they are only ten years old which they ought to be innocent of at least until they are twenty-five years of age." Perhaps there is some truth in all this. As regards the exterior we are becoming clean and refined, but does the same innocence reign in the heart? It is doubtful. 'Tis sad, in these days, to know how the unclean spirit has spread his net. It reaches into the seemingly inaccessible places. Yes, impurity is king. It unblushingly walks into the abode of innocence. And the bulk of the dirt is mixed with printer's ink.

"My dear children! be children!" cries holy Church. "Cultivate the conduct of a child." The kernel of devotion to Mary Immaculate consists in acting as her children. How we glory in the title of a Child of Mary. We all need to re-enter this spiritual kindergarten.

This is the month dedicated to the holy Child. Innocence and Purity is the object lesson. Later on, when Lent arrives, holy Church will point out the way to act if we have forfeited innocence. To-day, the holy Child is put before us. We are asked to follow our Little King.

The Gospel narrative relates nothing of the hidden life at Nazareth except what pertained to the holy Infancy.

Silent as to the rest, the Holy Spirit seems to concentrate our attention upon the simplicity, meekness and self-abasement of the Holy Child. The mysteries of His early life have always been dear to Christians, but it has been reserved to these latter days for the Church to consecrate to them a particular devotion. But now as to the outward expression of devotion to the divine Child.

The Miraculous Infant of Prague may be taken as the outward expression of the interior devotion to the Child life of Christ. I shall presently briefly sum up the history of the Miraculous Infant—or "Christ-kind" as the pious Germans say.

Within a few short years, the Little King has made a triumphant tour of the world. He has been received with honor in the Carmelite convents of Europe; in Brazil, Chili, China, Japan, Canada, Australia he is known; far in the interior of Africa, amid the hostile cannibals, He has established His reign, and in America devotion to Him has spread with marvellous rapidity. Not only in Carmel the world over, but among the Religious of every order, even to the deserts of La Trappe, He has found His way. In private houses, in chapels and in churches we find Him.

As we write, before us lies a note from a well-known writer and friend of Carmel, and one who has done giant's work for these pages. This much-esteemed and pious friend tells us of the solemn inauguration last month of the devotion to the "Little Infant of Prague in the Church of the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's, Pennsylvania." We are told further in detail that the Little King was placed on His rich and gorgeous throne with becoming ceremony. This statue is the

loveliest of the lovely, and its apparel rich and exquisite. And then the flood of light rushing through the great banks of most beautiful and fragrant flowers, made a sight fit for a King—which indeed it was in reality. And how lovely and inspiring was it not to see the procession of children—so tastily dressed. And how the hearts of the great congregation warmed with love and zeal when the good and zealous Benedictine Father so eloquently unfolded the beauty of devotion to the Holy Child. Long may He reign over hearts and homes in St. Marys.

The one cited is no isolated case. I simply give it as one among many. It is also in place if we recall the fact here that the new and beautiful Carmelite chapel in Boston is especially dedicated to the Miraculous Infant. The lovely little statue in this chapel has touched the wonder-working image at Prague.

This statue represents the Babe Jesus as a little King in royal robes, with a crown upon His head. Two small fingers are raised in blessing, and in one hand He holds the world, signified by the little globe, as the pious readers will notice on the frontispiece of this number of *THE CARMELITE REVIEW*. It is a pious and laudable custom of many parents to dedicate their children of twelve years, and under, to the Holy Infant. Now a word as to the rise and progress of this beautiful Carmelite devotion.

In the old city of Prague, the name of which has been rendered familiar and musical to our ears by Longfellow's beautiful verse, there is a Carmelite church known as St. Mary of Victory or *Maria de Victoria*. On one of the side altars is a little wax statue of the Infant Jesus, about nineteen inches in

height. It does not call to our minds the Babe of the manger in His poverty and weakness, but the eternal King, Who, although He was made man, and a tiny infant, never, for one moment, ceased to be our God. That is the first thought of the devotion, the true divinity of Christ the Child. He has royal robes and mantles and a kingly crown, and He condescends to go anywhere to those who love Him. For little statues made like this, or much smaller, can be procured by rich or poor for their dwellings, and many lessons of innocence, humility, faith and love are taught by its means.

The miraculous statue itself first came from Spain, St. Teresa's own native land. It was brought to Bohemia by a Spanish princess, in whose family it had long been a treasured heirloom. She gave it to her daughter, who in her turn presented it to the Carmelite monks of Prague in the early part of the seventeenth century, saying, "I hereby give you what I prize most highly in this world." In 1631, the city was captured by King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Carmelite monastery was plundered, and the sacred image, called by the plunderers "Popish superstition," was thrown into a pile of rubbish behind the main altar.

Now it is to be noted that when the daughter of the Spanish princess gave her treasured statue to the monks, she had also said to them, "As long as you venerate this image you shall not know want." But through one cause or another the devotion had been neglected, and when the monks returned at last to Prague, they did not renew it, and the dear little image still remained broken and uncared for. At last a Father Cyril came back to the monastery, and he, when a novice,

had received great relief in spiritual trials through his simple devotion to the Infant Jesus. He did not forget this fact. He found the little statue, almost buried in dust, the story says, and he uplifted it, and went earnestly to work in its honor, until once again, and far more widely than before, the devotion flourished.

God's favors rewarded the faith of the people. So many cures were wrought that the Divine Infant became known as "The Heavenly Physician." Marvelous instances of these miraculous cures are on record, not only in earlier days, but in this very decade of our own century. It is not alone the prioress of a Carmelite convent in Prague itself, a century and a half ago, who is cured of a great difficulty in breathing that has troubled her for years, so that rapid walking always brought on complete exhaustion, and to whom a complication of diseases foretold approaching death, who invokes the gracious Infant and wakes next morning after a quiet night, all pain gone, and "as though entering upon a new existence." But it is also a nun, in the year 1890, who is completely cured without need of an imperative and threatened operation; it is a French nobleman in 1891, cured of an abscess of the liver without knife or wound; it is a lady in 1892, recovering when at the point of death from an acute attack of peritonitis. In each case recourse was had to the Divine Infant of Prague by means of novenas in His honor.

Naturally the Holy Child's special favors are for children, whose Christian mothers have specially recommended them to His tender care. Sometimes His medal is laid upon a child sick with croup or fever, or suffering from the after-effects of smallpox or meningitis;

novenas are made, Mass is said, the children recover. On the medal are the words, "Holy Infant Jesus, bless us!" and He certainly hears and answers the simple invocation.

It is most touching and beautiful to find that in many cases poor workmen have applied, in their hours of destitution and difficulty, to the Holy Child, Whose foster-father was a poor workman like themselves, and they have been relieved. What a delightful thought this is, and how we ought to try very earnestly to spread this simple devotion in our Catholic homes! But there is a more wonderful beauty in the following very striking fact, that the devotion to the Infant Jesus of Prague is sincerely practiced by the negro children in Africa, who lay before Him their wants and cares! "In the interior of western Africa, amidst fierce and hostile cannibals, the Little King has established His rule amongst the newly converted Congo people. His palace is nothing but a rude hut with a straw roof, but He has many devout worshippers, and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost relate many cases where prayers are immediately heard."

We see how truly, then, the devotion is spreading over the world. Beginning in a Carmelite monastery in Bohemia, where the miraculous image is given by a Spanish lady who brought it from Spain, it has been taken up by the Visitation nuns, the Sisters of the Assumption, the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine, the Dominican nuns, and the Sisters of Charity. In 1892, the Franciscan nuns brought the tiny statues to distant Norway; in 1893 they were sent to Brazil, Japan, China, and they came to Boston and New Orleans. The missionaries have them in Australia; while, as we can readily understand, it has been ordained that in all Carmelite

convents there shall be a statue of the Divine Child of Mary. The beads of the Infant Jesus consist of a small chaplet comprising three Our Fathers in honor of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and twelve Hail Marys in honor of the twelve years of our dear Lord's pure and most innocent childhood. The *Raccolta*, the authorized collection of prayers indulgenced by the Church, contains some beautiful devotions to the Child Jesus, and notably the very one that is used on the twenty-fifth of every month.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel* now devotes a special department to the *Miraculous Infant*—or, as it is more endearingly called, the *Prager Jesulein*. In the last November and December num-

bers of this excellent magazine, devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, page after page is given of wonderful cures worked by the Royal Babe.

Finally, dear reader, it would seem that the Holy Child, with his smile of innocence and simplicity, would wish to soften all hearts and melt the icy band of intellectual pride that holds captive so many a noble soul. May He succeed, may the sweet Jesus, the Infant King, reign with unchallenged sway over the Twentieth Century! Then may we hope and pray that, as He holds the globe in His tiny Hand, He may likewise hold all Christendom in the bonds of holy charity. May Thy Kingdom come, O! Lord, through Mary!

THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY.

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



CHRISTIAN people throughout the world rejoice on the feast of the Epiphany. So dear is this great festival to their hearts, that in many Catholic countries

they call it Little Christmas. This is only what we should expect of a festival on which is celebrated the calling of our fathers to the Christian religion. Before the coming of our Divine Redeemer the true religion was confined to one small nation, to one chosen people alone, whilst the nations of the earth were buried in the darkness of paganism. Many evils befell the first man in his transgression.

The supernatural light with which he was endowed as he came forth from the hand of his Creator, and by which he knew his God and his obligations to Him, was lost in his unhappy fall. Not only did he lose this most precious gift, but as he rebelled against his God his passions rebelled against him, and threw a dense cloud over his natural reason, and this, with a will weakened and inclined to evil, was the bitter inheritance he left to his children. Thus the nations of the earth, turning away from their Creator, plunged themselves into the deepest errors and the most foul corruption, and, to crown all their infamy, they deified their passions and offered to them the homage of their hearts.

Still, God in His unbounded mercy and in the inscrutable designs of His

divine Providence did not cast them away forever, but when the plenitude of time came, sent them a Redeemer. To His chosen people an angel bore the happy tidings of His birth, to the nations a star proclaimed that the light and the revelation of the Gentiles was born. Whether it was an ordinary star that God made use of on that occasion, or whether it was a mere column of light, such as the pillar of fire that went before the Israelites in the days of Moses, or whether it was an angel illuminating the firmament, is a mere matter of conjecture among the learned. But, however that may be, there is one fact certain, that it was a sign sent by God to call the Gentiles, in the persons of the Magi, to the true faith, and to guide them to where the Saviour of the world was born, that they might offer to Him their gifts and the homage of their adoration, in the name of a people who were chosen to become the faithful children of the Church. There can be no doubt, that they knew the star to be such a sign from Divine inspiration, but it is more than probable that they expected about that time the coming of the Messiah, and that they had heard from the prophet of the star that was to rise out of Jacob, and the scepter that was to spring from Israel. For at that period the expectation of the promised Messiah and the golden age that He was to inaugurate, was not confined to the Jewish people alone. The nations of the earth expected His coming, as a fragmentary tradition, however distorted, of a promised Redeemer obtained among the Gentiles, and that such was the prevailing belief of the nations of the East, Tacitus and Suetonius leave no doubt. In the West, Virgil sang of the golden age in his Fourth Eclogue, and that pro-

duction so closely resembles Isaiah, that many are of the opinion that the prediction of the great prophet was the source of his inspiration, but he himself would lead us to believe that his knowledge on that subject was derived from the prophetic words of the Cumæan Sibyl. However, these are facts that we will not dispute about, for we have the main fact, that, through the unutterable goodness and mercy of God, our fathers were called to the true faith by the intervention of a miraculous star.

The poor shepherds, keeping the night watches over their flocks, were called first, and not through the intervention of a star, but by the good offices of an angel. They represented up to that time the chosen people of God, and as such were honored with a celestial intelligence as the medium of revelation. But to the nations who turned away from God, and lived not according to reason, but according to the senses, was sent an irrational guide, being more in accordance with their lives than a celestial intelligence would be, and thus it was a star that led them to the feet of the Divine Redeemer. But, as St. Gregory remarks, "not only intelligent beings bore witness to the Divinity of our Lord, but all the inanimate elements of nature during the periods of His birth, life and death." At His birth, the angelic host proclaimed, in their glorious canticle of praise, Glory to God and peace to men," and the heavenly star, as though it were conscious of its Creator's birth, leads men to their Redeemer's feet. The sea acknowledged its Divine Master, as it afforded Him a solid footing on its gentle bosom and rolling billows, and the storm and the ocean in its anger, as though conscious of His presence, obeyed His commands.

The earth, upon which we move and live, recognized Him in His sufferings, for, as though unwilling that such a tragedy should be perpetrated on its surface, it shook to its very centre, and the sun in the heavens stood appalled, and refused to give its light during the agony of its God. The rocks and the veil of the Temple bore witness to His Divinity, for they were rent in twain, and death and the tomb acknowledged His victory, for they gave up their dead.

There is another feature with regard to the miraculous star, that should not be passed over without mention. It led the Wise Men to Jerusalem and then disappeared. Saint Leo says that the inanimate star withdrew itself that it might force the Magi to have recourse to the lawful authority instituted by God for interpreting the Holy Scriptures and teaching the people. There were the pontiffs, the scribes, and the doctors of the Law, who had authority to explain, from the oracles of the prophets, where and when Christ would be born, and they declared He was to be born in Bethlehem. The Magi, having complied with this obligation, and in obedience to the directions received, set out on their journey, and the extraordinary guide, that would not direct them where ordinary means were to be found, to their great joy, went before them and stood over the place where the Child was born.

We can hardly at this distant period fully appreciate the great blessings bestowed upon our fathers and through them upon us, by being called to the faith of Jesus Christ. With the Christian religion every blessing has come to us, and whatever real substantial happiness we enjoy in the present state of the world, we owe to

our Catholic faith. To corroborate this statement, we need but look back to the history of the pagan world, a world seething in its own corruption. Over its worst features we must throw the veil of oblivion, for a respectable pen dare not inscribe, nor offend the sensibility of respectable readers by portraying, the immorality of a pagan people. We must be equally silent over their orgies in honor of their favorite divinities, who were no other than the lowest animal instincts of human nature deified, and worshipped by men fallen to the lowest depths of degradation. Even at the present day, what is the state of the nations who resisted the light of the Gospel and remained pagan? It may be said that, in these nations, pagan civilization did not receive its highest development. Let us grant the above statement, and what does it prove? That such nations were not as enlightened as those who received the Christian religion. If it proves anything, it proves too much. It shows that the more refined and enlightened pagan nations had been, the more willing they were to receive the light of Christianity, and the more docile they were to subject themselves to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. But is it true that paganism in its highest development, in its progress in art, science and literature, brought peace and happiness to the masses of the people? We acknowledge that Greek and Roman genius, the product of the God-like spirit in man, even in spite of paganism, gave to the world great generals, great sculptors and painters, and great historians and poets. But we do not acknowledge that the sculptors or painters of ancient Greece or Rome were equal to Christian artists. It is true the former produced beautiful models of nature, and in that

sense it would be difficult to surpass them. But there is a higher beauty than the mere natural beauty which we admire so much ; there is a spiritual, an ideal beauty, that none but the great Christian artist—that none but the man of high and holy aspirations can conceive. And how frequently must such a one feel disappointed—how frequently must his soul fret within him, for he cannot find colors to portray the celestial beauty of his imagination, and the canvas but too often renders back to him an image too cold and too earthly to be an exact portrait of the grand conception of his mind. The statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration, the masterpiece of Raphael, are still extant to bear us out in the assertions that we have made. And what a galaxy of lesser lights, under the fostering care of the Church, for centuries illumined the world of arts beneath the blue skies of Italy. But let us answer the question, is it true that paganism in its highest civilization and development, brought peace and happiness to the masses of the people ? The Roman Empire was thoroughly pagan ; it was the greatest empire the world ever saw—embracing all Europe, a part of Africa, and a large portion of Asia within the vast limits of its territory—and consequently it had an opportunity of improving the conditions of the nations subject to its authority. But were the nations happy under the fostering care of the mighty Empire ? Let us look back through centuries, and what meets our eyes and ears but their bitter tears and their cries of woe ? We must remember that it took the pen of a great poet to paint the scene of the dying gladiator, and to reveal to us his last looks, and his thoughts straying back to his rude hut

by the Danube, where his young barbarians and their Dacian mother dwelt, whilst pouring forth his life blood on the arena, to satisfy the cruel and the brutal instincts of a pagan people.

Pagan Rome trampled on the rights of men ; it pillaged and robbed the nations subject to its unholy sway, whilst the booty of impoverished peoples flowed in to adorn its temples, its imperial palaces and its resorts of pleasure. The great city is thought by some antiquarians and historians to have had at the zenith of its glory about five millions of inhabitants, but, however that may be, it could boast of two thousand palaces of incredible splendor. It had within its vast circuit several amphitheatres, of which one alone could afford sitting accommodation to one hundred thousand spectators, and a grand circus which could admit within its enclosure, some say, four hundred thousand, but at the lowest calculation, one hundred and fifty thousand persons. And in the midst of all this earthly grandeur—in the midst of all this wealth and magnificence, there was not one hospital to be found within its walls, for the alleviation of poor suffering humanity. The religion and the morals of the people were degraded beyond expression, they were an outrage on human nature, so that the last vestige of kindly feeling to their fellow men was crushed out of their immortal souls, made to the likeness of the God of charity, and all this was the fruit of paganism. The people were voluptuous to the last degree, and as a general rule voluptuous people are cruel and bloodthirsty, for debauchery begets selfishness and selfishness begets hatred for others. Pagan Rome justifies this principle, for that cruelty, which is the

perfection of hatred, not only reigned in Rome, but throughout the vast extent of its empire. There can be no doubt about this matter, as is proved by the deeds perpetrated in the Flavian amphitheatre. This great resort of pleasure known as the Coliseum was constructed in an elliptical form, its width was five hundred and twenty-five feet, the terraced seats, with which it was surrounded, rose to a height of one hundred and sixty feet, accommodating one hundred thousand spectators. Underneath the seats were the prisons and cages where the wild beasts, intended for the conflicts, were confined. These fierce savages of the desert, for some days before the combats, were deprived of food that they might attack their victims with greater fury. The persons who fought in the arena were called gladiators; they sometimes fought with wild beasts, at other times with one another; their ranks, depleted by these bloody contests, were filled by the unfortunate prisoners of war or by poor slaves, whose only crime was that they were poor and helpless, and not unfrequently by abandoned children whose lives were spared and who were nurtured and brought up for that unholy purpose. It is said in our Christian era, that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, but in pagan Rome the wealthy and powerful did not retain the least natural feeling, not even the last vestige of humanity, for the millions subject to their sway; even those bound by the strongest ties of nature were forced to slaughter each other, for it very often happened that fathers, sons and brothers met in mortal combat for the gratification of

a blood-thirsty and a degraded people. Persons of all sexes, ages and rank, possessing Roman citizenship, the emperor included, feasted their eyes on the horrible carnage. These exhibitions were of frequent occurrence, and the number of combatants and wild beasts that took part in them is simply appalling, for in the period of one hundred and twenty-three days, ten thousand gladiators and eleven thousand wild animals appeared on the arena of the Coliseum, by order of Trajan, who was not by any means considered one of Rome's most cruel emperors. Nor was this carnage confined to the city of Rome alone. Throughout the vast extent of the great empire there were amphitheatres, where the proconsuls, governors, and even private citizens, supplied large numbers of gladiators, so large that millions on millions of able bodied men were slaughtered in these bloody contests. The clash of swords, the roar of the wild beasts, the groans of the victims as the fierce savages of the desert dragged them across the arena, was a scene of delight to the ears and the eyes of the children of paganism, when paganism had reached the highest development of its civilization.

Taking these matters into consideration, how thankful we should be for the enjoyment of the refining influence of the Christian religion. Any thing that is of real value in the world to-day, the civilization, the refinement, the peace and the society, that men enjoy, and I will add, the charity that is felt to exist amongst us, is the legitimate and sole offspring of the Christian religion.

ST. AMBROSE.

A SKETCH.

BY REV. AMBROSE F. BRUDER, O.C.C.



ON the seventh of December we celebrate the feast day of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, one of the four great Fathers of the Latin Church of the West. The other three are St. Jerome, St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great.

St. Ambrose was descended from an ancient Roman family, whose members from the time of the Apostles professed Christianity, and at various times distinguished themselves by their firmness during the days of persecution, even laying down their lives for the faith. Though staunch Christians, they were none the less interested in matters of state, and of the immediate ancestors of the saint we read that many held responsible positions under the emperors. The father of the saint, also named Ambrose, was prefect in Gaul and as such had jurisdiction over the extensive territory embracing Germany, Britain, Spain, modern France and part of Africa.

St. Ambrose was born A.D. 340. There seems to be some dispute as to the place of his birth, but the weight of opinion indicates that Treves, in Germany, was the favored spot. Upon the death of his father, which occurred when the saint was fourteen years of age, his mother returned with her children to Rome. Thus left alone, with the responsibility of the family upon her shoulders, the mother of St. Ambrose acquitted herself well. She

was a woman of deep religious convictions, and her great son in some of his writings touchingly refers to the instructions and domestic example of his mother as having laid the foundation of his future religious life.

During his early years, St. Ambrose gave indications of his future greatness. It is related that when he was a child, a swarm of bees surrounded the cradle in which he lay asleep, some of the insects creeping in and out of his mouth and soaring high in the air. From this it was predicted that he would shine by his eloquence. Be that as it may, St. Ambrose, at a comparatively early age, became famous as an orator and jurist. Before long he attracted the attention of the first men of the day by his talents. While still a young man, he was appointed Governor of Northern Italy with his residence at Milan.

Not only had he been held in great esteem for his ability, but his goodness had also been universally recognized. It is said that when about to depart for his province, Probus, his immediate superior, remarked to him: "Go, and govern more like a bishop than a judge." The words of Probus were verified by the resulting events. Ambrose bore himself so well, and so admirable was his course of action, that in a short time he endeared himself to his people to a degree that they forgot to see in him their judge and venerated him as a common father.

In the year 374, Auxentius, the Arian bishop of Milan, died, and the choice of his successor was a fruitful source of disturbance. At that time,

Arianism, or the heresy of Arius, who denied the divinity of Christ, fostered and protected as it was by the passions of the wicked emperors, had spread over a great part of the Roman empire.

Arius was a priest of Alexandria. He maintained that the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son of God from the Father was erroneous, and that there was not and could not be a perfect, absolute equality of nature in the Father and Son. In other words, Arius maintained that our Saviour, after all, was not God, but only a creature. This teaching would have practically overturned the entire work of the Redeemer. Hence the doctrine was promptly condemned at the first Ecumenical or General Council of the Church held at Nice A.D. 325. But though condemned it did not die, and for many many years was a source of discord, and an occasion of suffering to the true spouse of Christ. It was so in the days of St. Ambrose. What was worse, the emperors, instead of attending to their own affairs, continually meddled in religious questions and caused no end of confusion. In Milan not a small proportion of the populace was imbued with this heresy. In truth, Northern Italy was the hot-bed of Arianism.

In those days it was customary for the people to indicate their preference in the choice of bishops. On the death of Auxentius, the natural result in Milan was that the true Catholic and Arian parties became involved in a contest, each having its own choice.

As was his duty, Ambrose attended the gathering of the people when the time arrived to express their wish. He kindly exhorted the excited multitude to moderation and charity. His words had the desired effect. But one of the

results was to him entirely unexpected. After he had finished his address, the voice of a child in the assembly was heard crying: "Ambrose, Ambrose, our Bishop." These words came upon the people with the force of an electric shock. They took up the cry and from that moment all discord between the factions vanished. They one and all united upon Ambrose as their choice for Bishop of Milan.

Ambrose himself was stupefied and was far from willing to accept the burdens of episcopacy. He thought he had grave reasons on his side since he was not even baptized. He stole out of the city under cover of night and secreted himself. He was sought out but for a time resisted all entreaties to accept the high office.

Fortunately for the Church, when Ambrose saw it was manifestly the will of God, he no longer opposed the wish of the people, but prepared to take upon himself the weighty responsibility of a Bishop in the Church of Christ. He broke all ties that bound him to his past life: thenceforth he lived only for his flock.

Not having been prepared for the ecclesiastical state by his former training, he strained himself to the utmost to make up for lost time. Especially did he devote himself to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, in which branch of learning he before long became an adept. But he did not neglect other subjects, for he was assiduous in acquiring everything that was necessary for him to fulfil, in all respects, the onerous duties which those times placed upon a Christian bishop. Ambrose was consecrated bishop December 7, 374. He transferred his eloquence, which had been the charm of the forum, to the pulpit of the cathedral. From a pleader and judge of the laws

of men, he became an expounder of the laws of God. His fame spread far and wide. Disciples came to Milan from many distant points. Prominent among his followers appears St. Augustine, who, first attracted by the brilliant horatory, gradually drank in the true meaning of his words.

St. Ambrose was indefatigable in upholding the honor and dignity of our holy mother the Church. Indeed, his whole life was a constant warfare. Always, however, he battled with the old enemy, Arianism, who, though frequently defeated, for a long time seemingly could not be destroyed. St. Ambrose stood firm as a rock. He bore the brunt of the conflict and before he died he could complacently gaze upon the ruins of the enemy.

St. Ambrose was likewise zealous in upholding the disciplinary regulations of the Holy Church. He braved the anger of the emperors, aye, even death itself, sooner than yield an inch of what he felt convinced was demanded of him by duty. In this conflict he was again the victorious standard-bearer of the Church.

St. Ambrose gave instructions to Christians in the different states of life. Especially was he unceasing in his praises of the beauty of virginity. His words were not without effect, for hundreds of virgins forsook all and everything worldly to follow his counsels. It is related that many mothers prohibited their daughters from attending his sermons, fearing the effect of his exhortations. He wrote three books on "Virgins and Virginity." He also gave special exhortations to widows.

St. Ambrose was not only an author of many works on the fundamental doctrines of the Church, but he also wrote many beautiful and classical

hymns that have been immortalized in the Roman Breviary.

The importance of this great man was universally recognized. He was in personal correspondence with all the bishops and influential men of his time. His splendid qualities were conceded by all. When St. Ambrose lay on his death bed, the Emperor Honorius sent a messenger through his prime minister, asking him to importune heaven to prolong his life. "For," said the emperor, "on the day that this great man dies, the ruin of our country is complete." St. Ambrose died on the night of Holy Saturday, April 4, A.D. 397. Time proved how true was the emperor's estimate of the value of the saint to the country.

What are the practical lessons to be drawn from the perusal of this short sketch of St. Ambrose? They are:

First: Above all, we must imitate the great charity of our saint. His life was a life of charity. He sacrificed himself for his people. When he sank into his grave he had hardly passed the prime of life. But he died cheerfully, knowing that his charity would be rewarded by his Master. In response to the message of the Emperor Honorius, noted above, he answered: "I have not so behaved myself amongst you that I should be ashamed to live longer, nor am I afraid to die, because we have a good Master."

Second: He was also our model in the fulfilment of our duty. "*Zelo zelatus sum pro Domino Deo Exercituum*:" "With great zeal have I been filled for the Lord God of hosts." He would not allow anyone or anything to keep him from performing what he considered his duty. His courage was proof against human fear or human respect. In short, he personified Christian fortitude.

These are only two of the many virtues possessed by this great saint, by means of which he achieved his splendid triumphs. In the same measure in which we shall walk in his footsteps, shall we also share in his triumphs.

In closing, it should be remarked that the feast day of St. Ambrose is celebrated on the anniversary of his ordination and consecration, and not on the anniversary of his death, as is the general rule.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

BY REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



HRONES are not established without victories; nor does one dynasty submit to its rival until unable to maintain its position any longer. Hence, when we celebrate the rise of a new line of kings we commemorate, at least indirectly, the downfall of its rival and, at the same time, all the victories which led to that downfall.

On the 18th of this month, the Church celebrates the foundation of St. Peter's Chair at Rome—the establishing of the capital of Christ's kingdom in the very heart of paganism. Need we say that such a transformation of Rome could not take place without hard-fought battles?

When Christ, before leaving His Disciples, said to them "Go, teach all nations," we doubt not in the least that He, at the same time, instructed them as to the manner in which they were to fulfil this command. Without some general system of operation, the labor of evangelizing the world would have been far more difficult than it actually was. In such a gigantic undertaking, there must necessarily be

a centralization of forces—one common point of union for all the workers, if they would not have it wear the appearance of a chance aggregation of effects from wholly independent and unconnected causes. The Apostles were to realize one of God's designs, and the characteristic of all things divine is unity. We have no doubt, therefore, that Christ taught His Disciples to act systematically and harmoniously. From the accounts we have of the labors of the Apostles, we can plainly see that they were conducted according to some method. Arriving in a country, they direct their steps towards the metropolis and there remain till they have established a church on firm footing. Afterwards they use this central church as the starting-point of their excursions into the whole country. Thus we see St. Paul visiting Athens, Corinth, Ephesus and other large cities, planting the seed of the Gospel in places where it would have ample opportunity to flourish and spread. As the first of the Apostles, it behooved St. Peter to establish himself in the centre of the world—the Mother of Nations—Rome. This he did as soon as affairs in the East suffered him to depart.

Rome was the all-absorbing centre whither, as Tacitus tells us, "flocked

all things atrocious and shameless from all parts." Everything good or bad hastened to receive Rome's sanction. Eastern magicians, Jewish merchants, Greek sophists—all classes congregated in this Babylon to exercise their several callings. Besides this, it stood in the closest communication with the most distant points of the civilized world. Its proconsuls, propretors and other officers were stationed in all the provinces subject to its sway. From these outlying points, as well as from independent countries, despatches were constantly received, the bearers of which returning home never failed to bring with them an account of Rome's latest novelty. Finally it was the seat of the emperors and the stronghold of paganism. We may view it as the point from which the devil directed his operations on the world through his imperial vice-gerents. I say vice-gerents, for the manner in which those unnatural monsters, termed emperors, applied themselves to the execution of the devil's will stands unparalleled in history.

These qualifications made Rome at once the most important of all cities for facilitating the evangelizing of the world and the most difficult of conquest. When once taken, the constant coming and going of men of every clime and tongue would afford the opportunity of sending proselytes to all parts of the world. It is not to be supposed, however, that the devil was willing to relinquish his hold on pagan Rome to make room for the entrance of Christianity. He would not surrender a possession strengthened by centuries of undisputed sway without contesting its every inch.

Nothing daunted, however, at the sight of the difficulties, considering only the great good to arise to

Christianity, St. Peter attacks this nest of infamy. He who quailed before the servant of the high-priest now dares to fly in the face of personified tyranny and deified vice. He set to work, therefore, announcing the truths of the Gospel, corroborating them by stupendous miracles. He cured the sick, lame and blind, overcame Simon Magus, and refuted the sophists. On the foundation of these miracles, he established the Episcopal Chair of Rome—a Chair whose influence soon extended to the very household of the Cæsars—a Throne which in a short time counted its subjects in every part of the known world.

But after a throne is established, vigilance may not be put aside. Far greater difficulties are experienced in the preservation of a matter of this kind than were met in its acquisition. *Then*, it was open, honest warfare; *now*, the incumbent must be ever on the alert to frustrate all the insidious designs of his worsted rival; moreover, his present exalted condition makes him the object of the envy of heretofore disinterested parties; and finally, he must always be prepared to meet the worst of all enemies—domestic strife.

This is true also of St. Peter's Throne. The devil, though defeated, did all in his power to check the ever-growing influence of the newly-founded kingdom. He fought it in person; he fought it through the sneers, slanders and calumnies of the then abounding sophists; he fought it by instigating those bloody persecutions which decimated the infant army of the Cross in the first centuries of its existence; and as in a storm the tallest tree has most to suffer, so, too, the Chair of St. Peter always felt the first blast of those storms of human

passion raised by its never-tiring antagonist. Lastly, he fought it by sowing discord among the very members of the Church itself—by heresies, schisms and the like.

But all in vain. He who cannot stand before a drop of holy water, could not do much in person; the calumnies and accusations were hurled back upon the heads of their authors; the blood of every martyr was the seed of a thousand new converts; a vacancy in the Papal Chair was only to make room for another zealous ectype of St. Peter, whilst heresies and schisms served only to free the Christian ranks of useless and dead members who were nothing more than stumbling-blocks to the faithful. Thus the means intended to be destructive, by divine disposition, became strengthening. The Chair of Peter has continued to exist—and that in Rome—since its foundation, undisturbed by heretics, unawed by monarchs. To change Rome's "*non possumus*," curses and threats have been inadequate, armies unavailing; whilst, on the other hand, Rome's *fiat* has brought refractory rulers to her feet, and has roused the Christian world to phenomenal exertions.

This is a brief view of the vicissitudes and victories of St. Peter's Throne—a Throne that has witnessed the rise and fall of empires, kingdoms and republics without betraying the least sign of decay—a Throne that has seen itself robbed of its own temporal possessions without submitting to the fates of other thrones in like circumstances; for its endurance rests not on temporal possessions, but on the promise of Christ, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Justified is the pride we feel when considering the long un-

broken line of our Pontiffs, and with joy we celebrate the rise of that institution compared with which "the proudest royal houses are but of yesterday," and which, in a world of changeable things, has remained unchanged.

The fact that the Papacy has never been removed from the Roman Bishop has induced theologians to ask the question whether such a removal were at all possible. Having consulted the faith of Catholics from the earliest times, they find that the constant belief has been opposed to such a possibility. The following legend, related by many of the early Fathers, will serve to show forth their convictions. They tell us that when the persecutions broke out and St. Peter was in danger, though desirous of martyrdom, he was, nevertheless, prevailed upon by the prayers of the Christians, who begged that he would flee and preserve himself for their further instruction and confirmation in faith. One night, whilst attempting to escape from Rome, he saw Christ entering the city, and said to Him, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" Christ answered, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Then Peter understood that Christ was again to be crucified in His servant. He returned to the city, therefore, and told the wondering Christians what he had seen and heard. Soon after, having been seized and condemned, he honored Jesus Christ by his cross. But why did Christ want Peter to die at Rome if not to the end, as Gelasius says, that the Primacy might be inseparably annexed to the Roman See? The conclusion, therefore, of theologians is that the Roman Bishop and Papacy are inseparable.

This conclusion is strengthened when we consider that the Primacy

never was removed elsewhere, although there sometimes seemed to be the most urgent reasons for such a step. Why did the Popes remain in Rome during those ten fierce persecutions, during which to be Pope meant certain martyrdom? Again, when the Pope resided at Avignon, why did they not give up the Roman See and become Bishops of Avignon? Clearly, because that would amount to a resignation of the Papacy.

In confirmation of all this, Pope Pius IX condemned a proposition stating that the Primacy could be taken from the Roman Bishop and See, and conferred upon another, at least by the sentence of a general council.

Protestants do not understand how we can presume to claim such unchangeableness for the institutions of

our Church, whilst they are suffering constant changes. They scoff at the idea that we should claim for our Church exemption from that lot which is common to all other institutions on this earth—eventual dissolution. But notwithstanding all their scoffs, the fact remains. What is there that can compare with that unbroken line of Roman Pontiffs? "The republic of Venice was very old, but," says Macaulay, "the republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor." As Christ once taught the people from Peter's ship, pushed off a little from the shore, so He now continues to teach the world from Peter's Chair removed a little way from earthly mutability.

THE PHILIPPINES.

BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.



IN these latter days of the XIXth century, Spain—that time-honored and ancient Catholic country—whose heart, stout as the unripened oak of the forest, has never ceased to beat in unison with the faith of Mother Church, has been severely tried in the crucible of suffering and rebellion. And more than this, she has been held up to the scorn and contempt of a wide world, simply because she has endeavored to quell revolt and trouble in her colonial possessions and to maintain her legitimate

sovereignty over them. There is no doubt that calumny and exaggeration have been employed to place Spain in a false position before the American public, and that most lying and *outré* accounts of her acts and methods of government have been spread broadcast, through the medium of the press, to evoke a spirit of opposition and hatred against her. We would be pleased to be assured that the reproach and criticism visited on the Spanish people and their rules were the offspring and outcome of the spirit of truth, but we are, on the contrary, inclined to believe that, in all this harrowing and contemptuous arraignment of Spanish authority and Spanish tyranny, there lurks a trace of the

odium theologicum, which, despite the liberal tendencies of the times, is bound to show its head in certain quarters and at stated intervals even here in free America. Every now and then we are sure to have a revival of old calumnies and a violent effort to coin new exaggerations, when the public is to be informed as to how Spain, or Austria, or any other Catholic country, governs or, rather, misgoverns her people. The old pattern is always at hand, and it is always very easy to mould and turn out falsities that appeal to a certain class of the public, ready to swallow them as greedily as did their gullible predecessors of fifty, or a hundred, years ago. Some people have a diseased antipathy for Spain, because she is Catholic, and if they could only have wiped out the name of Columbus and the Spanish Kingdom from the Chicago celebration of a few years ago, the Exposition would have been, in their eyes, an unblemished success.

Spain's troubles at present in Cuba have been well exploited, and we turn, with a sense of relief even, to look at another of her colonies, where more trouble, coming "in battalions," has made her task of ruling certainly no sinecure. It looked but a short while ago as if the Spanish Ship of State would be wrecked on Scylla or Charybdis, either by the successful results of Cuban rebellion or the disastrous uprising in the Philippines. The former is in *statu quo*; the latter, suppressed mainly. The sources of information regarding the Philippines are so very few, and the position of the archipelago so remote from the ordinary lines of travel, that till quite lately this Spanish colony has been a veritable *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. As the archipelago is believed to number over 1,400 islands, and the larger

islands only are beginning of late years to be known and explored, it is easy to comprehend the ignorance of writers regarding the character of their inhabitants and the exigencies of Spanish rule. In many of the islands the natives are independent and have never been subjected to what has been pictured as the horrors and atrocities of Spanish tyranny.

But it is chiefly with the religious development of the colony that we are concerned.

The Philippine islands were discovered by Magellan, in 1521, while he was making his celebrated voyage across the Atlantic and had passed into the Pacific through the straits which to-day bear his name. Ever since that period the colony, which is rich in products and well-populated, has been a dependency of Spain. The original inhabitants were the Aetas or Negritos, a half-dwarfed race, that were so called from their dark complexion. These were pagan, cruel and barbarous, and were forced to give way before the superior forces of several Malay tribes, which, but little above the aborigines in civilization in the beginning, have in the course of the centuries, become Christian and industrious, especially in agricultural pursuits. Added to these invaders have been the Chinese, who, by intermarriage with the natives, have raised up the mixed population of Chinese half-castes or Chinese Mestizos, as they are called, and who control most of the business and trade of the country. When we take into consideration that there are more than two hundred native tribes in the Philippines, all differing in language, customs and laws, and that until recently these tribes have been practically free from all subjection to European authority and influence, we may readily under-

stand the pressure under which Spain has labored to assert her supremacy over such a heterogeneous people. Her labors in this respect have been herculean, and one of the most trying of her efforts to subdue and civilize the native tribes, has been her endeavor to subjugate the Malays of the more remote portions of the colony, who belong to a fierce martial tribe of Mohammedan fanatics that have waged war against the Spaniards for centuries, and have thus propagated the olden Moorish feud, finished in the mother-country by the fall of Grenada in 1492.

No one can deny that in the colonization of the New World, Spain ever manifested a laudable zeal to promote the glory of God by converting the natives. Go where we will in the tracks of the Spanish colonizers, we shall always find the priest, sustained by the warrior, doing his apostolic work effectively and successfully. If the cruelty of the sword is apparent, there is the love and sympathy of the cross to temper it. We may well imagine what might have been the excesses to which victory and passion would have brought the early Spanish adventurers in our hemisphere, had not religion exercised its beneficent influence over their souls. The priest had the most notable and praise-worthy part in the trying events of those days. In Spain, in the XVIth century, the Augustinian Fathers were a numerous and influential body. Their Order had seemingly reached its apogee in those times which augured disaster to the faith in other European countries. They possessed men who were known for their learning in the universities, for their ability as preachers in the cities, but what was more precious still, who were revered for their virtue and saintliness of life. We need only mention the

names of St. Thomas of Villanova, St. John of Sahagun, and Blessed Alphonsus Orozco, to give an idea of what manner of men lived at that time in this venerable Order. These Religious were well known and appreciated at the courts of Charles V and Philip II, and it was not surprising that at the request of these kings and their successors they should have been asked to assist in evangelizing the pagan peoples of the New World. This request, which was made formally to the superiors, was cheerfully granted, and hundreds of Augustinians left their conventual homes in Spain and Portugal to offer their services and even their lives in the apostolic labors of New Spain. In South America they were most successful in bringing to the faith whole tribes of the aborigines, but yet not without the shedding of their blood, for, as we know from history, the proto-martyr of Peru was an Augustinian, Blessed Didacus Ortiz, who has been called by Cardinal Baluffi in his "*History of New Spain*" *apostolus in vita et apostolus post mortem*. The Augustinian Hermits also labored with great activity and success in Mexico, where even to-day, after the lapse of centuries, the memory of their heroic zeal and the blessed results of their evangelical and educational labors is chiselled in the national heart of the country. Their task, to bring the barbarous tribes to the bosom of Catholicity, was a difficult one, and they were, besides, often hampered in their apostolate by the unwarranted interference and disastrous opposition of the Spanish colonial authorities, ever ready to undo the work of zealous missionaries and to encroach on rights and privileges which had been granted these holy men to further the success of their apostolic mission. Quite often

the Religious Orders were compelled to appeal to the king for protection, and thus they were perpetually engaged in a two-fold contest, with the efforts of satan in the theatre of their labors and the malicious persecution of men who ought to have been their natural protectors. The early history of Mexico and the Philippines records numerous instances of the intestine battling between the colonial and ecclesiastical authorities. It was while acting as the representative of the Mendicant Orders, and pleading their cause against the injustices of his colonial ministers, before Philip II, that the project of evangelizing the Philippines was laid before Father Alphonsus Gutierrez, an Augustinian Religious who had labored effectually and successfully for years in the Mexican missions. The zealous missionary, whose reputation for learning, zeal and sanctity, was well known in court circles, obtained an edict from Philip II which confirmed the rights and privileges of the Religious Orders in Mexico, and so captivated his Catholic Majesty that he was offered successively two bishoprics in the country of his labors, both of which he declined in his sincere humility. Father Alphonsus had accomplished his mission and returned to Mexico to give an account of it, when after two years, he was summoned to his native country and placed at the head of a band of twenty-five Augustinian Religious, selected from the different convents of Spain at the behest of the King, to carry the blessings of faith and religion to the idolatrous tribes of the Philippine Islands. At this period Spain was a powerful maritime nation, and her seamen had navigated the seas of the Old and New World. A large fleet, therefore, accompanied the apostles of the Philippines, and its presence assisted in the peace-

ful subjugation of these new colonial territories. For over twenty years, Father Alphonsus and his brethren labored in the fruitful vineyard of this remote section of the world, and, as the historian Elsius declares, their work was so blessed with success that these islands, which hitherto had no Christian, in a short while had no pagan. One fact which makes the evangelization of the Philippines remarkable is that the conversion of the native tribes was effected with little or no bloodshed. This was mainly due to the exertions and the prudence displayed by these missionaries, who had been invested with extensive powers by Philip II and who made the cross rather than the sword the instrument of civilization and faith. Hence we find in the early history of these islands none of the atrocious massacres and frightful depopulations which blur the glory of the Spanish ascendancy in the countries of North and South America. Connected also with the early colonization of the Philippines is a name which is as illustrious in the civil history of Spain as it celebrated in her ecclesiastical annals. This is the name of Father Andrew Urdaneta. This brave mariner had performed wonderful achievements in behalf of Spain in the West Indies, and had been rewarded by the Spanish King Philip II with high offices and the royal confidence. His abilities as an efficient cosmographer were generally recognized, and his fame as an able commandant of the Spanish fleet extended to both hemispheres. In 1553 he forsook the glory of his profession and the honors of the world, and entered the Augustinian Order, receiving the habit in Mexico. After devoting some years to missionary duty in that country, he was called from his meritorious work by Philip II to join

an expedition which was about to sail for the Molucca or Spice Islands, and he hastened to obey the call. His services were wanted not only to assist in Christianizing these pagan islands, but also to direct in the navigation to them and in the martial and permanent settlement of them under Spanish rule. He accomplished his labors satisfactorily, and then turned towards the Philippine islands, to complete the evangelical work which had been already begun by his brethren. In company with James Herrera, Martin Erradio, Peter Gamboa and Andrew Aquirre, all Spanish Augustinians, he began to preach the Gospel in parts of the archipelago where the light of faith had not yet penetrated. God blessed the labors of these apostles visibly, for even miracles were wrought to attest the truth of their preaching. One is mentioned of a man who was raised from death to life and who corroborated from his own experience of the other world, before his fellow men, the absolute certainty of the doctrines announced by the missionaries. In a short while, over 200,000 pagans were converted to the faith of Christ.

From the Philippines also went forth the brave athletes of the Lord, who spread the faith in Japan and China. We know that hundreds of religious, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, laid down their lives for the propagation of our holy religion. Sometimes these holy envoys of Christianity were martyred singly, and sometimes in crowds. It would be nigh impossible to number them. It is only lately that we have begun to get even a glimmer of the heroic grandeur of these men who shed their blood for God and the Church. What has Protestantism to offer as a counterpart of this bravery? She has neither

martyrs nor saints; we might add, nor converts. Her work has never been sealed with the blood of the elect of God, and it is therefore ineffectual. All kinds of persecution, oppression and vicissitude were powerless to quench the fire that burned in the hearts of these early Spanish missionaries for the salvation of souls. They departed rejoicing from Manila, passed years in China or Japan, preached the tidings of Christ crucified to the people and then bowed the head to the sacrilegious knife of the executioner. It might happen that some of these apostolic men would never reach their destination, but leave their bones on some inhospitable shore, whither the wind and the sea mercilessly drove them.

In 1568, Blessed Didacus Henera, after years of fruitful labor in the Philippines, sold himself to some Chinese merchants in order to gain an entrance to the Celestial Empire and preach the faith of Christ. Escaping afterwards to the Philippines, he longed to continue his apostolic labors in China and set sail for Spain to obtain the needed help and means, which were never refused by that generous and Christian King, Philip II, when souls were to be saved and gained to Christ. Forty Augustinian religious, who had made a study of the Chinese language before sailing, and who had adopted the Chinese fashion of dress, began with the Blessed Didacus the voyage from Spain to the East. A violent storm threw them on the coast of some islands whose inhabitants were cannibals, and they all received the palm of martyrdom in 1575. This is but an instance; the number of those who suffered for the faith in the Philippines, the islands of the Pacific Ocean, Japan and China is simply incalculable and embraces most of the Religious

Orders and even many of both sexes.

We can imagine what a tremendous labor it was to evangelize the inhabitants of the Philippines when we consider that there are over thirty different languages or dialects spoken among the native tribes. It was a matter of strict necessity to learn these tongues before the Gospel could be preached. Father John Perreza mastered the difficulties of one of these native languages, and in the beginning of the XVIIth century instructed and baptized more than 3000 of the people of one tribe. Father Francis Coronel, a great missionary, wrote a catechism and other works in the Pampanzo dialect; another Augustinian, Father Bazeta, even fashioned a grammar of the Tagal language, and Father Francis de la Encina one in the Tebuaru dialect. Father John Olalla, who had been the Augustinian Provincial of the Philippines, wrote many discourses on moral subjects in the language of the Ilocanes, and Father Peter Herrera wrote devotional books in the Tagal dialect, and Father John Serrano translated the Soliloquies and Meditations of St. Augustine into the same tongue. The Augustinians of the Philippines have been as devoted to education as to missionary labor. Even in our own day, the latest and best edition of the Works of St. Thomas of Villanova has come from their press at Manila.

The Augustinian missions in the Philippines are mainly supplied from the Colegio de Filipinos, which was established at Valladolid, in Spain, in 1743, by Father Joseph Gonzalez, who had labored for many years in the Philippines. Hundreds of young religious are educated here, and are sent to the missions of these islands, as well as to the two Chinese Vicariates-Apostolic which are in charge of the Augus-

tinians. Spain is a thoroughly Catholic country; vocations are numerous, and every decade of years finds a small army of missionaries departing from the sacred precincts of their monastic home at Valladolid. When the numerous islands of this group shall be thoroughly explored and opened out to the beneficent influences of Christianity and civilization, there will be no fairer spot on God's earth. The land is very fertile, the climate equable, and the position of the islands most available, the harbor of Manila is extensive enough to hold all the fleets of the world.

The talk about exorbitant taxes and Spanish oppression is all gammon. The people of the Philippines are taxed less and oppressed less than are the people of France, Germany and over-taxed Italy. There are no government monopolies, and from the days of Philip II there has been no slavery of any kind. What, then, could induce the natives to rise in rebellion? We have already stated that there is always present an element of trouble in the fanaticism of the Mohammedan Malays; there is besides a strong feeling against the Chinese and the half-castes, and in addition, there have been sources of complaint in the methods of exacting the taxes. While taxation is not, nor ever has been, enormously high as in many more civilized countries, the penalties for non-payment are primitive and severe. These are also considerable thieving continually going on among the Spanish and native officials. Many of the Spaniards look on their term of exile in the Philippines as the time in which to make their fortunes, and most of them become quite wealthy in five or ten years. With their small salaries, they could not acquire this wealth; they have re-

course to speculation, bribe-taking or oppression to attain to their ends. It is openly said that Weyler, of Cuban fame, when Governor-General of the Philippines, so managed that, with his salary of 40,000 dollars per annum, in the three years of his rule, he was able to deposit in the banks of London and Paris a sum of money which, in the estimation of his countrymen, varied anywhere from one to four million dollars. The taxes of the Philippines approximate five million dollars. It is plain to anyone that taxation is not heavy. But there is dishonesty and leakage in the Philippines, as there is all over the world, and the people of Philadelphia would have the same right to start up in rebellion against authority as, as it has been alleged, the natives of the Philippines have done on the same score. There must be some other reason. It has been whispered that secret societies have gained of late years quite a footing in Manila and other towns. We might find herein some causes of the revolt against the constituted authorities. Spain has suffered much in late years from the baneful influence of Freemasonry, and, doubtless, the evil has extended to her colonies—Cuba and the Philippines. What Spain wants to-day is another Charles V or another Philip II; she wants a ruler who, in exercising rule, will not arrogate to himself rights and responsibilities which ought to devolve on the people and which, in reality, belong to them. Had she at home such a king, who would be loved by the Catholic and ever God-fearing Spanish people, we might be assured that abroad in her colonies just, benevolent and honest governors would conduct affairs to the benefit of the government and the peace and prosperity of the people.

We often read of the prevalent ignorance of the Spanish people, who,

we are told in books of travel and in the goody-goody tracts distributed in Methodist and Baptist Sunday-schools, are kept in the darkness of superstition by their priests. Here in these remote Philippine islands, separated from the benignant influences of liberty-loving America and money-grabbing England, education is general, and schools abound. The law compels the maintenance of public education, which is religious as well as secular. Besides the common schools, there are higher schools, colleges and institutions of technology in Manila and other cities. The drainage of the lowlands has given a great impetus to scientific studies. We fail to see here the dark influence of the priesthood in keeping the people in ignorance. Most of the Spanish priests who labor in the Philippines are men of excellent education, and many of them have written in the Spanish tongue books on the flora, fauna and mineral status of these islands. There are daily and weekly newspapers published in Manila and in some of the towns, and everything conduces to demonstrate that an active intellectual life exists among the body of the people.

Besides the Augustinians who have labored in the Philippines since 1560 and were its first apostles, there have also worked in this vineyard the Franciscans (1577), the Dominicans (1587), the Recollects (1606), and the Jesuits who were restored in 1852 and who conduct excellent schools in Manila. The field was extensive, and the harvest of three centuries has been ample, glorious in the sight of God, and consoling and cheering in the sight of men. May the Lord of the harvest thus continue the good work!

We are able to give the statistics of 1895 for the Augustinian Province of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, which includes the Philippines and China (two remote Vicariates-Apostolic) under the jurisdiction of Spain. These figures will give us an idea of what work is being done by one Religious Order: Converts, 11; Priests, 347; Professed, 97; Lay-Brothers and Oblates, 67; Novices, 49. Total number of Religious, 560.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

A Knight of the Scapular.

From the Canadian Messenger

I. HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

Ludovic Leslie, his father had called him, in honor of St. Louis of France, and in memory of brave old battle-scarred Ludovic Leslie of Louis XI's Archer Guard—Captain Cassils had been reading "Quentin Durward" just before his son was born. Mrs. Cassils, who had a good, old-fashioned, wifely belief that everything her husband did must be right—was he not the bravest, wisest, handsomest and best of men?—acquiesced without a word, and, so, her only boy was Ludovic Leslie Cassils.

He was her only boy, indeed, now. Her husband had died when Ludovic was a baby, died as a Catholic Highland soldier should die, fighting for his Queen and for his country. Mrs. Cassils was content that it should be so. The laddie who had won her heart, her first and only love, had gone, first, to the Land o' the Leal, and was waiting for her there. But there was their wee laddie to fend for, to guard, to guide, to bring up, just such another man as his fahter had been—if that were possible.

And, to-day, her wee laddie, grown up, tall, strong and bonny, his father's very self, was to bid her goodbye. He, too, was to fight for his Queen and country; was not his name in the war office "Gazette"?—"Ludovic Leslie Cassils, Esq., to be Lieutenant in Her Majesty's —th regiment of Highland Light infantry." Who was she that she should say him nay? His mother? Had not her lover, her Ronald, her

husband, fought for his Queen and country in the same regiment?

Proud? Why should the boy not be proud? And, if his mother and his distant cousin, Jessie McLeod, who lived with them, thought him, in his new uniform, the finest, handsomest, bonniest laddie that ever wore kilt, who shall blame them?

"Dinna greet, (cry) Mither," said the boy, when the "Good-bye" moment came. It was not manly to cry, to be sure, but there were tears in his eyes, for all that he tried to speak bravely, and to cheer his mother. "Dinna greet, I'll be home again when the war's ended." He spoke, as he always did, when laboring under any emotion, in the kindly Scot's tongue they all loved best.

"God keep ye, God keep ye," said the mother clinging to him, and smiling through her tears, "ye'll no forget your mither, will ye my ain bairn? Your mither in the Highland home, and your Mother in Heaven?"

"That will I no," answered the boy, gently, "I'll aye be your bairn, mither mine, and our Lady's knight."

"Our Lady keep ye sae," returned Mrs. Cassils, kissing him fondly, "and may your faither, in Paradise, pray to her for you my laddie. And noo," she continued, speaking more cheerily, by an effort such as mothers only know, "kiss me once mair, my ain bairn, and gie a kiss to your cousin Jessie, then leave us women to greet, and go fight for our Lady, and for our gude Queen."

It is not manly to cry, it is true; but Ludovic Cassils shed many tears, after the parting was over, and when a turn

in the road hid his home from sight. Should he ever see it again?

II. OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

"The only Catholic in the Regiment." That is what his uncle General Cassils, had written to Ludovic. "Papists" were still objects of suspicion, if not of dislike, in 1856, though it was eleven years since Newman had left the "city of confusion" for the "City of God," and thoughtful men were beginning to wonder what all this Romeward movement meant. But the younger officers of a regiment, or, for that matter, the older ones, are not much given to controversy. They were, in Her Majesty's —th Regiment of Highland Light Infantry, Episcopalians, for the most part; a "Romanist" was a novelty to nearly all of them; those who had served with Ludovic's father were dead, or had left the army. Ludovic's lot was, therefore, not likely to be an easy one.

But he won their hearts, "Papist" as he was. It was the last day, in Portsmouth; they were to embark on the morrow. They were sitting in the mess-room, for it was wet and cold, waiting till it should be time to dress for dinner.

"Sing; you Cassils," said Alastir Morrison, the senior lieutenant, "sing when you're bidden, d'ye hear me?" Somehow, they all seemed to speak the Scots tongue, to-night, as if by a tacit agreement.

"That will I," responded Ludovic, cheerily. Then, all at once, silence fell on his brother officers, as the lad's clear, well-trained voice was heard "lilting" as the Scotch say:—

"Lochaber no more,

"Lochaber no more,

"We'll may be return to Lochaber no more."

"Drop that," interrupted Morrison,

at the end of the first verse. Something—was it a tear?—seemed to have got into his voice, for he spoke huskily.

"Wad ye have us a' greetin like a wheen bairns (a lot of children)? He continued, "sing something heartsome, mon, for ony sake."

"Gladly," was Ludovic's willing answer. Then, once again, the sweet, tenor voice was heard in the silent mess-room:

"Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg (kilt)?"

with the hearty chorus:

"Follow thee? follow thee? Wha wadna follow thee?"

of the brave old Jacobite song.

Then, presently, the word was passed, "Time to dress," and the company dispersed, in a hurry.

How Ludovic came to forget his Scapular, he never knew. He was in a hurry, certainly, and the words of the song they had just sung kept ringing in his ears. The last time he had sung it, his pretty cousin Jessie had played the accompaniment, as only a Scotch lassie can; perhaps he was thinking of her, as well as of the song; it is a way music has. Anyhow, he left his Scapular lying on the bed, and there Alastir Morrison, who loved the boy—though he loved to tease him—and who passed Ludovic's door, on his way to mess, saw the Scapular lying.

It was a chance to tease not to be missed. To slip into Ludovic's room, snatch up the Scapular, and slip out again, was the work of a few seconds. So far, so good; that he should run into the colonel's arms at the mess-room door was something that Alastir Morrison had not reckoned on.

The colonel's quick eye caught sight of the Scapular. "What is that?" he enquired sharply; "and where did you get it?"

"It belongs to Cassils, sir," returned Alastir, saluting; "I picked it up in his room as I passed the door, and was going to give it to him." Which was strictly true, though not, exactly, the whole truth. For which omission Alastir's awe of the colonel must be his excuse.

"Give it to me." The colonel was a good officer, and a kindly man enough; but absolute power does not, as a rule, develop the gentler traits of a man's character. If the colonel had a fault, it was a fondness for practical jokes, which was a trifle undignified, and more than a trifle unfair, since his victims could not retaliate. In the present instance he could not resist the chance of "baiting a Papist."

Ludovic had missed his Scapular before he reached the mess-room, and made a little act of contrition for his disloyalty to our Lady. Then, by-and-bye, our Lady called on him to prove himself Her knight, in very deed.

Dinner was nearly over. It was the last night on shore, and several toasts had been drunk "in bumpers." Presently the colonel called out, "Silence, if you please, gentlemen," as if about to propose another toast. Instead of which, he held up Ludovic's Scapular on the end of his sword, and asked, somewhat contemptuously, "whose rag of popery is this?"

There was a general laugh, as if the colonel had said something execratingly funny.—It is, of course, always best to laugh at your superior officer's jokes—if you can. Then, in the midst of the laughter Ludovic rose, passed quickly round the table, stood near the colonel's chair, and said, so that all could hear him, "Mine, Sir."

The colonel threw the Scapular to him, with a laugh; less contemptuous, this time, and more good-natured.

Ludovic, standing where every man in the room could see him, crossed himself, kissed "our Lady's badge," and put it on over his uniform; then went quickly back to his place. Thereupon, so do all true men love pluck, moral or physical, the laugh changed to a ringing rousing cheer. They called him "the knight of the Scapular," ever after, but it was meant as much as a title of honor, as in jest, and Ludovic knew that it was so.

III. OUR LADY'S GUERDON.

Winter in the Crimea; have we not all read the tale of hardships, bravely borne, of gallant deeds that Britain loves to place among her records of honor? Ludovic, "the knight of the Scapular," as his comrades loved to call him, had shown, many a time and oft, that he possessed physical courage, as well as moral. He was, indeed, his father's son, a brave, loyal, Catholic Highlander. A day came in which he was to show a physical heroism, as great as the moral heroism he had shown, when, in the crowded mess-room, he had proved himself our Lady's knight indeed. Nor did She forget Her knight; when does She ever forget those who serve Her truly?

It was Ludovic's turn to be on duty in the trenches. It might mean death for him, as it had meant for others, but that thought did not trouble him. He had been to Confession and to Communion the day before; if he died, would not our Lady help him in that last moment? It would break his mother's heart; cousin Jessie's too, for ought he knew; but they would both be proud of him, both pray for him. So he went to almost certain death as a Catholic should, without fear, yet knowing what death means. Such sudden death is, surely, sudden glory.

How it all happened, he hardly knew

himself. His time of duty was almost ended, when suddenly, close over his head, he heard the ominous whistling of a shell. Calling to his men to lie down, he stood calmly, facing eternity. Then, close behind him, the shell fell, with a thud, in the snow and dirt, the fuze still burning.

Ludovic never stopped to think of himself. Stooping down, he caught the shell in his arms, the fuze singeing his moustache—about which cousin Jessie had so often twitted him, he thought of that, even then—staggered forward a few paces, during as many seconds, each of which seemed endless, then, with a mighty heave, flung the hissing, murderous, deadly thing into a snow-bank, where the fuze fizzled out harmlessly. That is how our Lady helped her knight.

His brave deed was gazetted, as it deserved to be. And his mother and cousin Jessie, in the lonely Highland home read, with how much pride may easily be guessed, that Lieutenant Ludovic Leslie Cassils, of Her Majesty's—th regiment of Highland Light In-

fantry had received the Victoria Cross "for distinguished gallantry." Whereupon, cousin Jessie came to the conclusion that Ludovic was a man now, and must not be teased any more. Also, that she was not only very proud of him, but very fond of him as well. Which is what Mrs. Cassils wishes, above everything of human interest.

But Mrs. Cassils was prouder of her "ain laddie," his father's own boy, when she heard of him, through her brother-in-law, General Cassils, who had heard it from Ludovic's colonel, as "the knight of the Scapular," than she was of his winning the Victoria Cross. Was she not right? For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal," and Ludovic's loyalty to our Lady will bring him, some day, a reward infinitely higher, nobler, and more enduring than any that his earthly Queen—God bless her—could bestow.

"Now they do it to obtain corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."—Francis W. Grey.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings
680 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Another year has come to bless us, and its opening finds the whole world united in the old, time-honored greeting, "A Happy New Year." Happiness, is the one thing which everyone, without exception, is seeking in the new year as in the old.

A very celebrated Frenchman once

said that the *Catechism* was, after the Bible, the greatest book ever printed. Now, we are all inclined to think of the *Catechism* pretty much as we think of a primer, and yet, on its very first page we read the answer to all the mysteries of life. "Why did God make you?" "To know Him, love Him and serve Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next."

What a wonderful sentence that is and how full it is of wisdom. Dear children we are all seeking that will 'o the wisp. Happiness! Did you ever see the seeds of the milk weed? Those white feathery flying seeds, so pretty, but so provoking, because just as you are about to take one in your hand, behold! off it floats, sent into the air just by a breath. So it is with happiness. There are many meanings to the word, as the world defines it. We, children of the holy Catholic church, if we are truthful, can only say that it means one thing and that the second question in the Catechism with its answer settles it for us. To know God will not make us happy. How many know Him and yet do not love Him and so do not serve Him.

What a glorious thing it would be, and how it would change the face of the earth, if every soul whom God has created were to say, "I am only here to know, love and serve God, and so I *must* be happy. Sin would disappear, and heaven would begin even on earth. Well, dear children, there is hope for such a blessed state of affairs. The consequences of original sin will always follow the children of Adam until the day of doom; but it is quite within the power of each one of us to mount above this, to put them under our feet and so be happy despite the unfortunate consequences of one serious sin.

Now here is an opportunity to make *one* grand resolution for this blessed year of grace 1898.

One of the greatest thinkers of our day has taken much pains to insist upon this truth, which many find hard to accept.

Life, simply *living*, no matter how miserable, is a gift of God, and it makes no difference how long drawn out that miserable existence is, it is

in itself a blessing.

That is not a very easy problem to solve for one's self, particularly if our own lives are not very full of sunshine; but let us go back again to the first page of the little Catechism and we read the answer to the riddle.

A new year with all its opportunities to be good, and contented, and happy, is before us. It is quite in our power to make it the very best year of our lives. "The world is what we make it," is an old proverb, and Thackeray says it is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. So let us set ours with the fixed determination to be happy no matter how the world goes.

Worry, and nervousness, and going out to meet trouble do *no* good, but a *vast* amount of evil. A very sweet lovely woman who was noted for her charming tranquillity used to say, "You cannot force the will of God; why try to do it?" At last we come to the one word which solves the most difficult problem—the will of God, this alone is good.

Let it be the watchword for 1898. Everything in the world happens by His will or His permission, and so it is the highest wisdom to take every thing He sends as the very best thing that could happen to us, and if we make this one resolution and keep it faithfully, our whole lives will be transformed.

It is not an easy thing to do, I grant you, to take the bitter with the sweet, and say "it is all right." We *know* it is, but all the same we struggle and make grimaces and spoil the wholesome medicine by our ungracious way of taking it.

We say many prayers, all of us. How would it do to begin the practice of short, fervent aspirations for this

coming year? There are so many, richly indulged, which keep one very near to God, help to acquire a cheerful spirit, (which is a *positive* blessing) and which make us forget the world and its great, busy, thoughtless crowd which cares for nobody' and for which in turn nobody should care.

Long prayers are sometimes selfish prayers. Is that a strange thing to say? I fear it is true. People who spend a great deal of time in praying, *sometimes* (only sometimes mark you) forget other duties. Now, short loving aspirations have one *glorious* merit—no one knows anything about them but God and yourself.

Thomas Kempis in that wonderful book "The Imitation of Christ," speaks somewhere about the mistake it is to have one's virtue known and recognized by men, and our Blessed Lord also warns us about human respect and the necessity of doing things in secret, "that your Father who seeth in secret may reward you."

So now dear children set to work to be happy and holy—in secret.

Cheerfulness and piety make a delightful compound and do a world of good. I think our Lord loves a sunny warm-hearted piety better than any other kind, and I am sure that He too delights in prayer which is simple and short. Make your own prayers and let the prayer books go. Many of them are of no help at all. Ask your parents to buy you a copy of the "Imitation of Christ"—a cheap one will do, a small one is best. Learn to use it and read a *little*, only a little of it every day. The Secretary has an old copy in her desk in school and it is like a dear friend who is always "*right* here," when wanted and of whom one never tires—Learn to love the "Imitation." It will teach you more than all the

books and teachers in the world; and that is the very plainest kind of English without any nonsense.

I *couldn't* close without a word about St. Francis de Sales, the sweetest and gentlest of the Saints of God. January 29 will be his feast. *He* is the Saint over all others who was sunny-hearted and who made piety a delightful help to happiness. Take one of his sayings and chew the sweetness out of it, and when you have turned the delicious morsel over and over under your tongue it will never be dry or tasteless.

"God is satisfied with little, for He knows we have only little to give."

Who but St. Francis could say a thing as gracefully as that? So begin on the little loving aspirations. I laugh as you send them up gaily to the good God who is satisfied even with your little love.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY, 1898.

1. No soul can be happy in trying to escape from God.—De Ravignan.
2. It is a blessing to have our purgatory in this world.—Fenton.
3. Love God and then do as you please.—St. Augustine.
4. Do you know that you are a poor little creature? Love to be such, glory in not being anything; be quite at ease, since your misery is the throne of God's mercy.—St. Francis de Sales.
5. This life is a plank to heaven.—St. Francis de Sales.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN DECEMBER.

1. In the Bible. Pentateuch and book of Josue.
2. In Mexico—in 1533.
3. Chaucer.
4. Shakespeare.
5. 66 days by rail.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN DECEMBER.

1. Riches.
2. A lawsuit.
3. (1.) Browning. (2.) Edison.
- (3.) Gladstone. (4.) Stanley. (5.) Irving.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What relation is the door mat to the scraper?

Acrostic.

What Christian name is borne by all the following persons?

1. A warlike King of Scotland.
2. A King of France, famed more for charity than for prudence.
3. Eldest son of a King of England.
4. Well-known Scottish poet.
- 5-6. Two noblemen, favorites of a queen.

7. Well-known English poet.
8. An English statesman.

Letters contained in—

1. Great Roman General.
2. Latin poet.
3. Town in Cork on bay of same name.
4. First King of England.
5. Ancient city of France, where its kings were crowned.
6. River between England and Scotland.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. When and where did the American flag first wave?
2. What man first wore trousers?
3. Who wore the first long coat?
4. Who is called the "Poet of the Lost Cause?"
5. Who is called the "Ideal Christian?"

When was Chicago Ill?
 Who calls Philadelphia Pa?
 Who will lend Nashville Tenn?
 How much does Cincinnati O?
 Who saw Seattle Wash?

The only answer, perhaps, will be found in "Knox, Me."

A CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

ROSINA, "ENFANT DE MARIE."

Only a little "Child of Mary"—but the fragrance of her memory lingers still in her convent home. I had the happiness of instructing this sweet child previous to her First Communion, and of seeing with what fervor and piety she prepared for that day when Jesus was to take possession of her young heart.

It was also my privilege to prepare her for being consecrated to our Immaculate Mother, and as this was to take place on the Assumption, I remember saying to Rosina, that each feast of the Blessed Virgin had a special grace, and the feast of her glorious Assumption was, as it were, her promise to us of a happy death. Little did I think how soon it was to be fulfilled for Rosina.

"She faded like the fragrant flowers
 That glowing summer gave,
 And winter cast its garb of white
 Around her early grave."

She received Holy Communion on the nine first Fridays of each month to obtain the grace of a holy death, and on the last, or soon after, lay down, never to rise again, for rapid consumption, which Italians call, "the death of the predestined," set in. This was during the Novena to the Immaculate Conception, and when Christmas came, we knew it was her last on earth. What an example she gave during three weeks illness, of ardent piety, longing desire for Heaven, patience, cheerfulness, and grateful affection for all who attended her!

As death approached, her gladness increased, and she united her dying voice with one of the Religious in singing the *Adeste Fidelis*, and Litany of the Blessed Virgin, she even improvised a little song, "How happy I would

be to die to-night!" She told us what day and hour she would pass away, and so it really happened. Her confessor, who was present at the last moment, said she went straight to Heaven. This beautiful death made a great impression on her young companions, and one of them, "Annie," also desired to die like Rosina. God heard her prayer, and very soon after, *this* "Enfant de Marie" was lying at rest in her Carmelite habit, and the ribbon of azure blue and silver medal on her breast. You would all like to die happily, then, if you have received Holy Communion, never fail to go if possible on the first Sunday of each month, and try to be Children of Mary like Rosina and Annie. You will be like unfading rose-buds around our Blessed Mother's throne, for St. Francis de Sales says, "There is no winter in Heaven." *Our* fair rose indeed lies beneath the snowy garb of earthly winter, but her pure soul is blooming in eternal light and beauty—even in the Paradise of God.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE CHILD AND THE NUN.

In the sunny land of Spain, a holy Carmelite nun was much surprised one day to meet in the quiet convent, a beautiful child, who advanced joyfully to meet her. Perhaps you have seen children with

"hair like the golden sunlight,
And eyes of an azure blue."

But you never saw one so lovely as *this* child. The Religious asked his name, and he replied, "Tell me *your* name." She said, "Teresa of Jesus," "and I am Jesus of Teresa," answered the Divine visitor. He vanished from her ecstatic gaze, but the remembrance of His Infant loveliness, ever remained in St. Teresa's heart.

You all kneel these days at the crib of Bethlehem, and you need not ask His Name, for you know and love it well, but remember if you wish Him to belong to your heart, then like the Carmelite Saint *you* must belong to Jesus. You must often offer Him your love, your prayers, your obedience, devotion to His Blessed Mother and Foster-Father, in fact *everything* that you think He asks for. He has some special request to make from everyone, try to know what it is as you kneel at this crib. Perhaps, He wants you to pray a little better, or to be kinder to your companions, or something else of that nature. Surely no child will refuse, and New Year's joy will be all the brighter when you can say, "I belong to Jesus, and Jesus belongs to me."

E. de M.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Perseverance! Can you spell it?
And its meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred, even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning, you can tell it!

The Difference.

"We bear a like name,
And we look just the same,"
Said one "a" to another small "a";
"I make others glad,
While you make them sad;
Will you tell me the reason, I pray?"
"I'd rather make gay,"
Said the poor little "a";
"But I cannot, and therefore I weep.
The fault's not in me;
It depends, as you see,
On the company one has to keep."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Change of Address.

Hereafter please address all communications intended for the Monastery and Hospice of Mt. Carmel, or for the CARMELITE REVIEW to

**"The Carmelite Fathers,
Niagara Falls, Ontario."**

Personal letters intended only for Father Provincial, should be addressed to

"VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.,
P. O. Box 264,

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Religious Profession.

From time to time in some quiet convent occurs a religious profession—or more commonly speaking—making of vows. It means much to the Church of God and everything to the monk or nun who performs the solemn act. The ceremony itself is very impressive. It is a custom in most Orders for the Religious to renew their vows on New Year's day, in order to obtain more strength to persevere in their most solemn promise to God. Of such ceremonies the world is quite unconcerned. It is only too true what the eloquent father remarked during an address delivered at a late profession of a Carmelite nun in Boston.

He said that the ceremony just witnessed seemed of little importance to the world, and the world was unmindful of it, but that it was of great importance in the Church of God, for a soul offered in sacrifice to God by the three vows of religion was a power for good to the Church and to the entire world. The religious life is the continuation of the life of Christ. Christ lived a life of humility, poverty, chastity and obedience, and that is the religious. All are not called to this fulness of the life of Christ. Many in the world have ties of family and duties which prevent them from this perfect imitation, but the Church, by means of the religious orders, perpetuates it for all time. The religious leads the life of union with Christ, united closely to His mystical body, and this is the meaning of the text of St. Paul, "I live now, not I but Christ liveth in me."

It is in place to remind our readers that New Years is a day on which we ought all to renew the solemn vows that we made at our Baptism.

In Her Name.

Obedient to our holy Rule, which bids us to commence all work in the Name of the Lord, the CARMELITE REVIEW enters upon its sixth year under that banner which bears the Name of the divine Infant, who to-day seeks His lawful throne in the hearts of the faithful. In greeting our dear readers, we wish them a full share in genuine happiness which alone is found at the throne of our "Little King," Who, as He holds our world in His tiny Hand, decrees its future fate. In remembering the bitter past, let us cry "Spare O Lord, spare thy people!" And as to the veiled future let a fervent "Thy Kingdom Come!" suffice. Moreover, the Name of Mary is inseparable from that of Jesus, and therefore, as Carmelites, it behooves us to continue our work in her sweet Name. In her Name we first saluted our friends and benefactors, and in her Name have we always hoped. In her Name, too, during the past five years we have been appealing to her generous clients, who in spite of the late hard times and divers difficulties, found ways and means of showing their devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. And, she, beneficent Queen, has taken account of their offering, rewarding them royally as can be easily gleaned from the words, warm from the heart, in the letters of our many friends. "Do you wear the Scapular?" seemed a superfluous question, since few would be found without that sacred vestment. But the question was pertinent. It went home and made many a soul reflect on the great privilege he participated in. He loved the Scapular more and more, for the more we know a thing the more we love it. Leaving aside the great material help to the work carried on here at Niagara, we look back with pleasure to the fact that our endeavors to spread devotion to the Queen of Carmel has borne great fruit. Let us continue on the same road—Mary is with us, and the support of her clients will not be wanting to us. It is in order, therefore, for us to offer fervent thanks to all our friends and benefactors. Most grateful, too, are we to those who lent pen to purse in sending words of en-

couragement. Thanks also again to those able writers who sent to these columns the literary productions which have interested, instructed and edified. For all, therefore, will our fathers feel in duty bound to pray without ceasing to our Blessed Lady of Carmel. This magazine was started in order to seek aid to erect and complete the Hospice. For this purpose it still exists. By helping the CARMELITE REVIEW you help the Hospice of our Blessed Lady. Continue the good work and our Queen will reward you.

A Friar on the Stand.

Last month we referred to "Priests in the Philippines," and quoted at length a convincing comment of a worthy friar—Reverend Father O'Neill, editor of that excellent Dominican monthly, the *Rosary Magazine*. In this number of the CARMELITE REVIEW we are happy in being able to publish an able article written on the same subject by another friar—of the Order of Augustians—Rev. F. X. McGowan, who deals with facts which he presents to our readers in a most interesting way. Father McGowan has been able to sift truth from "behind the scenes," and no one is better qualified to be a witness for the defence in the case of Catholic Spain versus the non-Catholic world than a member of a great order which has helped to spread morality, education and civilization in two hemispheres.

Redeem the Time!

As the sun completes his annual evolutions through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career, and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection, in order to gather wisdom from vanished months, and to forecast the signs of the future. Let us then in truth reflect and resolve. Recollection indeed for most of us is a thing unknown. We are carried along with the mad throng from day to day intoxicated with distracted thoughts. The day will come when the excuse "I have no time" will be only too true, but in a sense foreign to the meaning we give it now. Yes, the day will come when some human hand will wind for

the last time what we mortals term a time-piece, and the calendar on the wall will no longer be our guide. New Year's resolutions mean but little; in fact, they are the stock in trade of the humorous writers. Nevertheless resolve! Resolve to begin again. Bury the past and commence to live for God. Make it a happy year—for yourself, by cultivating a clean conscience and a Catholic spirit. Learn, too, another secret of subjective joy which comes from making others happy. Learn also to banish worrying thoughts, which but shorten our already too brief existence. Take the cross, should it come your way. It will be of merit hereafter, and help to blot out the accounts standing between God and you. May our New Year's greeting to heaven be "Here cut, here burn, but spare us, O Lord, in eternity!" May the new year be signalled by the growth of private and public good, and of noble ideas that shall make men truer and better, that shall more and more reflect the incomparable teachings of the Holy Child whose Nativity we have just celebrated, and whose spirit, imitated and obeyed, can redeem the time and crown mankind with blessedness.

Saint Peter's Statues.

The statues in St. Peter's at Rome are said to number 386. A new one is now about to be added to these. It is reported that, by a special order of the present Pontiff, the statue of one of the new saints, the Frenchman Pierre Fourier, whose canonization took place in St. Peter's on the 27th of May last year, will soon be placed in the Church of St. Peter. First among these statues stands that of St. Elias—the Prophet, Founder and Father of the Carmelites, a fact perhaps unknown to a clever writer in the *Boston Republic*, who becomes very skeptical when he touches on the subject of the unbroken and long succession of the Carmelites.

Mexican Monks.

Mr. Guernsey writes some interesting things to his paper, the *Boston Herald*, from Mexico—a country so much misrepresented and hated by rabid anti-Catholics. The writer referred to has no interest in distorting the truth. He tells what he saw and gracefully nails some ancient lies. Things look bright in Mexico. Referring to the Religious Orders the *Herald's* writer says:

"An interesting order, which was thought to have been broken up by Juarez, is that of the Carmelites, most of whom quietly remained here and secretly kept up, as far as possible, their work and practices. The order has for its official head the Rev. Father Rafael Checa, parish priest of San Angel, a venerable and devout man, who is on intimate terms with some of the oldest and wealthiest of the families of the city of Mexico, who make his town their summer home. Most of the Carmelites of the days of "the persecution" are now dead. The order has been recruited by younger men, some of them indefatigable workers among the poor and neglected, and also conducting missions in distant regions."

Reading Run Riot.

The *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, said a good thing when that excellent journal lately remarked:

"The newspaper-reading mania does one thing for those afflicted with it, if it doesn't serve to supply garners of useful knowledge for the storehouse of the mind, it vitiates their tastes and spoils them for really beneficent literary exercise. They are unable to concentrate their thoughts on any other sort of literature, and deny themselves the pleasure and profit of using their faculties in pursuit of the best thought and noblest conceptions of truth, gathered from the ages. The person whose thirst for information is slacked in the putrid stream of police court chronicles and whose mind is appeased with the dry husks of reportorial tittle tattle, can be easily "located" in the category of intelligences. Therefore we utter no rash judgment or unfair aspersion when we say that the young man or young woman who is content, and more than content, with the mental pabulum furnished by his daily paper, belongs to a low order of manhood and is not likely to seek or experience the refining processes of moral and intellectual development. He is apt to be satisfied with himself and his condition and stupidly refuse the means to improve either."

"Reading maketh a full man" in divers senses. We should think a person would be full after drinking in all the contents of the bulky Sunday paper. It is capable of intoxicating the most robust brain—making, indeed, a *full* man, but one who is apt to turn into a *fool*-man.

We are grateful for a neatly bound copy of Vol. XI. of the *Le Couteulx Leader*.

In writing to advertisers please mention THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

PUBLICATIONS.

Every lover of clean and conservative Catholic reading will sympathize with the "*Catholic Telegraph*" in its financial embarrassment. Let us hope that it will come from beneath the cloud and continue to send its message of truth from pole to pole.

Henry Coyle, whose reputation as a poet and pleasing prose writer, is more than national, pays just tribute in the "*Weekly Bouquet*" to Miss Caroline D. Swan, whose name is known and held in love and veneration by the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW and every lover of the beautiful. Accompanying Mr. Coyle's biographical sketch is a portrait of the poetess, and a first glance at it convinces one of the truth of the closing words of the brief biography, viz.: "Miss Swan is a large-brained and great-hearted woman; one whose soul has been energized by study, elevated by reflection and love of her kind, and cultured by extensive reading and travel. Those who know her best, love her most, and lose their admiration for the writer in their regard for the woman."

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, have just published a new book for boys, "The Chate-laine of the Roses, and other Tales," by Maurice F. Egan; 300 pages, 12 mo. Net 50 cts. A suitable gift for the holidays. The same firm has brought out "Conversions, and God's Ways and Means in Them," by Rt. Rev. John T. Sullivan; 64 pages, paper. Net 15 cts. The author aims to aid conversions. His aim will not be a vain one. It is a fit companion for "Think Well On't."

B. Herder, 1760 Broadway, St. Louis, sends us a new "Manual of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament," by a Benedictine, of Conception, Mo. 12 mo. 664 pages. Black cloth, round corners, red edges. Retail, \$1.25. American Morocco, flexible, round corners, gilt edges. Retail, \$2.00. Just the thing for visits to the most Blessed Sacrament. Can be easily carried. Write for it. You will like it.



Courtesy of the "Catholic Union and Times."

By Goodall.

THE PURIFICATION.

"And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the Law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons." *Luke 2:24.*



THE PURIFICATION.

"And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the Law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons."—Luke 2:21.



I.

HITHER than the wintry snow-drifts,
Or first blossoms of the Spring;
Welcome to thee, Blessed Mother,
And the treasure thou dost bring!
Light unto all Gentile nations,
As when shades of night unfold,
And fair beams of early morning
Gleam as pure celestial gold.

II.

Yet the shadows darkly gather
O'er our gladness, Mother mild!
And the mournful Passion-emblems
Twine around thy Holy Child.
For Simeon's words prophetic
Breathe a low and plaintive strain,
And thy gentle virgin-spirit
Shall be pierced with sword of pain.

III.

Sweet the lessons thou dost teach us
On His Presentation day:
Thou art purer than God's angels,
Yet, most humbly dost obey.
Jesus is the Priest and Victim,
And His Father's will divine
From thy loving hands receives Him
As a priceless gift of thine.

IV.

May we, when dark clouds o'ershadow
All our upward, homeward way,
Clasp, like thee, the Infant Saviour
Still more closely day by day.
Jesus' light, (though veiled,) is shining
Ever in the holy place,
Teach us to adore its beauty
"Till we see Him "face to face."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF PERIGORD—BIRTH OF PETER—POVERTY OF THE FAMILY—HE IS
INDEBTED TO CHARITY FOR SUSTENANCE AS WELL AS FOR THE EDUCATION
SO DEAR TO HIS HEART—1305-1325.



BENEATH the skies of Occitania, in the province of Guyenne, and that portion of Perigord which is known as Sarladais, is to be found the parish of Saller. Included at the present day in the department of la Dordogne, the mountainous district of Sarlat, and the Canton of Belves, it forms a part of the diocese of Perigueux.

Profane history would scarcely know the name even of this peaceful village. Its writers, whose dear delight is in the detail of battles and revolutions—those scourges of mankind—would pass it by unheeded. But then it is gilded with a glory of which they know but little—the glory whose golden luster is bequeathed by the saints of God to the spots which witnessed their birth.

There is a little hamlet at Saller, in the quarter of Lebreil, almost hidden amid the thick foliage of the surrounding forest trees, and there, just as the fourteenth century had dawned upon the world, was born a child of pre-

dilection—a child destined at some future time to enact a glorious part in the Church of God—a child whose name would one day yield forth sweetest fragrance in that vast garden whose fairest flowers are the canonized saints of that holy mother. The silence and obscurity which overshadow his birth permit us merely to designate the year 1305 as that of the auspicious event, but we can point out neither the month nor the day when it occurred, nor are we absolutely certain that we possess the correct rendering of our saint's name.

In the ecclesiastical annals, when reference is made to the subject of this life, French authors call him "Blessed Peter Thomas," thus leaving it an open question as to whether the *second* is a family name, or whether the *two* appellations were given at the baptism of the babe.

Perhaps divine Providence, in devoting him exclusively to the apostolic ministry, cared only to have his baptismal names handed down, thus giving the world glimpses of him in a supernatural light alone.

Be that as it may, we know that his father's position in life was a very

humble one, and that his time was divided between the raising of cattle and the tilling of the soil. He did not own even that little portion of the earth which he moistened with the "sweat of his brow" as he daily plied his weary task, for he was but a "small farmer;"—and poor, even amongst the poor inhabitants of those cantons. Sustained by Christian principles, however, he cast his whole heart into his work, that he might be enabled to procure the necessities of life for his family.

His wife, one daughter and little Pierre were the objects of his solicitude, but his best efforts could give them nothing better than black bread, and the chestnuts which grow abundantly in that locality.

But *the soul* was amply nourished with the best of spiritual food. The child, naturally pious, had, from its very cradle, an atmosphere of virtue around it, and enjoyed, as the period of infancy passed, the good example of a family, thoroughly Christian, as indeed were all the families of ancient Perigord. When Pierre attained the proper age, he began to attend the catechetical instructions given by the clerics, or the pastor—thus beginning to taste the happiness of belonging to God by right of innocence, and to experience the fear of offending that infinite majesty by sin. From the moment that his heart was capable of feeling and loving, he realized what it was to love the Blessed Virgin, and became one of her most devoted children. A confidence which had no limit, and which never for one moment wavered, arose from this love, and was henceforth the active power of his miraculous life.

As his heart was thus steadily formed to all things holy, his understanding,

first awakened by those instructions in religion, proved itself both precocious and practical. Holy Writ promulgates the decree of labor imposed upon all mankind, and the mandate had not been passed un-noticed by this quiet and thoughtful child. As soon as he was able to be of service in the household, or to lend his little aid at harvest time by tending the cattle, his satisfaction and even joy were most charming to behold.

The years of childhood were numbered with the vanishing past, and although the constitution of the young villager was sound, his size and strength did not develop in accordance with his age, and it was evident that a life of labor in the fields would never be a life for him.

And all the while the lowly roof of their little cottage looked down upon poverty for which there seemed no relief, and privations for which the future held out no hope of change. Peter Thomas now stood upon the threshold of youth, and the uncertainty of the future began to give him very serious thoughts. Seated upon a bank of fragrant fern, under the sheltering foliage of the tall chestnut, or leaning against a stately pine tree, he would concentrate his thoughts, with a seriousness but ill according with his years, upon the solution of an important question—one which at the present day would be called the problem of nutritive labor, and remunerative activity. If nature had not dealt out physical advantages to him with a generous hand, his qualities of mind and heart more than compensated for the deficiency, and many a brave, courageous thought and noble resolve waited but the fitting opportunity to materialize. How ardently he desired it! Why, then, should he continue to

resist an impulse which, under the circumstances, was so perfectly legitimate, that led him to seek elsewhere something more in accord with his abilities? Why, in a word, in order to relieve his dear family from the charge of his maintenance, should he decline to try his fortune away from home? Having then secured, in default of a rich dowry, what he regarded as something of infinitely more value—a father's benediction, a loving mother's parting counsel, and a devoted sister's fond caresses, he turned his steps towards the neighboring city, there to carve for himself a career, by the grace of God! The close of that day found him at Montpazier, a place about four leagues from Saller. There he at once had himself enrolled as a pupil of an unpretentious school, where, through charity alone, he was admitted to the ranks. And his "daily bread"—how did he procure the food necessary to sustain his life? From the alms which he received from door to door in the little city, or its vicinity, especially from the Religious at the ancient abbey of Notre Dame de Capdrot.

Constant application, united to talent of a high order, led him, with such rapid steps, along the path to learning that before very long he essayed the role of teacher himself. It is true, it was a small beginning. He initiated a class of children into the mysteries of reading, and was greatly encouraged that he could do so.

Ardently longing for more rapid progress, after remaining for some time at Montpazier, he left, in order to take up his abode at the beautiful Gallo-Roman city of Agen.

And, whilst pursuing his search after learning, did he make frequent visits to the home of his childhood? During

this period, life to him might be called a struggle for existence. Was it granted to him to go for a rest, under the roof where he first beheld the light of day? Did he ever return to breathe the sweet, fresh air of the forest, or to stroll along the verdant hill sides where, as a shepherd lad, his leisure hours had been spent? None of his biographies mention that he did so, therefore his visits, if they ever occurred, must have been very rare, especially after he left the city of Agen for another home. And when we consider how he was situated—taken hither and thither, without intermission, to distant spots—it can readily be conjectured that the God of the Gospel most rigorously exacted from Peter Thomas, as from his devoted Apostles, the utter renunciation of family joys.

His hopes of finding greater facilities at Agen were not disappointed. The studious young man devoted himself to the study of grammar, which he thoroughly mastered, and even made excursions into the domain of Logic and dialectics. In return for his zealous attention at her shrine, Knowledge, whilst not absolutely profuse, did not act the part of an ingrate to her votary.

Some wealthy citizens engaged Peter to act as private tutor to their sons, and thus a portion of his maintenance was secured. As for the rest, the good offices of the charitable were again called into requisition, for his poor family could never aid their cherished child more than by sending the beloved wanderer at long intervals, the merest trifle for his use. For seven or eight years he maintained this struggle, and not a day during that time did Peter Thomas fail to petition for strength to come forth from the ordeal unscathed—not a day passed upon which he failed

to implore light from above to aid him in deciding upon his vocation in life. An innate love of virtue was his guiding star, love of study ranked next. Though destitute of all guardianship—isolated—with no friend but his confessor, he passed, without any untoward lapse, and most probably without the stain of mortal sin upon his soul, that period when the passions lie in wait to gain the ascendancy in youth. "Whilst still young," says Lamer-sonious, "he had acquired the wisdom and prudence of age. His heart disdained and his will turned away from all the vain pleasures of his time of life." What, then, was the marvelous secret which enabled him thus to be the victor in the conflict with the senses? Mezieres, another of his biographers, has told it for the benefit of those generous souls who wish to walk unspotted through the dusty highways of earth. It was *prayer*; the constant, earnest and fervent prayer which he offered at the shrine of MARY, the Immaculate Virgin, his dear Mother and Queen.

CHAPTER II.

A CALL TO THE RELIGIOUS STATE—NOVI-
TIAE WITH THE CARMELITES—HIS
PROFESSION, ORDINATION, APPARITION
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT AGEN—
BACCALAUREAT IN THEOLOGY AT THE
SORBONNE—1326-1328.

There can scarcely be named an epoch of history wherein, as the direct agents of some great undertaking from on high, the *Religious Orders* do not lead the way. In the fourteenth century, the Lord, wishing to prepare, in the person of Peter Thomas, an able champion for his Church, sent him at the age of twenty to the Carmelite fathers. During his long sojourn at Agen, the

youth had, more than once, felt for those Religious that spiritual attraction which is the ordinary token—or evidence—of a religious vocation. Without having bound himself by any pledge, he loved to visit their monastery, and a mutual sentiment of esteem was the result.

The prior of Lectoure—a monastery in the vicinity—coming to Agen, made the acquaintance of Peter. Gifted with great powers of penetration, he soon perceived the noble qualities which that unassuming exterior concealed, and offered the hospitality of his house in exchange for a course in grammar, to be given by the young man to the pupils who frequented the monastery.

Actually to be a master in the schools! The shepherd lad could ask for nothing better. Often, perhaps, he had lamented in silence—the monotonous routine, the weary solicitude inseparable from so precarious an existence, knowing that it was an obstacle to intellectual advancement, but powerless to change what came again and again with each successive day. Behold him now regularly domiciled with the monks of Lectoure! He acquitted himself of the charge entrusted to him admirably, and gave satisfaction to all—too happy himself in finding sufficient leisure to pursue his own studies, books to facilitate, and masters ever ready to extend their kindly aid.

But Providence apparently designed him, in a special manner, to have "no lasting city" in this world, and in the course of time another change awaited him. This time it was the prior of Condom, who, for some reason which we have not learned, obtained permission to take Peter with him, and carried his desire into effect in the year 1327.

But no matter where he was led, the

precious treasure which he always bore with him was a tender devotion to, and intense love for the ever blessed Virgin. The powerful attraction which drew him towards whatsoever tended to enhance her glory, had gradually changed from a vague idea to a positive wish to enter an Order specially devoted to her honor.

The humility which for a while restrained him from asking to be admitted within its ranks, finally gave way to the love which whispered "Courage!" and he heeded the inspiring voice. The consent of the superiors to admit this worthy and intimately known subject was readily gained, and Peter was clothed, at Condom, in the holy habit of Mount Carmel.

With what transports of joy did the fervent youth receive the coarse woollen habit, the Scapular and the white mantle, emblematic of humility, self immolation and purity! From that moment he vowed eternal fidelity to his insignia, and we can, without hesitation, affirm that from the day he entered the novitiate until the one which witnessed his departure from this world, he never would lay aside the garb of his Order. Simple religious—bishop—or patriarch, no other attire was so dear to his heart. Wearing, even during the night, in accordance with monastic rule, the woollen tunic and the blessed Scapular, his slumbers sheltered with the cowl, he felt himself protected against those evil spirits "who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls." Thus, when a valiant knight knows that the enemy is nigh, to be prepared for his attacks, he always snatches his brief repose beneath his helmet, and with his cuirass close at hand. The spirit of penance and mortification

evinced by the young novice, his observance of his Rule and fervor placed him, in a very brief space of time, in a position to be a model for the edification of all. He said to himself, resolutely, that the will of God, in his regard, was that he should become a saint. And, as sanctity can have only *humility* for its foundation, and *chastity* for its crown, he was to be seen even *anticipating* the intentions and the good pleasure of all with whom he came in contact, and joyfully submitting his will not only to his superiors, but to the least of his brethren. This affability could not fail to render him beloved by all. After the ordinary period of probation, our novice was, whilst still at Condom, permitted to pronounce his solemn vows, according to the usual formula. O! how perfectly the words corresponded to his desires "*I, Peter, make my Profession, and promise Obedience, Poverty and Chastity to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.*" This consecration, which he fain would have also written in his blood, he imprinted in ineffaceable characters upon the whole course of his existence. His every action was henceforth to be marked with the pure gold of monastic virtues, and crowned with the diadem of love for MARY, his well beloved Mother and Queen.

Peirre de Casa was at that time Provincial of Aquitaine. As though he wished to diffuse throughout his province the virtuous example of the newly professed monk, and permit others of his subjects to inhale the sweet odor of his pure and holy life, the Provincial sent him to spend several months at Bordeaux and then at Albi.

He eventually placed him at Agen, where, that they might profit the more thoroughly by the serious character of Peter, and the well-disciplined maturity

of his mental gifts, he gave to him the charge of directing the studies of the young clerics. Thus, by instructing others, he most efficaciously reached the point of acquiring fresh knowledge himself. He could venture into the domain of rational science, which at that time went by the (rather indefinite) name of physics, metaphysics, and scholastic philosophy. The three years spent at Agen passed peacefully away. A blissful tranquillity and holy recollection marked each day as it vanished, to join the eternal years.

It was perhaps the most peaceful period of Peter's life, and was an admirable preparation for the great dignity of the sacerdotal dignity which he received through the hands of the Bishop of Agen, Amanieu de Fargis, in 1331 or 1332. If it were to be asked what were the sentiments at the first Mass celebrated by this faithful and devoted priest, the only possible answer would be that the angels hovering about the altar alone could reveal them without a flaw. The ecstatic joys of heaven were his, in his inseparable union with the great Victim, a union which Peter Thomas henceforth cemented more and more intimately by the daily celebration of the august sacrifice. Except in the case of real impossibility, he never omitted it during the remainder of his life. With a love, which neither constant occupation nor the advance of years could render less fervent, he devoted himself for the longest time in his power to prayer, and thus fittingly did he prepare himself for offering up the adorable mysteries. The fruit, therefore, that he derived thus was more than marvelous. If he had to perform any function *after* Mass, or if it were assigned to him to preach, he felt more illumined by the light of the Holy

Ghost, and enabled to give a clearer elucidation of his subject. A thousand points upon which he had not previously reflected, and in regard to which he was himself surprised, would present themselves to his mind.

His loving haste impelled him, generally, to celebrate at a very early hour. He had, we may rest assured, proved satisfactorily that the soul is, in those first moments of the day dawn, better disposed to derive all the value of so great a favor. Even as the expectant flowers receive the sparkling dew in the golden rays of the rising sun, so does the human heart imbibe more abundantly the deep draught of divine nectar when it has not been, as yet, contracted by the feverish agitations of the day.

The prayer which precedes labor sustains it, fructifies it, and sanctifies it in the sight of God.

Laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, to fit themselves for giving to others the requisite nourishment of the soul, should make a special and extended preparation.

Beneath a tranquil exterior, they must practice prayer, and with it pursue constant and unremitting study. They must guard against giving undue importance to temporal labor. They should trust to Providence for their maintenance—Providence, which seems to address, in a special manner to them, the following words: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be given to you." This was the motto at Agen, and nevertheless it seemed that the divine promise was slow of realization. The establishment was so poor that clothing, books, light and other essentials had to be meted out to the students with a most rigid economy. It was difficult to prevent the apprehension for the future, which

imperceptibly agitated the atmosphere of cloister life.

Full of compassion for the distress of his pupils, the master, faithful to his custom, addressed himself to *her* to whom he never had appealed in vain. He poured forth in prayer the petitions, the granting of which was so needful, and implored the Blessed Virgin to truly "show herself a mother." And behold! at the return of Matins one night, as he was walking thoughtfully in the dormitory before retiring to rest, this most amiable mother favored him with the sweetest consolation. With a caressing touch, MARY lightly laid her hand upon his habit to attract the attention of her devoted servant, and then deigned to appear to him in person. In a voice whose tones of melody breathed only *Paradise*, she said: "My child, give thyself no more anxiety in regard to the temporal affairs of the house: Study with diligence! Be faithful in the service of my divine Son, and be ever devoted to me. I will never abandon you!"

With these words the holy Virgin disappeared, leaving diffused in the apartment an odor so exquisite that most fragrant incense or aromatic balm of the perfumer could not compare with this wafted air from heaven. At dawn of day the favored child of Mary celebrated the *Mass de Beata Virgine* (of the most holy Virgin) in thanksgiving for so signal a mark of her love. This token of appreciation did not pass unheeded, for the divine Mother was not long in manifesting her maternal care. At the close of the Holy Sacrifice, a personage, whom none of the household recognized, wearing a military garb, asked that the priest who had said Mass might be called to the confessional, and after the sacred duty was over, he begged the confessor to accept

his offering of twelve golden reals. These were the first fruits of the temporal blessing which Father Peter Thomas seemed to impart, and those who have had the charge of the "Chronicles" affirm that from that time, in what house of the Order soever, he was stationed, through him were always received a sufficiency of alms for the maintenance of all. He has, himself, testified to this fact for the greater glory of his august mistress. And, as his holy life was drawing to a close, he confirmed the fact of the apparition and its happy results to Philip de Mezieres.

In regard to such providential resources vouchsafed to religious houses, a large portion was always set aside for and devoted to the intellectual formation of their subjects. It was the custom, after a preliminary and thorough preparation in the houses of the Province, to send a certain number of young priests to one of the great universities to complete their theological studies. The time drew near for Peter to go. He was sent to Paris towards the year 1334.

The city enjoyed already—and deservedly—a reputation in its admirable university, which, since its establishment in the previous century, had never ceased to advance. It numbered its pupils by thousands; from every part of Europe they came to avail themselves of its excellence. Theology and philosophy were taught by the most eminent doctors.

Ancient and modern languages, civil and canonical rights, physics and medicine alike found able expounders within those walls. It was the reign of scholastic subtleties, later on so much derided. It was, above all, the age when Catholic doctrine shed its brilliant light over every branch of

knowledge. If we except a degree of exaggeration in the method, was not this wholly Christian tuition of our ancestors most admirable for both social and private morality? Would any one presume to place it in the balance with that pretended religious neutrality whose self-imposed mission seems to be to extinguish the lamp of faith? In thus diffusing the spirit of atheism, they plunge the leading classes into a state of impertinent egotism and selfish indifference, whilst those in the lower walks of life give way to a morbid spirit of hatred and a despair which knows no bounds.

Yes! these instructors might be called public malefactors—unpardonable, *if* conscious criminals!

Peter Thomas passed the following six years at the Carmelite Monastery in Paris.

In the capital, as at Agen, his objects were the same. His piety even grew more fervent, his favorite volume was the Crucifix, his dominating principle, observance of rule. The holy office, meditation, vigils, the discipline! To these he added bodily mortifications of a nature that would terrify our enervated frames. Thus did this devoted religious consecrate the days of his sojourn. Then, too, he was very often called upon to exercise the office of director of souls to the throngs who preferred him to all others. And all the while his own studies did not suffer.

He pursued with zeal and attention philosophy and literature. This we can understand by the results—that of making him one of the most distinguished men of his day. Most probably also he mastered the Oriental languages, at that period, for during his subsequent travels we find him using them to such advantage. But

the sacred studies—Holy Scripture and theology, ever held the place of honor in the program of the student.

It was, nevertheless, only after six years frequentation of the Sorbonne that he could, according to the rules then in force, present himself for, and be admitted to the baccalaureat in theology.

Having gained their degree after this thorough intellectual training, the aspirants generally returned to their local residences, there to be assigned to the various charges in the sacerdotal life.

The smaller number aimed at a higher degree, for which a much longer time of preparation was required. Five years, spent in the most diligent application to the Master of Sentences and the Angel of the Schools, were required for admission, to the doctorate.

Peter Thomas, in his wonted humility, had no other views than those of his superiors. Whether the Carmelites did not desire, even for their most gifted subjects, this brilliant dignity, or whether a change of Provincial, which occurred at that time, had any influence upon his recall, certain it is that he thence returned to Aquitaine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God! such love as thine
Distils a healing balm divine:
The depths of woe to thee are known,
Oh plead for us before God's Throne!

In care and trial be thou near,
That we may never doubt nor fear;
When crushed beneath the load of grief
May we then find in thee relief.

Mother of God! take thou a share
Of all our troubles—help us bear
The heavy cross of care and pain,
And lead us back to God again.

—HENRY COYLE.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER I.



OUR days had elapsed since Saturday morning when Brian Lacey had saddled his brown mare and bidding his niece Judith "Good-bye, God keep you till I come back!" had left home for the town of Carlisle, some fourteen miles away; for on the day following, it being the second Sunday of the month, Mass was celebrated in the old frame building, dignified by the name of St. John's Church, and Brian, notwithstanding the hardships it necessitated, was particular in the practice of his religious duties. It was too long a journey, however, for the old man, now bordering on his seventieth year and carrying in his left side a bullet received when he fought Santa Anna's men on a burning Mexic plain, to make in one day; hence it was his custom to start on Saturday, returning the following afternoon. But, though his absence had stretched itself beyond the usual limit, and though her heart, impatient for his coming, sent her every little while to the low front door, over which the Virginia creepers clustered, a dark shining mass of green, to listen for the sound of the brown mare's light, trotting feet on the rocky lane, hidden from view by the row of scraggy trees, covered with the wild grape vine, Judith felt no alarm. Like

the majority of Kentucky girls she was not afflicted with the ailment known to modern science as "nerves," and with unimpaired health, she was also blessed with a generous amount of good common sense.

"Very likely," she thought, as she turned from her fruitless watch under the Virginia creeper, no sound, save the clear, piercing song of the red-bird, pouring out his rapture-filled heart from his high perch on the tempest branch of a deadened tree, standing spectre-like in a field of young corn, breaking the stillness that fills with awe the stranger in that wild, desolate country, where the hills, covered with tall, dark, wailing cedars, shoot up like pyramids from the lonely, narrow vales, "he went back to Mr. Evans' after Mass, and is coming home by Stony Creek so he can spend a night with Uncle Redy. Or, maybe, he heard of someone who wants a cistern walled up and has gone to see about the job."

And as she returned to her simple household duties, she hoped the latter supposition were not true, for her uncle was too old for such hard work; although she knew he needed some money badly to buy young calves for the fall market; and, perhaps, there would be enough left to purchase chain, and pay for the weaving of the rag-carpet, the material for which, neatly wound in huge balls, hung in a large sack in the loft, well out of reach of the mouse intent on home building.

To possess that carpet was the ambition of the girl's heart, although an advocate of beauty and simplicity had told her it were but little short of wrong to cover her hard floor of white oak, in its natural color, and so clean, a bride might sweep, unsoiled, her skirts across it, with the glaring deformity manufactured by the country weaver. The leg walls and the ceiling, which being the floor for the loft overhead, left exposed the narrow joints, also hewn from the ancient forests, from which long years ago the house had been built, wore a spotless coat of whitewash ; and with the wide, smooth hearthstone and spacious fireplace, over which was a tall oak mantle-piece, presented a neat, homelike aspect. A green holland blind shaded one window ; an old-fashioned, tall-posted bed, spotless in its appointments, occupied one corner near the fire-place ; opposite was a small stand, covered with a linen towel and holding a lamp. Nearby, was an arm-chair, the product of some home artisan, and on the wall above was a rude book-shelf, with a few treasured volumes. That was her uncle's special place and when he was home, his clay pipe and tobacco might be found on the hearth-stone. Here, if the day were cold and he felt disinclined for a walk to the store at the Blue Lick Spring, about half a mile away, he sat and read ; while Judith, when a child, studied, or played with her rag doll on the floor, and when older, sang softly as she gazed into the fire, or plied her needle industriously. His household gods are not more sacred to the devout worshipper than were those books to the young girl. She never looked between their covers, for her uncle had once told her she was too young for such reading ; but she loved them for the pleas-

ure he found in them. She regarded them as possessing some charm which made their one reader never tire of their pages. She grew so weary of her school books once she had mastered their contents, while her very earliest recollection was of her uncle with one of those volumes in his hands. He never added to his small store for his possession was the "cream of the world's literature," as she had heard him say to the strange man who had taught one year at the district school near the Spring, and who almost every Sunday afternoon, came over from his uncongenial boarding-house to spend a few hours with the hospitable Irishman who was familiar with, and could talk intelligently on, those subjects, that were to the unloved, unappreciated scholar as the breath of his nostrils. The Old Testament and Plutarch's Lives of Great Men represented Brian's ancient literature ; while all modern history, it seemed to the young Southern teacher, revolved, in Brian's eyes, around one holy, all-absorbing central-point, Ireland ! But in the realms of poetry, Brian was a cosmopolite, and Shakespeare and Byron, Shiller and Dante, were as familiar as the music of Burns and Moore.

"The poet belongs to no nation," he would say, during one of those heated discussions with the teacher, when the latter would laughingly accuse the old man of inconsistency in hating England, and yet loving her poets, "he belongs to mankind !"

Judith loved those Sunday evenings. She would make her nicest preparations for the simple supper, and when it was over, and the dishes again in their places in the home-made cupboard, standing against the wall in the little lean-to kitchen, back of the two-

roomed house, it was her delight to take her chair, and sitting in the shadow cast by the slender figure of the school-master, watch her uncle's glowing face, as he recounted the greatness of ancient Ireland ; or, taking one of the treasured volumes, would read page after page of grand, majesty prose, making her catch her breath, or sadly tender poems, filled with the heart-breaks of time, filling her soul with nameless, wordless longings. Or, perhaps, religion would be the topic, when she would hear expounded the doctrines she had learned in the little blue-covered catechism. But whatever was the subject, she realized the teacher was an able adversary, and when his arguments were shattered by her uncle, the light brown eyes would flash with a yellowish gleam in the shadow, while the heart would beat in a tumult of joy.

Of course her uncle was right, always right, she would tell herself in after self-communions ; but how clever he was to be able to bring the school teacher to his way of thinking ! But the five months' term, the usual limit of the country school, was over and the master had returned gladly to his home in the South. Brian was moody and restless for a time, and on more than one occasion, Judith had surprised him gazing sadly at the picture of the teacher, which lay in the little stand drawer. Then, he would say, with the suspicion of a tremor in his voice,

"I love that young man, Judith."

"Maybe he will come back next fall, Uncle Brian," she would answer hopefully ; but the old man would shake his head, while, with a voice that stung like a whip, he would rail against the ignorance of a people that failed to properly respect and appreciate the abilities and work of a person

like the teacher. For Judith never forgot she was one of the "native-borns," as Brian contemptuously called his neighbors.

The people of that district, the northern, rugged portion of Nicholas county, are a less accentuated type of the mountaineer. It were almost as impossible to trace their ancestry as to follow the way of the shining lizzard that darts across the path of the traveler through their dark, solemn woods. Many, you find, with a name betraying an Irish or German forefather, but his history is as forgotten as last year's leaves. They have, too, had their feuds, when a life for a life is the then merciless code, and in the wild fastness of their cedar-clad hills, they can bid defiance to the punishment of the law ; or, if, at last, brought to bay, many of its minions will bite the dust before the steel bracelets are clasped on those blood-stained hands. They have their faults, but necessity and ignorance have never taught them treachery, and he goes among them as a man is, as among friends. But let him once show cowardice, let them once feel he looks upon them as of a lower strata than himself, let him once overstep the rules of hospitality, and he were safer in another community. For the man who will share with the stranger the last meal of himself and family with the same open-handedness of the wealthy planter of the Blue Grass Belt, and which has made the name of Kentucky the synonym of a hospitality broad enough to embrace Dives at the table and Lazarus and the dogs at the gate, is just as ready to defend his rights. The same quick passionate temper belongs to both classes, only the world calls it honor, and respects it in one ; revenges and punishes it, in the other.

Too just to blame them for the results of inexorable circumstances, and too much of a philosopher, to say nothing of his Christian sentiments, to despise any portion of the pitifully weak and sinning human family, Brian, inconsistently enough, could not forgive them because one of them had wooed and wed a dead brother's daughter. It were bad enough, he told himself in lashing, impotent anger, that one of his kindred had married a man not of her own religion; but that that man should be Jack Sanders, whose family of all in that wild country was the most ungodly, was a visitation he felt he could never bring himself to accept. This woman who had so disgraced him in his own views, lived long enough to bring five children into the world; then died, leaving a wailing infant scarcely six weeks old. Brian looking over the dead mother's coffin to the baby sleeping in its rude cradle, so unconscious of the woe and misery and evil-doing around it, saw it wore her face in a miniature. Not a trace was visible of the hated bold beauty of the Sanders race that had won one of his blood to such an alliance; so he said: "I will adopt the baby," and because it was a girl, delicate and helpless, notwithstanding the hatred he bore his wife's uncle, the father gave his consent.

Brian did not like the baby, at first. Her cries disturbed his bachelor quiet, and he thought he saw in her childish humors characteristics of her father's people. He was inclined to be severe with her, to visit on her her mother's punishment; but one day, the widowed cousin who took care of his house for him, died, and when he saw the child of scarcely eight years, take up her duties with readiness and execute them with effect, he was surprised out of his narrow estimation of her character.

But the blood was in her, as he told himself, so he did not lessen his vigilant care. The love the girl entertained for the old man was such as we might give to an angel, or some other superior being, if he were to live among us, a visible presence. With that intuition, so sharp in womankind, she felt, before she knew of it, the stigma of her mother's marriage, and strove, with pathetic patience, to remove it. Groping blindly along, as does every young girl with no kind, womanly hand to guide her, she sought for that line of living, which would shape her acts, so she might, at length, merit her uncle's commendation, if not his love. She felt, as she grew older, and it stung like a lash, the suspicion, which, in spite of himself, lingered in his mind about her, and which tinged the opinions entertained of her by other members of her mother's family.

"She is the best one of them," Brian had said one day to his brother Rody, forgetful of her presence in the little kitchen adjoining.

"Yes," assented Rody; but I always feel with her, Brian, as I do when I handle a gun which may, or may not, be loaded?"

"Why don't you pull the trigger, man, and find out?" returned the bachelor brother testily.

"Find me the trigger of a woman's nature," returned Rody, who was a married man, "and I will!" And through her blinding tears Judith heard no word of defense uttered by her loved uncle.

"She is the best one of the family, on either side!" he said in after days to Mrs. Evans, who, being, with her husband, one of the few friends to whom the old man ever opened his heart, naturally felt a deep interest in the girl. "Your own daughters, Mrs.

Evans—God bless them!—are not more devoted to you than is she to the cross, unkind, old man. These winter nights, she will get out of her bed a dozen times to put wood on the fire, lest I should take cold; and often, when she thinks I am asleep, she will fold the covers closer around me and stoop down and kiss me. Actually, she used to get up early and feed the brown mare so I would have no need to leave the house until I had had my breakfast. The only way I could bring her to obey me and quit such work was by threatening to send her home to her brothers."

"What has become of her brothers, Brian?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"Living like the rest of their kind!" he replied, curtly.

"Are none of them Catholics?" she continued.

"They are not, and what is more, never will be. I could do nothing with them," he concluded. "While the father lived, I would not enter the house, and when he was dead, I found he had turned them against all their mother's people. They are a bad lot, root, stock and branch. But Judith is not like them. She is a good girl and will make a fine woman."

Yet he told none of these words to Judith because he did not know how passionately the young heart waited for them; and because she had all the pride of his people, intensified a thousand times by the womanly dignity his early suspicions had outraged, and would have died, inch by inch, before she could have stooped to bring about their utterance.

But they would never be spoken now, for Brian was dead, and while she listened under the Virginia creepers, or dusted and re-arranged for the hundredth time his treasured books, a

messenger, on the little brown mare, was speeding over those fourteen long miles to bear her the dread tidings. As she was placing the last book in position, the thought flashed across her mind her uncle had not said on Saturday when he would come home. Hitherto, he had ever specified the time of his return; Saturday he had said "till I come back." The vagueness of the phrase smote her with a sense of fear, but she hastened to the door to catch the sound of a horse's feet on the narrow, rocky lane. The bright light danced into her eyes and she flew to the rail fence separating the green yard from the road. She could not see the horse and rider because of the thick foliage, but Bluebell's footfall had never deceived her; she would recognize it among a cavalcade. Bluebell's feet always seemed to touch the earth as if she were too proud to permit them to long linger there, and Judith liked to fancy they were fleeter when homeward bound, because of the loyal heart to which she carried her master. Resting her arms on the low fence, Judith leaned forward, anxious for the first glimpse of the shapely brown head. Nearer came the light feet, and she noted they fell not in the familiar running trot, but in a hard gallop. Her uncle never rode Bluebell at such a pace, for as dear, almost, to him as his right hand was that piece of horse-flesh, the direct descendant and namesake of the mare, that, with a sense almost human, had borne him, wounded, dying, from a horde of Mexican cavalrymen, and, when he was safe, dropped dead from the volley of bullets she had received in the performance of her heroic act.

Before she could find a reason for a thing so unusual, the brown head, with wide, distended nostrils, flecked with

foam, appeared from behind the obstructing tree ; then the body. But instead of the erect, spare figure of the customary rider, Judith saw one of her own brothers. The blood left her face, the joy died in her eyes, and she felt a terrible tightening of the heart, never before experienced. But she could frame no words until Bluebell, quivering with pain, stopped at her side, and laid her wet head on the girl's shoulder. Then Judith said :

"Charlie, where is Uncle Brian?"

"He's dead," said the brother, bluntly.

One full, long, awful moment, in which the face aged under his stupid gaze, passed ; then, she repeated

"Dead!" and a shriek, that made Bluebell jerk up her head and the black dog spring from his sunny bed on the door-step, tore the mid-day hush, stilling the song of the cardinal bird. She fell back on the ground, and the brown fingers, seeking to entwine themselves in something tangible, for the blackness of unconsciousness was sweeping over her, caught convulsively at the soft, thick grass. The dog began to whine loud and piteously, but was quickly silenced by a well-directed stone from the hand of the unfeeling man, who had now dismounted. He felt an impatient longing to as summarily deal with his sister's woe, for it annoyed him, hot and tired with his long ride. He felt no sympathy for her, for he did not believe her grief was sincere. Why in the name of common sense, he would have asked, should any one be sorry because cross old Brian Lacey was dead? And he remembered then, with sudden, intense anger, she had scarcely shed a tear when their father, returning from Carlisle late one evening, was drowned while fording the Licking River.

On the hill, overlooking Brian's home and well-kept tract of land, stood another small, log house, where dwelt Mrs. Logan, a widow, with her only child, a son of about four-and-twenty years. From her citadel, she ever kept a close eye on the happenings of her nearest neighbor, and the horse and recognized rider, did not escape her notice that day.

"Thet critter looks mighty like Bluebell," she remarked to her son, who was mending a broken harness, on the door-step, "but thet ain't ole Brian."

"You bet it ain't!" replied he, pausing in his work. As the girl's scream came to them across the field of young corn, where stood the dead tree, with its startled, silenced singer, and up the steep, shrub-covered hill, Mrs. Logan snatched up her cotton sun-bonnet and yarn half-gloves—for if the roof were burning over their heads the women of this district would not leave the house until they had donned that part of their out-door attire—saying: "Thar's sumthin' awful happened, shore's you're bohn!" started in a run down the narrow fence-path, followed by her son, and a crowd of dogs, of all ages, from the yelping three-months' pup, to the ancient hunting hound.

"Wal, Charlie Sanders! Thet ain't you?" she exclaimed, breathlessly, as she climbed the high, stake-and-rider fence, separating the corn-field from the lane. "Foh the Lawd's sake! what's happened, thet Judith let that holler out uf her, like a stuck pig?"

"Nuthin'," he replied, sullenly, as the woman crossed the lane, for he was in no humor to answer questions; "only Uncle Brian's dead."

"Dead," she echoed, in a horror-stricken voice, unconsciously clutching

the rail fence for support. As her son advanced, she turned her face, that had grown pale under the big bonnet, to him, saying,

"Brian's dead." And a silence fell.

Judith had opened her eyes at the sound of the voices and lay staring straight at her visitors, but without seeing them.

"When did it happen, Charlie?" young Logan asked, after a pause.

"This mornin'," replied he. "He'd be'n out to a man's by the name uf Evanses, sence Sat'rday, er Sunday, I furgit which. 'Pears like he did n't hev eny breakfas' Sunday—Cath'lics don't eat eny breakfas' when they go to church, I know mother niver ust. Af'er Church, he said as how he felt kinder sick, and Mis' Evans, she pressed on him to go bac' hum with hur. He wus said by hur an' this mornin', he wus feelin' bettah an' sta'ted fur hum; but he hedn't no soonah'n got onto the saddle, then he took sick agin. They scarcely got him into the house when he wus dead. The Evanses, they sent fur the doctah, right away. He said likely thet bullet, the ole man wus always talkin' about in his side, med somethin' grow 'round his heart. I wus in town an' Uncle Rody sent me out for Judith."

Still in the stupor that had succeeded her first outbreak of sorrow, Judith lay listening to her brother's almost brutal recital of her uncle's death.

"Whar ur they goin' to take him to, Charlie?" Mrs. Logan asked, beginning to recover from her surprise.

"To Uncle Rody's," replied he. Instantly Judith sat up.

"To Uncle Rody's?" she repeated.

"Whar else did you think?" he asked, looking at her, with a sullen brow.

"Home! To me!" she cried.

Her brother laughed, contemptuously.

"Much they think 'bout you!" he sneered. "It's s'prisin' they sent fur you to go to see him, even. You'r the only Sanders'll be thar, you bet! An' I'll be dog-goned, ef I care! I'd not go, ef they did sen' fur me!"

"Nur I wouldn't either, Charlie!" said young Logan.

"Shet up, both of you!" said the old woman, sharply. "Luk at thet po'r gal! She luv'd the ole man!" and she hurriedly crossed the yard-fence and bent over the young girl, who had thrown herself back on the grass in a passion of weeping. But they did not understand that the mother's relatives, in shutting her out, as she supposed, from their common grief, had pressed the last bitter drop into her already over-flowing cup of misery. In that moment, there suddenly loomed up before her a whole life of struggle to right herself in the eyes of these people, and she realized, after all, that they regarded her, even in such an hour, as one apart from them. Her father's people despised her; her mother's had no place in their affection for her; she was now, utterly, alone. But over the tide of anguish the thought made to sweep across her heart, came whispers of the prayers her uncle had taught her; the faith, received from a repentant mother, and nursed by his care and example, flashed forth and weak, failing, the soul groping forward "touched God's right hand in that darkness."

When the funeral was over, Mrs. Evans took Judith with her to her pleasant home. The woman's motherly heart had warmed toward the strange, bereft girl, who seemed to shrink from any intercourse with her

own relatives. For Judith's sensitive nature exaggerated the sentiments entertained for her by her mother's family. Her poignant grief for the loss of the old man brought her close to them, and they would have taken her forever into their affections, if the lonely, miserable heart, that had begun to prey upon itself, had not misunderstood them as they had ever misunderstood her. Mrs. Evans' quick, large sympathy made her realize the girl's situation, as it also showed her the possibilities of such a nature. She was not a rich woman, but to be of any help to another, she would have incurred any amount of personal sacrifice; and, with a large, young family of her own, realizing the need of that heart for love and tenderness and motherly guidance, she devoutly hoped Brian's will had made her husband Judith's guardian. But the unbendable family pride would not permit Brian Lacey to pass by his brother for one not of his own blood, and Rody was appointed guardian of Judith, to whom he left all his possessions. But the office was only nominal, that the law might be fulfilled, and she was entire mistress of herself; for the last words of Brian were eloquent of his love for, and implicit confidence in, his niece. It was her privilege to choose her own place of residence, to dispose of her property when she was of age, as she desired, to map out for herself any career she wished. "Be true to the faith in which I have tried to raise you," concluded that strange will; "be guided by the advice of your Uncle Rody in financial matters, and follow the dictates of your own pure, loyal heart in the rest."

Mrs. Evans offered Judith a home with her, which her Uncle Rody urged her to accept, but the strange nature,

free as the wild scenery of her native hills, fretted like a caged bird under the restraint caused by the stranger's presence. She could not bring herself to mingle in their home life; of the Evans' children she felt more in awe than of their parents, while their cousin Judith, a girl of her own age, though striving by every possible means to win her love and confidence, only drove her further in on herself. She had never known another who bore her name, bestowed upon her by her Uncle Brian, and she felt as if Judith Evans had usurped a sacred right. Nor had she ever seen a girl like that Judith, with her finely featured fair face, and great dark eyes, that shone like twin stars, her white, small hands, and voice so low and soft, it always set her thinking of the poetry Brian was wont to read from his books for the school teacher, on those Sunday evenings of that long ago. With the memory of the books would come a great longing for the home where she had spent her eighteen years of life. Oh, to be there once more! To see Bluebell, the old dog, and the great solemn hills, the sighing of those thick cedars was ever in her ears! She could talk to them. She could pour out her sorrow to them as she never could to these strangers, were they ever so kind. So the invitation of Mrs. Evans was not accepted. Accompanied by an elderly female relative of her mother's, Judith, strangely reconciled to her great loss, because of the comfort brought her by her dead uncle's long delayed words of love and confidence, returned to the little log house, her own now, and dearer than ever because it was his gift, his perfect tribute to her worth.

WHAT WOMAN OWES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



IN our article of last month in the REVIEW we showed the peace and happiness that men enjoy under the benign influence of the Christian religion, and the miseries and sufferings from which they were rescued, by its elevating and refining action on the nations and peoples who were so happy as to receive this most precious of God's gifts to His creatures. But if man owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church, for the many blessings he received through her, for the freedom, for the refinement, and for the social elevation in which he moves to-day, woman has much more to be thankful for, in the sense, that in pagan civilization she was more deeply degraded than he was, and suffered many wrongs and injustices, from which he was entirely free. She was despised by man, even in the highest state of pagan development, as an inferior species of the human race. The shadow of slavery ever brooded over her unhappy lot. Doomed to drag out a miserable existence here, without distinct hope of a better hereafter, it does not take a great stretch of the imagination to discover the appalling despair that must have settled down on this victim of pagan cruelty. Nor was this state of affairs, revolting as it is to the Christian heart, confined to any particular heathen nation, it obtained in all the gentile nations of antiquity, and is not much

better to-day in the nations that remained pagan. Even in Turkey, to-day, though not entirely pagan, to what a state of debasement is woman reduced? Polygamy, the deep source of the degradation and humiliation of woman, is established and protected by law. We need only take up The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and what a sad scene do they portray of woman's unhappy condition in China, and in many other countries, both in Asia and in Africa. In China there is no dowry permitted to girls by law, and their parents may sell them like vile animals. It is true, the legislature condemns this vile traffic, but the government tolerates it. Boys alone inherit; if there are only girls in the family, the property passes, with all its rights, to the nearest relative in the male line. Females are looked upon as inferior to men, and this state of affairs is not confined to the lower classes; it is in the higher grades of society that the debasement of woman is more distinctly seen and felt. The condition of woman is no better in the East Indies, in Central Africa, and among the Arabs of the Delta. The form of marriage used by the latter is remarkable, and shows how woman is looked upon by the denizens of the desert. The father of the girl says to the future husband, "I will give thee a slave to take care of your household." The Annals from which we quote were issued away back in the forties, and if since that time, public opinion, in the above mentioned countries, has somewhat softened the manners of the people and elevated woman

even a little in the estimation of man, it is all owing to the light of Christianity borne by the self-sacrificing missionaries to these benighted countries.

Let us see if the condition of woman was any better in the Roman Empire at the zenith of its glory. That we may understand more distinctly the place held by her in society in that corrupt, and, what the abettors of modern paganism, would call, refined people, it is necessary to know that three distinct classes constituted its society. The Patricians were the highest class, and were distinct from all others, so much so that no one of an inferior grade was allowed to contract marriage with them. The next class was the Plebs or Plebeians. Though they held a lower position in the state, and had not the same political power as the Patricians, nevertheless they were not an insignificant factor in framing and ruling the destinies of the nation. Very frequently their influence was felt in the state, and many Plebeian houses were as rich and powerful as the best families among the Patricians, as the civil war between Marius and Sulla proves. There was also the Proletariate, which, though composed of free men, was made up of the lowest and the most improvident members of society, who for the most part depended for maintenance on the state and who clamored for bread, and for the shows in the amphitheatre. Our object, in defining these classes, is to show, which we will do further on, that there were two distinct forms of marriage in use at that time among these people. As marriage is the source on which the family depends for its existence, woman's position and influence in the home, will be determined according to the manner in which a people look upon

matrimony. If they look upon marriage as a mere civil contract, that can be broken at the pleasure of the parties who made it, woman is in a certain sense degraded among them. Her husband can never look upon her with the same veneration and respect with which the Christian husband does, who holds matrimony to be a sacrament of the Church. He looks upon the state on which he has entered as an exalted and a holy one, a state of sanctity, of unity and of indissolubility; he fully comprehends the responsibility and the obligations which such a state implies. He looks to his wife, the partner of his life whom he has chosen until death, in riches, in poverty, in sickness and in health, to unite with, and, as they are both encouraged and strengthened by the grace of the Sacrament, to aid him in the fulfillment of the duties that devolve upon him. He elevates her to the highest position at his disposal, and whether he is rich or poor, he makes her the queen of his household, and offers to her what is better than riches, love, honor and respect. This is the position to which the holy Catholic Church has elevated the Christian wife and mother. Let us contrast this with the pagan marriage. Among the Patricians, it was performed by a religious ceremony, and as it had the sanction of religion, such as it was, woman was more elevated, or at least she was not so debased as she was by the Plebeian marriage. The Patrician could divorce his wife for very little reason, or for no reason at all, still it required the intervention of the ministers of religion to loosen the bond of marriage, as the law considered it a tie sanctioned and bound by religion, which could be loosed only by the same power that bound it. Little as

this was, it gave some dignity and protection to the wife; but in the Plebeian marriage there was no religious ceremony, and woman was degraded to the lowest degree. This marriage was contracted by purchase, that is, the husband bought his wife who legally became his slave, and was sold by her father or guardian in the presence of five witnesses. In many cases the amount paid was merely nominal, but there was always something paid, to legalize the contract, as this gave the legal right to the husband to hold his wife in a state of servitude. Marriage by purchase was about the only form used by the Romans, as the empire grew richer, more civilized, and much more corrupt. National power, great wealth, a high state of civilization, and external refinement of manners, without the influence of religion, purifying, ennobling and elevating the aspirations of man to a higher and a holier sphere than this world can afford to give, are but the fomenters of immorality, even though they endeavor to throw a tinselled veil over the refined corruption they engender. It was thus in the Roman Empire in the zenith of its glory; it is thus with the nations of the earth to-day, where the refining and the elevating influence of religion is discarded.

As there was no religious ceremony used in contracting marriage among the Plebeians, there was none needed to dissolve it, nor was the separation effected by divorce. That was used by the Patricians alone, a small and privileged class, who, in the time of Augustus, were reduced to fifty families. Repudiation was the legal form used by the Plebeians for the dissolution of marriage, and differed from divorce in so far as the latter presupposed some

existing rights between the contracting parties, but the former was the act of a master toward a slave, and it never came but from the master that is the husband. The poor wife had no rights, the husband could drive her ignominiously from his home, for no reason more than that it pleased his fancy, and their union was dissolved by a mock sale to the party from whom he bought her. But this act of repudiation did not make her free, as she once more, through the last purchase, became the slave of her father or guardian. Unfortunately her woes did not end here, for she was not even free when her husband died, nor at any time could she hold any property. As the lord of creation, her husband and master, found the time had come to bid farewell to the visible things of this world, he was always thoughtful enough to tighten the bonds of slavery on the creature he called his wife, and provided for her another master under the title of guardian. But this is not all, for if he were in too great a hurry going away, and had not time to attend to this important business, the gentleman of the law intervened and made her the slave of her father, and in his default, the slave of her nearest male relative. Thus we have seen woman a slave all her life; the slave of her father in youth, who could kill or sell her at pleasure; the slave of her husband in after life, who could sell or repudiate her. She was despised and looked upon by all with contempt. Juvenal was indignant with the manners of the age and their cruelty to helpless woman. The great satirist is inimitable in his description of the flimsy reasons which men gave for repudiating their wives, a description that would be certainly amusing were it not so ghastly. "Scarcely," he

says, "has the complexion of Bibula begun to fade, and her teeth to lose their whiteness, and her eyes to lose their brightness, when a freed-man comes to her. 'Begone,' he says, 'you blow your nose too often; make haste; we want a less disgusting nose than yours.'" These words, coming from the pen of the great pagan writer, speak volumes of the flimsy pretences upon which the poor mothers of families were repudiated, and driven from their children and their homes. This is by no means a pleasing retrospect, that history opens up for us away back in the past ages of the world, of woman's degradation in the brightest days of pagan civilization.

Thus far we have seen the condition of the wife and mother in the pagan family, but all her woes are not yet told. The father having the right of life and death over his children, could sell them as slaves, or put them to death at pleasure. When the child was born, no matter what natural love the poor mother might have for it, it was laid on the ground at the father's feet. If he took it up in his arms, it was understood that the mother might have it and bring it up; if he did not condescend to take it up, it was understood that he wanted it destroyed, and, no matter how harrowing it might be to the mother's feelings, it was taken and left by the wayside, either to die of hunger or to be adopted by any disreputable person, who might pass the way, or to be torn and devoured by dogs. This is the ghastly scene that the pagan family and pagan society present to us, though half its horrors are left untold.

With what veneration and love ought the Christian woman to look upon the Catholic Church, that

emancipated her from the state of slavery in which it found her in the days of paganism! How dear ought the holy and refining influence of the Church be to the Christian mother; that elevated her and placed her at the head of the Christian family, subject only to her husband, and he bound by the law of God and the Church, under the peril of his salvation, to look upon her not as his slave, but as his equal morally and spiritually! But this is not all. To what an elevated plane has woman been exalted in the Christian dispensation? The ideal woman, the Blessed Virgin, the model for all women, whether mothers, widows, or virgins, is exalted above all creatures, and is seated in the highest heavens, above the celestial hierarchies next to her beloved Son, the Incarnate God. To Her that had all that was beautiful in nature and grace, the most perfect mirror of the divine attributes of God, to Her in whom shone forth in this life the most lovely and exalted virtues, good men look with veneration and love. Christian men look with reverential awe on this highest created personality, and in this most exalted ideal creature, they acknowledge the elevation of woman.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Ave Maria! day is declining;
 Safety and Innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and Danger walk forth in the
 night:
 From the fall of the shade till the matin shall
 chime,
 Shield us from danger and save us from crime.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"The saints had about them a sweetness, a softness, a delicacy, an affectionateness, nay I will say a poetry which made them living images of our Lord."—FATHER FABER.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PROPHET.

A TRUE TALE OF ALGERIA.

By REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.



URING the great famine which raged in Algiers in the year 1867, there lived in the district of Bel-Abbes the widow of one Kaid, an Arab of the tribe of Tifiles.

The Arabs residing in the French colony of Algiers, it may be remarked, are at times called Bedouins. Their religion is of the Mohammedans. These tribes are the remains of various immigrations from Arabia, and they keep themselves aloof from other races around them. They have their own distinctive habits and customs.

Kaid, the Arab we have now in view, left five children, two boys and three girls; and, in order to keep them from starving, the poor widow very soon exhausted her scanty resources. Cruel hunger and pinching poverty crushed the Islam pride and buried the hatred for Christianity, and Dabia, the Arab widow, reluctantly allowed her two eldest daughters to accept positions as servants in Christian families, while she herself, together with her youngest daughter, Hadra, was glad to work for food and lodging in the home of a French colonist named Reynaud. Madame Reynaud, who was noted for her great piety and kindness, took a great interest in the welfare of the indigent Arabs, and was among the first to gain the confidence of the widow, Dabia. Long before the famine, the

the good Frenchwoman had lavished her kindness on these poor children of the desert, and they thoroughly appreciated her charity. "A religion which prompts such love for the neighbor must be noble and divine." So reasoned the Arabs. And rightly.

The innocent little Hadra was an especial object of Madame Reynaud's care and solicitude. The good lady gave the child some religious pictures, which represented the chief events in our Lord's life. It was Madame Reynaud's great delight to steal up behind this little daughter of the Prophet, as she sat contemplating the pictures of the Christians.

"That is the holy Mother of God and our mother, dear Hadra," said Madame Reynaud, pointing out the image of the Blessed Virgin.

She then gave all the details of Christ's birth at Bethlehem, His life at Nazareth, His public life and sufferings. The child was very much impressed, and, young as she was, expressed an ardent desire to be baptized, and become a Christian at once.

But events were shaping themselves which would long postpone the consummation of these longings of the Arab child, who in her tender years was now called upon to play the role of a martyr for the faith, which in fact she was, as the sequel will show.

In 1872 Hadra's mother—Dabia—was suddenly laid low with a serious illness and Madame Reynaud did all in her power to relieve the poor sufferer. Above all, was she anxious to see her

baptized, in case things became critical. All arrangements had been made to baptize the sick woman, but she died before the holy sacrament could be administered. At midnight Dabia suddenly called her daughter, who slept in the next room.

"Hadra! my child!" cried the dying woman, "I feel that the end is near. Light a candle quickly, if you wish to see your mother still among the living. O Hadra, would that I were baptized, and that I could die a Christian! Listen, to me, child of my heart, and forgot not the last words of your dying mother. Protect yourself from the sons of Mahomet. Do not return to them. Remain with the Christians and be like unto them. I know that you will then be better enabled to pray that I reach heaven. O God! Pardon me! Mercy, mercy!"

With these words Dabia sank lifeless on the pillow in the embrace of her poor child, who screamed aloud for help.

Poor Hadra! It all came so suddenly. She had not time to make a light. Dazed by pain and sorrow, the poor child threw herself over the body of her dead mother and repeatedly kissed the cold cheeks.

Much alarmed, Madame Reynaud rushed in, in response to the child's cries. It pained her very much to know the poor woman had not been baptized.

Hadra related all the circumstances of her mother's death and repeated her dying words.

"Will I ever see my mother in heaven?" asked Hadra.

"God heard the desire of your mother's heart, my dear child. She was baptized with the Baptism of desire," answered Madame Reynaud.

A few days after her mother's funer-

al, Hadra sat at the window enjoying the cool evening breeze in company with Madame Reynaud, who loved Hadra as a daughter. Suddenly the child heard a sharp cry, and, with trembling, pointed towards the street. On the corner stood an old Arab accompanied by a young man. Both stood for a moment, and threw searching looks towards Reynaud's house.

"Ismael Abdullah, my uncle, and my brother Mulei," whispered Hadra. "Woe to me! They have come to take me away."

In another moment the men were out of sight and the girl breathed easier. She had not been deceived. With the quick instinct of a wild bird, she had scented the danger. It was, indeed, Ismael Abdullah, the fanatical hater of Christians. He had heard of the death of his sister, Dabia, and now came to Benjub in order to claim her three nieces, whom he was to bring back to the tribe amongst whom the girls were to be given in marriage to three Arab chiefs. The two oldest sisters made no objections and returned willingly, but the thirteen-year-old Hadra was determined to remain at any cost. In her ears still rung the words of her dying mother: "Protect yourself from the sons of Mahomet. Do not return to them!"

On the next evening Hadra sat in a far end of the garden, reading the *Lives of the Saints*. Suddenly there was a shrill cry, and, looking up, she saw standing before her her uncle Ismael, with his rough and fierce countenance. At his rear stood her brother, Mulei. Hadra stood at bay like a frightened doe.

"Allah is great!" began the old Arab in suave tones, "and he has helped me to discover the most beautiful flower of our flock. The valiant sons of our

tribe expect thee, O Hadra ! and thy young play-mates await thee in the tent of thy father."

"No, no !" exclaimed the frightened maiden. "I shall remain here. I will be a Christian. Jesus, Mary and Joseph help me !"

These words fell like a stroke of lightning on her visitors, and fearful oaths and curses on all Christian "dogs" came from the Arabs' bronzed lips. Abdullah fumed and swore by the beard of the Prophet. It was to no purpose. Hadra heeded not all his fearful threats. Nor was her brother successful by using words of assumed kindness.

Abdullah lost patience, caught Hadra by both arms, and dragged her by force from the garden. She struggled hard against the overpowering and brutal strength of her uncle. By a desperate effort the poor girl succeeded in holding fast to a neighboring tree. Her clothing was torn off piece-meal, and Hadra feared the blessed Scapular, which Madame Reynaud gave her, would be exposed and torn to shreds.

Her brother, Mulei now began to strike his sister with his hard fists. He soon succeeded in drawing blood from Hadra's face, leaving her cheeks in a frightfully swollen condition. So far, however, she still clung to the tree and repeated aloud "I will be a Christian." Nothing could shake her resolution.

"I will remain with the Christians!" She screamed with renewed effort. The enraged Arab now applied a stout whip to her lacerated back, and the poor child finally released her hold on the tree. As she walked along a stream of blood marked her path, a sure evidence that she only submitted to brutal force. More dead than alive she followed her uncle.

"I was afraid that I would die without Baptism," said Hadra in later years, "but God's holy Mother would not allow that to happen."

And once more the young heroine entered the tent of her fathers. There she remained a whole year, being closely guarded. No day passed without her planning some means of escape. In place of weakening, her close confinement rather strengthened her desire to become a Christian.

Late in the summer of 1873 Hadra saw a chance to escape, and took advantage of it. It was evening, and the sun was about to conceal himself behind the far off western hills. Ismael together with his large family sat before the tent enjoying the evening meal. Near by were seen grazing several beautiful Arabian steeds. Abdullah was narrating his last pilgrimage to Mecca. As he described what he saw in the city of the Prophet all the women and children hung upon his lips, and every eye looked towards the head of the table. As for the men, they sat enveloped in clouds of smoke which came from their long Turkish pipes.

Hadra's opportunity had come. As quick and noiselessly as a cat she slid into the tent unseen. She then quietly slipped out at the opposite side, and ran like a deer towards a distant bit of shrubbery where she would be unseen. Hadra's youngest brother turned out to be her bad angel on this occasion. The boy was the first to notice his sister's absence. He observed that she was slow in returning.

"Where is Hadra?" he asked looking around. "I'll wager that that young antelope has fled."

With these words the young man sprang to his feet. Reaching for his rifle he ran towards an elevated spot in

the field. Standing on tiptoe his sharp eyes swept the country in all directions. He was about to return to the tent when he espied Hadra's form in the far-off bush. Quick as a flash he fired his rifle into the air, and the next moment at his side stood his father, eldest brother and three cousins. All the men now started in a wild chase after Hadra, the young brother taking the lead. From time to time Hadra looked back at her pursuers and each time she saw them gaining more and more. They had nearly reached her, when, throwing her hands heavenwards, she screamed, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the holy Ghost."

"I ran like a wild hare," said Hadra afterwards, "and without any difficulty I sprang over bush and brook. I was bare-footed and, of course, my feet were badly cut by the rocks so that I left a long bloody trail behind me. It seemed to me after I had prayed as if I had a supernatural strength, and I easily lengthened the distance between myself and my panting brother."

Like our American Indian the Arab is fleet of foot, but quick as he is, Hadra's brother and relatives were handicapped in their mad chase after a weak and delicate maiden.

The youngest brother got the nearest to Hadra. His hot young blood boiled with indignation at the thought of being outwitted by his sister. In his fury, he grasped his rifle and brought it to his shoulder. When Hadra looked back again, she was horrified to see her brother about to take deadly aim at her. At that moment his other brother had gained on him, and grasped his hand just as he was about to pull the trigger. All stopped to reprimand the rash youth. This delay gave Hadra a

new start, and with one bound she sprang into a neighboring cluster of wild olive trees which stood hard by. "In the name of the Father, and the Son and of the Holy Ghost" once more went out from her grateful heart. Then she pressed her way into the woods deeper and deeper. Breathless, she fell at the foot of a little hill. She lay there, keeping as quiet as possible, hidden from her pursuers. The night was dark and quiet. Now and then Hadra could hear the angry voice of her younger brother as he shouted loud and long, "Wretched girl! Let me but find you, and you shall die."

"Another danger now confronted me," said Hadra. "I was in danger of being devoured by wild beasts. Some animal did approach me. I could feel its rough skin rubbing against me. I knew my new danger and in my fright again uttered aloud the words, "In the name of the Father, etc.," as I did before. Just before that I could feel the hot breath of the beast behind me. The next thing I was conscious of, was to find myself kneeling down and shivering in some other part of the woods. I saw no more of the wild animals."

Hadra soon approached a valley from where she could see the lights of Ben-jub—the nearest town—where lived her friend and protector, Madame Reynaud. About 9 o'clock the tired and daring girl reached Reynaud's house, and in the next moment she had thrown herself into the arms of Madame Reynaud. Hadra lay senseless, and the good French lady gently nursed the poor Arab girl, who soon fell into a sound sleep. In the morning Hadra was as fresh as if she had not gone through such an ordeal. She related her thrilling experience to her protectress and thanked God and His

mother for her miraculous escape from so many dangers.

Throughout the next year, Hadra was left in peace. Time and again she begged for Holy Baptism. Her request was denied. According to the French colonial law, it was necessary for her to have the consent of her uncle in order to be baptized. The hope for this was vain. Hadra could but hope and pray for the future.

In the meantime she spent much time in studying Christian doctrine. In the deep recesses of her innocent heart, she nursed a burning desire to remain a virgin all her life. No Christian maiden excelled her in the diligence with which she guarded the most delicate plant which graces the garden of virtues. This tender daughter of the Prophet was blessed with nature's best gifts. Her beauty attracted many. But there appeared nothing sensual in her Oriental loveliness.

The soft, mild eyes of Hadra were seen to emit a fire of indignation whenever anyone uttered anything like an immodest word in her hearing. One day she was serving at table. She was filling up the cups of each one with hot coffee. As she approached a Moorish porter, named Foragh, who sat at Reynaud's table, the Moor whispered an unbecoming word into Hadra's ear, at the same time pinching her arm as if in play. Her coal-black eyes flashed, she withdrew a few steps, and then dashed the hot coffee into the Moor's face. For two months he lay in his bed and had plenty of time to reflect on his unseemly conduct.

One morning, a year subsequent to her wonderful escape, Hadra went to the neighboring spring to draw water. As she had lifted her pitcher on her shoulder to return, she noticed her

young brother coming towards her. It was too late to think of escaping him. He carried in his hand a heavy, knotted club, the Arab's inseparable companion. Hadra put down the pitcher and awaited her unwelcome visitor.

"Hadra," commenced the young Arab, "why do you remain with the Christian dogs? Why do you not return to your own people?"

"Because I love my master and his wife, and also because I wish to become a Christian," replied Hadra.

"Poor fool!" said Mulei. "Do not pain me any longer. Come home at once and eat the kuskus with us."

(Kuskus is a native Arabian dish, made of mutton, rice and many condiments.)

"Never!" said Hadra. "I prefer to sup with the French."

(To eat kuskus is equivalent to fidelity to the tribe. To sup with strangers means to expatriate oneself.)

"Dare not to speak thus, Hadra!" screamed the angry Arab.

"Yes, Mulei," replied his sister, "and, moreover, I shall eat pork."

This was too much for an Arab's ears. To eat pork is a great offence in the Moslem eyes, and shows a disregard for the teaching of the Prophet. Mulei's face grew red with anger, and he brought down a fearful blow with his club on the head of his sister. Hadra fell at her brother's feet, writhing in pain, while streams of crimson flowed from the gash in her head. The blood-thirsty and unnatural brother was not yet satisfied. He struck Hadra again across her face and limbs. Finally, seeing no signs of life, and thinking she was dead, Mulei hastened away, and was soon lost to view in the neighboring woods.

The alarmed household found the poor girl lying in her own blood. She

was carried into the house and everything done to bring her back to consciousness. Hadra finally opened her eyes, but her jaws being so awfully crushed, she was unable to describe her assassin. Nevertheless, through Mr. Reynaud's exertions, Mulei was captured, safely landed in the jail at Benjub, and duly arraigned for trial in the criminal court at Oran.

It may be in order to say a word about the town of Oran, which is a fortified place on the Mediterranean sea. It is a commercial port. The Spaniards were master of it until 1792. In size it comes next to Algiers. Before the port of Oran, in 1815 were seen the ships of the United States, which captured an Algerine frigate. At that time the Dey was reluctantly compelled to conclude a treaty with the Americans, renounce all tribute, and pay \$60,000 for ships that had been plundered. On the glorious anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th 1830, the French came in possession of Algiers and the forts and harbors surrounding it. Oran has many European inhabitants. Algiers and Oran are Cathedral towns. Readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will also recall the great Algerian Cardinal Lavigerie—the staunch champion of the poor slave. It might be noted, too, in passing that not far from Oran is the site of Hippo, the former Episcopal See of the great Saint Augustine.

After this little historical digression let us return to our heroine. Hadra became very sad when she heard of her brother's possible future punishment. She pleaded hard for his release. Her friends urged her to remain passive. "He deserves to suffer, Hadra, and it will be a lesson to others of his kind" they said. But it was to no use. Hadra cried the louder

for her brother's release. "I forgive him, and will die for grief if he suffers" she said repeatedly. In a few days Mulei was a free man.

Hadra was slowly recovering from her wounds. Her desire to be baptized grew stronger every day. Often did she weep bitterly when she saw her companions receiving Holy Communion. One day her patience gave out. She waited until the church was empty. She stole up to baptismal front and pouring some of the water over her forehead said in a loud voice:—"Hadra, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

With joy she returned home. "I am at last baptized," she said to Madame Reynaud. After she explained the circumstances, the good people understood what she had done in her childlike zeal. Now poor Hadra saw that it was only a pleasant dream. Weeping bitterly she said: "Well, if men will not baptize me, God Himself will do it some day."

The shadow of another heavy cross loomed up before her. Her sly and cunning uncle had not been idle. He had been so far thwarted in his diabolical plans, and became desperate. He played his last card. Hadra was brought to court and accused of being a vagrant. Abdullah invoked the law to order her back to her tribe. The judge seemed inclined to grant the Arab's request. Hadra protested.

"I did not come here as a vagrant" she said to the judge. "I fled to Benjub because I was persecuted for believing in the Christ whom you and these surrounding gendarmes believe in and worship."

Luckily for Hadra, a French official was present, who knew the girl's his-

tory. He at once championed her cause. His pleading was successful, and Hadra Bensibenjub was a free-woman. After this her tribe had no claim on her. Hadra spent the rest of the day in church where she poured forth her soul in thanks to Mary the "Help of the Weak" whom she had so earnestly and often invoked.

All obstacles were now removed, and Hadra prepared herself for Baptism. She had found a temporary home with a rich and pious lady in Oran.

On April 22, 1876, after many cruel delays Hadra was duly baptized. Her Oran friend was her god-mother and the other sponsor was Mr. Reynaud, her old employer at Benjub. On the following day, Mary Magdalene Elizabeth Josephine—for such were her new names—made her first holy Communion in the Jesuit church. And with what eagerness did our Lord not enter into her pure breast! On August

6, of the same year, Mary was confirmed in the cathedral at Oran.

Another desire of the girl's heart yearned to be filled. She was bent on becoming a Religious. Her wish was to consecrate her life to God in the little Carmelite convent. Everything seemed to prevent this last step. Mary hoped, and God made all things possible to her. The good people of Oran quietly went to work and collected sufficient money to make a handsome dowry for our little heroine, who finally triumphed over all crosses and became a Carmelite sister.

Thus runs, dear reader, the true story of Hadra, daughter of a Prophet whom she renounced. She still claimed a Prophet as her spiritual father—the great St. Elias, Founder and Patriarch of that vast army of Religious, known in Catholic language as the "Brothers and Sisters of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel."

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Mary's Little Pagan Child.

Reverend Father Leo, one of the Carmelites, whose missionary labors in Malabar extended over a distance of twenty leagues, observed amongst a number of poor children a lovely little boy of nine or ten. Being told that he had neither father nor mother, the priest determined to place him with the orphans at the mission of Carmel. Imagine his surprise when, a few days later, a woman presented herself at the orphanage and asking for Father Leo, demanded her child.

She was indeed his mother, but, upon the death of his father which had oc-

curred some time previous, she had left the poor little one to his fate. She was not alone, for a detachment of dark-faced, sinister looking men had been given to her as a guard. The Turks had offered her money in exchange for the child, for it is one of their principal delights to wrest innocent souls from Christian care.

The Father having objected to yielding up the child, its mother became perfectly furious. She acted like one under demoniac influence. The priest then said that if the child would recognize her as his mother, and go with her willingly, she might take him

away, but the messenger who had been sent for the latter, returned with the tidings that they had made a thorough search without any result. The priest then insisted that the intruders should leave, but upon their positively refusing to move, he went himself to look for the boy.

After some time he found him in the store room of the orphanage, hidden behind some empty boxes, upon his knees, fervently praying before an image of the Blessed Virgin. Father Leo asked him if he would go to his mother. Pointing to the statue he said, "There is my dear mother, never will I leave her." "Dear child," said the father, "do not be afraid, you need not leave her; but come with me now, and, in presence of those pagans, repeat what you have said to me." Taking courage, then, the child made no further resistance. Nay, despite the angry glances of the dark-browed Turks, and the tears and vehement rage of his mother, who called upon all the pagan deities to curse the priest, he remained steadfast in his determination to stay. The priest, taking the child by the hand, told his unwelcome visitors that if they did not leave he would call in the aid of the police. He was about to bid the boy take leave of his unnatural mother, but she called down upon the priest the vengeance of all the gods of India, and consigned him to the demons of hell. The Father, without further parley, led the child to his place in the orphanage.

Some days later on, the mother with her escort again appeared and demanded the child. Father Leo replied that the boy was at liberty to go, but that if he preferred to remain, he would not compel him to leave. The little pagan was found, as before,

kneeling by the statue of the Blessed Virgin, whispering prayers after his untutored but loving fashion; but at the word of the Father he arose. He distinctly repeated his previous resolution not to leave, and added, "Dear mother, I wish to become a Catholic, and then I will never cease to pray for your conversion." The mother, and the others, amazed at such determination in so young a child, left, and made no further attempt to persuade him. Two months passed rapidly for the boy amid his improved surroundings, and he was prepared to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. It was administered on the last day of Mary's beautiful month, and her little pagan client was now her devoted Christian child—Albert. Never did the prayers of this fervent convert cease that Mary, his dear mother in heaven, would lead his earthly mother to the one true fold. At his entrance into the orphanage, he had been attracted by the practice of the children to pray before the statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and even as a pagan he learned to love it. She had granted his first request, that he might be permitted to remain in the asylum, and his faith from that moment was boundless.

The Feast of the Scapular, July 16th, brought the pagan mother to solicit forgiveness from Father Leo, for her conduct, and to beg him to baptize not only the two little sisters of Albert, but her own formerly obdurate self. She was baptized, and remained ever afterwards a devout Catholic, to the inexpressible joy of Albert. The two little girls, after their baptism, were admitted into the orphanage of St. Joseph, in charge of the Carmelite tertiaries at Kottayam.—From "*Chroniques du Carmel*," by S. X. BLAKELY.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings
671 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Another month has fairly flown, for it seems but yesterday that we were wishing one another a Happy New Year. It is enough to frighten us when we think how quickly time is passing, and how much we have to do.

What *is* time? It is the purchase money of eternity. Eternity is the most important word that has ever been spoken by the tongue of man; and it is the one thing that many think least about.

Yet when we think what it means—a beginning and no end; that heaven and its joys are to last forever, or its loss and consequent misery are to be endless. Then we may well wonder why sensible people *can* forget the great word *eternity*.

We all love life dear children, but death is dreadful *only* because it is the punishment of sin. Still even in death we can see the tender mercy of the good God. We *must* die to reach Him, and since He is our father, "He wants," like all good fathers "to have His children home." The fear of death is great suffering; but with some effort and a little common sense, (which is *such* a help under all circumstances,) everyone can overcome the fear of death. If people would only consider that religion is a *reasonable* service of God and that he never demands impossibilities if they would think over and over again this sweet thought, God is more anxious to save me, than I am to be saved, how that terror of death would little by little die away.

It is a pity to spoil our lives with hard thoughts of God; and now that Lent is drawing near, it will do us all a world of good to make a short, very short meditation every day on the love

of God as proven by the passion and death of His son our blessed Lord.

Dear children, *Lent* is not intended to be a dreary, miserable season for anyone. "Rejoice in the Lord," wrote St. Paul, and he didn't mean that only for Easter or the joyful days, but for every day of our lives.

Now, what are we going to do *this* Lent to make it the best of our lives?

As for me, I think the getting up to holy Mass, is a splendid penance.

No one likes to get up early—not even some religious who have to do it every day. They do it bravely and generously, but all the same it is not a delightful thing to do. Make a resolution to do it faithfully all during Lent and I'll answer for the kind of season it will be. Daily Mass is like opening the door of heaven to peep in, and then saying, "I must go—I'm sorry, but I'll be back again to-morrow." The thought of that one glimpse and the sight of it stay all day and God stays too—and very often we got hungry, for another little of heaven and then comes the evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament. So dear children life goes on filled with glimpses of heaven caught at the altar and then when death comes *who* need be afraid? Do you think our dear Lord is going to send anyone away from Him forever, who was so loyal to Him in life?—who paid court to Him day by day in His own Sanctuary, who *longed* to go to Him. I found the day empty and worthless that did not find its morning hour at His feet? Oh! no, no, a *thousand* times no. Confidence in the mercy of God is worth years of patient cheerful, hopeful prayer, and it will come in the end. Last month, dear children we spoke of the beauty of the Imitation of Christ, I hope you have made friends with the author Thomas A. Kempis. He is a staunch friend

and tells very plain truths in his wonderful book. Now it is well to cultivate a good taste in our spiritual reading as well as in other lines. It would be worth while getting the book of Psalms and learn to love them too.

There is a very nice edition revised by Card. Wiseman, a small book, very cheap and full of the most beautiful thoughts about God and His mercy that ever came from the pen of man. The holy King David is called the sweet singer in Israel and he wrote the book of Psalms, one hundred and fifty in number. A very holy priest once said that there was no prayer book which covered every want of the human heart and every need of the soul like the book of Psalms. The New Testament which teaches us so much about the personal life of our Blessed Lord and His apostles is another book which young Catholics should learn to know and to love. The beauty of the gospels is unsurpassed by any work upon earth; and the very works of our dear Lord should be the treasure house of every Christian soul. A preachy letter do you say? No—but in these days when books are so cheap, so plentiful and often nasty, it is our duty to cultivate a taste for the elegant in style—It will remain with us later and be a great protection too. Don't read novels—in Lent—other times? Yes, if they are clean, and you don't take too much of them. Just now we have a score of delightful Catholic story books—new ones, so no Catholic child need be without good stories. However don't read any trash during Lent. Try to be more silent than at other times—not an easy matter for some of us. Go to Mass and be as happy as a lark who is thinking only of getting up as far above the earth as he can, singing as he soars. Yes, be happy in God's service. Don't make people dislike piety because you practice it so ungracefully.

Make friends for God and His cause as well as for yourself by *proving* to people that to be good and *very* good, is not to be cranky.

The Secretary wishes to acknowledge with a very grateful heart, the beauti-

ful Xmas remembrance sent her by a friend in Ann Arbor, Mich., on Dec. 20, to whom she would say, "the suffering souls" are not forgotten. The Secretary prays for this alone nowadays, or only for others through the holy souls. Dear children, when you grow older and sorrow comes, as come it must to all of us, you too will know how God is to *let* us pray. Oh! if we would only do more of it, how much more like heaven would earth be! Learn to talk to our Lord before His altar this Lent and listen for His answer. Don't let it be all on your side. A good listener learns a good deal.

Ask our Blessed Lady to teach you how to pray and how to listen. She knows, better than anyone else and she is the very best of teachers. A bright happy, holy Lent to you all. Don't forget the sorrowful Mother and her many children in affliction.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JANUARY.

1. A step farther.
2. *Acrostic*: (1) Robert Bruce; (2) Robert the Pious; (3) Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William I; (4) Robert Burns; (5) Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and (6) Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; (7) Robert Browning; (8) Robert Peel.
3. *Letters*: (1) Regulus; (2) Ovid; (3) Bantry; (4) Egbert; (5) Rheims; (6) Tweed—R-O-B-E-R-T.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JANUARY.

1. August 7, 1777, over a fort in a dense forest, Fort Stamvix, between Hudson River and Lake Ontario.
2. Tetricus, a barbarian captured by Aurelian, the Roman and arrayed in a two-part garment to make him look ridiculous. Custom soon grew in favor.
3. Charles VII of France, in order to hide his crooked legs.
4. Father Abram Ryan.
5. Godfrey de Bouillon.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who said, "England expects every man to do his duty"?
2. Of what bird did Emerson write: "There is no sorrow in thy song, No winter in thy year."?
3. Who was the greatest lover of birds?
4. What author became famous by writing a single poem?
5. Who is called the "Walter Scott of America"?

MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. How good a thing and how peaceable it is to be silent of others, nor to believe all that is said.—Thos. A Kempis.
2. While thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shak.
3. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm.—Faber.
4. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.
5. He is happiest who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1.

Enigma.

I am found in the water, but not in the sea,
 I am heard in the waves that roll on the lea,
 In whirlwinds wild you may look for me,
 Though in gentler breezes I may not be,
 Silent I fall in the beautiful snow,
 When over the earth my mantle I throw.
 Amid the sweet summer showers I gleam;
 Without me the rainbow unfinished would seem.
 Though forced to contribute to want and to woe,
 From the first sound of wretchedness quickly I go.
 In wealth's lordly dwellings my home I would make,
 For an early concern in their welfare I take.
 Though never admitted to school nor to college,
 I'm known to abound in wisdom and knowledge,

I unite in your worship, your weal I enhance.

Your well-wishes I double, you know me perchance.

2.

Beheaded Words.

Behead a string and leave a drink;
 Behead a boat and leave an animal;
 Behead a rock and leave a sound;
 Behead a drop of salt water and leave a part of the head;
 Behead a famine and leave a planet.

3.

We are black, but much admired;
 Men seek for us until they retired.
 We tire the horse, but comfort man,
 Guess me this riddle if you can.

4.

All the alphabet went to tea,
 Except the letters U, V, W, X, Y, Z,
 Why didn't *they* go?

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Always in a Hurry.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
 She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
 She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
 And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.
 She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
 Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
 She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
 And yet—would you believe it?—she never is on time!

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;
 But I'm sure you'll think it simple as I do, when I state
 That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
 And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

Flower of Carmel! flowering vine!
 Shed thy gifts on us who are thine.
 Virginal Mother! Star of the Sea!
 Glory of Heaven! We cry to thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Story of the South.

A good story well told finds plenty of readers. This is an axiom not lost sight of by energetic publishers. Where there is a demand, there ought also to be a corresponding supply. It has been our earnest endeavor and ardent wish to give our readers something in the line of fiction that would absorb their attention from beginning to end. We have been very fortunate, and feel happy in being able to make the fact known to all our readers. A story—real, living and natural—has been written especially for us by one of the best of our Catholic writers—one who is able to make the reader see a thing just as she sees it. The scene is laid in old Kentucky, and the scenery and events are just as vivid as if painted by the author of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nothing lags, nor is there any attempt to "pad." The story is enhanced here and there by the touch of the poet's hand. Anna C. Minogue stands high in literary fame, and we feel proud in introducing her to our readers. We hope our effort to supply good reading will be appreciated, and that our subscribers' list will receive a large increase.

February Feasts.

By referring to the Carmelite Calendar, it will be seen that we celebrate in February the feasts of two great saints of our Blessed Lady's Order. One of them is Saint Andrew Corsini, whose name has added honor to his already noble family, adorned the Episcopate and shed lustre on the Order of Carmel. On some future occasion we intend to give the interesting details of St. Andrew's life. During this and the succeeding months of 1898, we are enabled to treat our readers to a carefully prepared and highly interesting biography of another Carmelite who holds a most conspicuous place in the February calendar—we mean St. Peter Thomas. It will be observed that the opening chapters of this readable Life appear in this number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It will not

be dry reading. We say this because some luke-warm Catholics have an aversion for "Lives of the Saints." Perhaps it is because their taste has become vitiated, and their faith blunted, by imbibing too freely of the torrent of sweet, poisonous matter with which money-making book-makers are flooding the land. There may not be enough of "spice" and "ginger" in these lives to suit every reader, nevertheless the Life of St. Peter Thomas will furnish matter highly interesting. And naturally. The life of this great Carmelite was most closely interwoven with one of the most thrilling historical epochs, the events of which are again worked into a living pen-picture for the benefit of our readers. The life loses nothing in the hands of the pious and talented translator, who, prior to this labor of love, has deserved the gratitude and unceasing prayers of every reader of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Consecration of Children.

Candlemas recalls the edifying sight of those pious parents who bring their offspring to the temple of God, in order to consecrate them to their Creator, as Mary and Joseph brought Jesus "to Jerusalem to present to the Lord." This pious practice of parents, perhaps, is not, alas! so universal as it should be. Parents dream of a future for their children that holds in store for them things that are but shadows. They willingly bring those tender buds to the temples of Wealth, of Honor, or Luxury, and alas! are too often guilty of spiritual infanticide. External acts of devotion are to be commended. They make an impression on the infant mind, and are warranted to be a guiding star to them in future life. Last month, in speaking to our readers of the wonderful spread of devotion to the miraculous Infant of Prague, we mentioned the fact of parents dedicating their children to God. Since we penned those lines, we have received some very edifying letters from some of our readers. Passing, we may say that we are informed of more than one cure in cases where the picture or

medal of the "Little King" was applied to the sufferer. We are just in receipt of a letter from a Carmelite Sisterhood in the United States, a community whose zeal for souls is unbounded. Amongst other things, the venerable Religious says: "We hear of the dear Little King on all sides. It is marvelous. The greatest miracle of all is the rapid spread of the devotion and the manner of men who take to it. It embraces old and young, rich and poor, priests and laymen. It is becoming universal. May God be praised for it all! It means simplicity and humility. That means sanctity. Perhaps the Divine Infant may yet give us an American saint." On the 25th of last month, the annual solemn consecration of children took place in the Boston Carmel. It was simple but very impressive. The image of the holy Infant, robed in the best and surrounded by lights, was placed in a conspicuous part of the sanctuary. A sermon suited to the little ones (of ages from one to twelve years) was preached. The Act of Consecration was then repeated sentence by sentence by the priest and echoed by the children. It is, we are told, a chorus not soon to be forgotten. Then the children toddle up, or walk up, or are carried up to the altar rail, and the Father puts the medals, which he has blessed, around their necks. The children never forget this day, and their devout mothers look forward to it with fervent expectation. Some day THE CARMELITE REVIEW hopes to be able to chronicle the fact that this good custom has become universal.

Hygiene and Holiness.

That awful word "Lent" is again on our ears, and we enter into the temptation of using all our ingenuity to escape the odious Church law. From an enemy fasting should become a fast friend. A friend, indeed, who will wipe away a large amount of our standing indebtedness to God, besides putting the passions in their proper place as servants. Our friends are generally three-fold, namely, wealth, relatives and good-works. The first we leave behind us, the second follow us as far as the grave, and the third go with us into eternity. Let us be wise, and choose

the third class of friends and increase our works of faith, of love, of penance, particularly fasting, which, likewise benefits the body, since wise men tell us that the great sin of to-day is over-eating. It was only lately that a prominent secular journal—the *Youths' Companion* said that the "dietary rules for Lenten observance, which the Catholic Church imposes upon its members, are hygienically irreproachable, and it would be better for nearly all of us—unless the doctors be excepted—if these rules were followed, not only by Catholics during Lent, but by everybody all the year round."

Ransomed, and Ransomers.

On the Feast of the Purification, the fact is once more made known to us that our Blessed Lady ransomed her Son as required by the Law of Moses. It is in place for us to remark that to-day, under the divine Mother's patronage, there are united many earnest and pious persons whose praise-worthy object is to ransom souls—particularly those of our separated brethren and, indeed, all sincere seekers after truth. To systematize the work Guilds have been formed. Listen to the words of the English founder, which are certainly soul-inspiring: "The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom is bent upon accomplishing the more ambitious, the more important, and the more herculean work of Protestant emancipation. We would be Ransomers by prayer and by work, by charity and by sympathy, obtaining for those whom we would help the grace which alone can redeem them. Whither would we lead the captives when released? They are Christians; how, then, in captivity? There are the bonds of heresy, in which some are captives willingly, some unknowingly, some with yearnings for release. With these chains of heresy are interwoven others of position, society, family, and the like, which render the escape even of the most anxious very difficult. Whither should they escape? It is from an imperfect Christianity that the missionaries of the Vicar of Christ would release their fellow countrymen, winning them to that happy allegiance to the Holy See which brings with it true liberty, because peace of conscience, resulting

from definite teaching and means of grace. We, too, know how good, how pious, how exemplary are numbers and numbers of those for whom we pray. Let this move us all to pray earnestly for them, that they may gain admission to the full privilege of the communion of saints."

Critics and Champions.

It is truly an "ill wind that blows no good." We are forcibly reminded of this trite truism, when we consider the periodical spasms of those who scoff at sacred things, and try to tear the truth to tatters. The recent lecture in Buffalo of an ignominious and noted infidel called forth valiant champions of holy Church. It was also an occasion to awaken the fire and eloquence of the brilliant editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, who, while castigating the scoffer, penned a beautiful and convincing reply to the question. What has the Church done for humanity? In his masterly article, Dr. Cronin brings the strongest proofs to show, among other things, that the Church broke the bonds of enslaved woman and elevated her to her proper sphere, a point that is brought prominently to the front this month by a writer in the pages of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Furthermore, it was the Church, to quote Dr. Cronin, "who preached the brotherhood of the race and the equality of all men before God. It was she who protected the poor and the weak from the rapacity and tyranny of rulers. It was she who saved Europe from the cruelty and barbarism of Frank, Goth, Vandal, Visigoth and Hun by converting them to the creed of the Cross and civilizing their manners and lives. It was she who taught the arts of agriculture and, through her monks, made arid wastes to bloom. It was she who erected asylums for every phase of helplessness throughout the world. It was she who inspired the erection of the great universities in Europe and filled their professorial chairs with numbers of her illustrious sons. It was she who, through the aid of her 'monkish' mariner's compass, enabled her sainted children, like Columbus, to plow unknown seas and open up a new world to the astonished children of men."

PUBLICATIONS.

"Carmel in Ireland—A. D. 1625 to 1896," cannot fail to be interesting—as the very title shows. It will be read by many a client of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The author is Rev. Father Patrick Rushe, O. D. C. The book is bound in the best style by the firm of Burns & Oates, of London. In the chapter devoted to the clients of Carmel the reverend author says a true thing when he tells his readers that the *Irish annalists consider the Brown Scapular of Carmel one of the simplest explanations of their forefathers' devotion to the Catholic religion during the "Penal Days."* Now that our Irish readers are recalling the days of '98, they will find double interest in reading of the "White Friars" of Carmel who devoted their lives to the interest of Ireland's long-suffering people. Our readers can obtain "Carmel in Ireland" by writing to Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, and mentioning this magazine.

In writing to advertisers please mention that you saw their advertisement in the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York, have brought out some new Lenten Sermons done into elegant English by Rev. J. F. Timmins, from the German of Rev. B. Sauter. The reverend clergy will find in this series some new and appropriate matter. The sermons are in season, and we cordially recommend them.

"Vocation Explained"—sold at ten cents—should prove a friend and counsellor to many a young man or young woman who hesitates in taking a step in so grave a matter as a vocation. Following a wrong calling often works untold misery. It is every one's duty to find out God's will and designs. In what class should I belong? Married? Single? Religious? or Priesthood? If in doubt, consult "Vocations Explained." Benziger Bros. will send it to you.

The Carmelites in far-off India are showing great signs of growth and vitality. We are now in receipt of the last bulletin of the congregation in Malabar. We find enumerated in the catalogue five Priors, three Vicariate-Monasteries and three branch houses, all of which were built by the voluntary contributions of the Syrian Catholics. The Fathers have three seminaries, several middle and elementary schools, and also two printing establishments of their own. The priests number 62, and in all, including students and brothers, there are now 131 members. The Monks

of the West are glad to see the success of their brethren in the East, and unite in thanking our common Mother of Carmel for the bestowal of so many material blessings.

The January number of the *Rosary Magazine* was the last to be published under Father O'Niel's management. The current and preceding numbers of this model magazine will be treasured in many a Catholic household and remain as a monument to the labors of an esteemed and eminent friar, for whom thousands of grateful readers will offer a fervent and frequent prayer.

Bound volumes of the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1897 will be sent to those who send us \$1.50.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Mary's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.; St. Agnes' Church, Roslyn, L. I.; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Pierre, S. Dakota; St. Patrick's Church, Maindiew, C. B.; St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont.; St. Luke's Church, Dansville, O.; St. Mary's Church, Lismore, N. S.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; Church of St. Rose, Lima, O.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Calais, Me.; Rochester, N. Y.

Received at our New Baltimore Convent:—From Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Theresa, Wis.; Arcadia, Wis.; Boise, Idaho; Ridgely, Md.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from the Ven. Sisters of St. Mary, Waco, Texas; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; the Ven. Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; F. F. W., Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss C. A., Toronto, Ont.; Miss K. R. and others; Oswego, N. Y.; Miss A. M. N., Freedom, Wis.; J. D., St. Clements, Ont.; Miss M. C. M., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss A. O'R., Norwood, Ont.; Miss A. M. F., Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. T. M., Three Rivers, Que.; Rev. M. F. W., Ottawa, Ont.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: For a son; for vocation to religious life; for a sick mother's restoration to health; for a wayward brother; for recovery of health and sanity; for conversion to the faith; for grace to receive last Sacraments worthily; a parish; material; special; spiritual.

Thanksgiving.

A reader writes to us in order to thank Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for relief from pain in the face of a child after applying the Scapular to the part affected.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Mr. Gleason, Chicago, Ill.; P. J. Waters, Ridgetown, Ont.; James Lynch, Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. Mary Brennan, who died a pious and happy death at Buffalo, N. Y., January 8.

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THE CARMELITE REVIEW,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

CARMELITE FATHERS

AT

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.



THE ANNUNCIATION.



I.

WITHIN her quiet room she knelt,
That Maiden, ah ! so fair ;
Her soul in far-off regions dwelt,
Alone with God—in prayer.
And incense rose with ev'ry breath
From that pure home in Nazareth,
The incense of a stainless heart
Ne'er touched by sin's envenom'd dart.

II.

She knelt amid the gathering gloom
Of eventide, and still her prayer
Rose up and on and filled the room
With fragrance as of flowers rare.
Ah ! could we know how Mary prayed !
The thoughts, the hopes of that sweet Maid,
The lowliness, the love intense,
Forgetfulness of things of sense.

III.

And still she knelt, all unaware
Of time, or day or night,
Until a wondrous Presence there
Filled all the room with light,
And as his salutation fell
On Mary's ears, it broke the spell,
Yet shrank her humble soul with fear
Such words of reverence to hear.

IV.

"Hail, full of grace !" the most high God
With love hath looked on thee
And thou who lowly ways hast trod
Shalt most exalted be.
And fear not, Mary, for a Son
Thou shalt bring forth, the Chosen One
To lead His people from their shame
And Jesus thou shalt call His name.

V.

The Spirit of the mighty Lord
 Shall overshadow thee,
 Mother of His Incarnate Word,
 Yet Virgin still thou'lt be."
 Mary, submissive, bowed her head
 And "Be it done to me," she said,
 "In all according to thy word,
 Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

VI.

Oh glorious Fiat ! Heaven bent down
 Her softly breathed assent to hear
 Then laid on her pure life the crown
 Of Motherhood divine ; yet dear
 And spotless still she held her vow.
 "Hail, full of grace. And blessed thou
 Amongst all women, Mary, art,"
 In whom no sin had ever part.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

BACK TO THE FOLD.

BY STANLY.

Let me drink once again at the Fountain of Truth
 Where oft in my childhood I knelt me in prayer,
 Ere the visions of folly and demons of strife
 Plunged my once spotless soul into darkest despair.
 Let me list to the words I heard in my youth
 When the purest of angels would join me at play ;
 Let me hear once again the sermons of truth
 I heard long ago in my home far away.
 Let me enter again to the fold of that God
 Whose heart I have pierced by conduct unkind ;
 Let me walk once again where in childhood I trod,
 And leave all my faults and follies behind ;
 Let me sing a sweet hymn of my earliest years
 To our LADY OF CARMEL who watches above,
 And blot out my sins with the bitterest tears
 As I plead once again to the great God of love.

Buffalo, N. Y.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY OF QUERCY—HIS HOLINESS—HIS ELOQUENCE—MIRACULOUS RAIN—THE SAINT'S PREFERENCE FOR POOR VILLAGERS, FARMERS AND MOUNTAINEERS—SPIRITUAL LABORS WHICH PRODUCE WONDERFUL RESULTS.



ON his return from Paris the office of Lector was assigned to Peter, at the monastery of Cahors, but in conjunction with the instructions given in the cloister his ardent zeal impelled him to enter, from another point, the vast vineyard of the evangelical word. He had frequent opportunities to address himself to the faithful, and a divine attraction led him to embrace each one that came in his way. After some time his superiors, perceiving the rich and abundant harvest of souls he was gaining for heaven, decided that he should give his undivided attention to the apostolate of the word. His gift in this direction became more and more evident with each succeeding day. With the exception of a commanding height—and this deficiency was one of his many points of resemblance with St. Paul—there could be recognized in him all those physical advantages

which lend their influence to oratorical efforts.

A deep and musical voice, a perfect pronunciation—"according to Perigord," an easy carriage, graceful gestures, and power of adaptation united in placing Peter Thomas very high amongst the most eloquent preachers of that day. Nature had indeed gifted him in a very eminent degree. And then his vivid imagination—a heritage from his Southern home—was quick to tell him the proper course in a doubtful issue. His nobility of soul—worthy of the cause for which the priest should give, if called upon, his very life enhanced his exterior graces, and to crown all, he led a life of that veritable sanctity which is the dearest delight of predestined souls. Behold the secret of the success which attended the labors of the fervent religious.

Heaven itself looked favorably upon him and accorded him the gift of miracles. The produce withered upon its dying stalks—the fruit dropped, worthless, from the arid trees. The year 1339 beheld Quercy desolated with a

protracted season of drought. It was even difficult to procure enough water to prevent the people from literally dying of thirst. The burning rays of the sun intensified the ordinary summer warmth to a torrid glow, and rendered unfit for use the shallow stream which once was the beautiful river Lot. To avert this deplorable state of affairs, the Bishop of Cahors, Bertrand de Cardaillac, ordered a general observance of the penitential exercises peculiar to the Rogation days. Each morning beheld the clergy and laity leave, in procession, the Cathedral of St. Etienne, and proceed thus to a little chapel of the Blessed Virgin situated at the distance of half a league.

It was given to the Carmelite Father Peter Thomas upon one of these occasions to deliver a sermon in the open air to the assembled throng. From the very beginning he sought to raise the drooping spirits of his hearers by inspiring them with confidence in the ever Blessed Virgin, Mary—the refuge of sinners.

He reminded them, however, that such afflictions are punishments sent by God, and that their origin may be traced to the sins and disorders of His rebellious children.

In impressive tones, like the prophets of the olden days, his voice rang forth in bitter condemnation of those vile passions which, as once at Sodom, drew down upon a dissolute people the maledictions of heaven and a death of fire.

He told them, nevertheless, that if they would sincerely reform their lives and solemnly promise him to that effect, God's forgiveness would not be found wanting, and furthermore that the longed-for rain would that day gladden and vivify the thirsty earth.

Profoundly impressed, the entire assemblage, amid tears and sobs, gave publicly the requisite promise. Up to that time there had not been the very slightest indication of rain—not the faintest shade of mist obscured the vivid azure of the sky—but the discourse was scarcely terminated when the dark clouds fell like a curtain over the bright blue sky. The distant rolling of the thunder responded to the appeal of God's minister, and a rain, gentle at first, but soon changing to a heavy shower, which drenched the joyous crowd, poured upon them as they hastened home. As may easily be imagined, the fame of this marvel resounded far and wide. Father Peter, who, on account of his talents and the holiness of his life, was already held in very high esteem, was from that time forth regarded as *Thaumaturgus*. As in ages passed away, his sainted founder, Elias, had obtained from heaven a fruitful rain-fall upon the arid earth, and thus was invested with a halo in the eyes of a grateful people, so Peter Thomas was at once looked upon with a deeper veneration and more fervent love. This sentiment extended from the city to all the larger villages which came within the radius of his evangelical work.

No doubt this was entirely averse to his retiring nature—but he did not oppose the many manifestations of the universal feeling, beholding therein a something to aid him in carrying on the divine mission. This was the supreme end and aim of his sacerdotal life.

From the first moment of his apostolic career he determined within himself never to speak one single word which did not tend to the glory of his divine Master and the Immaculate Virgin, or to the edification of

his neighbor. He preached Christ Crucified, without any concealment of the LAW, without any amelioration of its religious precepts. Never self-seeking, he was careful to avoid selecting his auditors from the enlightened and gifted ones of the earth. Was it not rather the lowly, the ignorant, the neglected to whom the dear Saviour, when He preached the Gospel, specially directed His attentions? It was then to the same class, often, alas! the most neglected—it was to the peasants and mountaineers that the inclination and efforts of this lover of souls, then, were directed. He would go with eager solicitude to the smallest hamlets, in the most inaccessible spots, in the mountainous region of Haut Quercy, deterred neither by the drifting snow, nor the dangerous ice which marked the way. He would hasten on, undismayed by the narrow uneven paths, the gloomy valleys, the mysterious forests, the impetuous mountain streams dashing down some lofty height. All these difficulties beset the way of this unwearied missionary who always traveled on foot.

And when he stood before his dear spiritual children how he tried to adapt himself to them! As the most celebrated orator of our own day has given his opinion that the people above all have need of the divine word, so Peter Thomas had the very same idea. "They have feelings to be touched, and places in their hearts where Truth lies sleeping. Speak to them—and behold the wondrous awakening at the preacher's fire."

He preached with an animation and enthusiasm exceeding great, in an impressive and somewhat excitable tone. If, again, he sometimes brought the ready smile to the lips of his auditors, in accordance with his temperament,

which was very joyous, if he used the salt of an innocent and familiar gayety to win his spiritual flock, with what vehemence later on, did not the divine word issue from his lips!

Indignation sent his voice forth in tones of thunder, to the terror of sinners and their utter inability to resist him. Thus by this variety of enunciation—a gift enjoyed only by fervid natures, where extremes meet and harmonize—this powerful preacher could move his audience as he wished—from smiles to tears, from anger to enthusiasm.

But all seed planted for the divine harvest requires "the sweat of man's brow" united to the efficacious dew of heaven. The laborer in the vineyard of the Lord therefore redoubled his prayers, his penitential exercises, and his fervent devotions. As though his strength had to be renewed by constant exertion, he permitted himself to go on, but at the total sacrifice of his energies.

It was not merely that the earnestness which consumes that dominated his entire course of action, but he multiplied his sermons, morning and evening for the benefit of an eager people, and afterwards the entire night would be spent in hearing the confessions of contrite sinners.

Thus, when it was announced that he had arrived, the multitudes, already captivated by his renown, hastened to the place, and when they had once enjoyed the delight of hearing him, they could not deprive themselves of it for the future.

From village to village, as in the time of the Apostles, they followed with unsatiable longing this oracle of the divine word. One of his biographers—Lamersonius—avers that he has seen merchants close their shops and

leave their business interests to follow the footsteps of Father Peter, and to enrich themselves with the precious pearls scattered broadcast by the man of God. And the same author describes the public reconciliation of mortal enemies, the restitution of ill-gotten gains by rapacious usurers, and rich grasping men who had been hard and bitter to the poor, and the reformation of blasphemers who on all occasions had most atrociously taken the name of God upon their profane and unholy lips.

He says that public sinners solemnly abjured their scandalous mode of life—that men whose open boast was of the vices with which they daily stained their wicked souls, who feared not God, who scoffed at man, now repented and henceforth led Christian lives.

The last traces of former heresies vanished—devotion to the Blessed Virgin, especially at the shrine of Notre Dame de Roc-Amadour, became more fervent than ever before—St. Dominic or St. Anthony of Padua seemed to have come in person to the south of France!

But how mysterious are the ways of divine Providence! Let us not—weak mortals that we are—presume to be precipitate in questioning the acts of the divine government! At the very time when the devoted religious might be said to be at the zenith of his glory, so marvelous were the prodigies he performed, a summons arrived appointing him to another charge, diametrically opposed to his present one. He was now to be procurator general of his Order, that is, principal economist. To his care were entrusted the temporal interests of the immense Carmelite family—a charge which necessitated for him a residence in Avignon. Perfect obedience does not

wait to inquire as to the incidental and secondary motives of any unexpected change. It blesses without hesitation the PRIMARY cause of every event, the SUPREME motive, always placed so far above us that our feeble vision can scarce look up so high. Far from attempting a specious commentary upon the reasons which have determined superiors to act thus and so, this essential virtue adores the inscrutable will of the celestial Father who rules “in a mysterious way” for the advantage of his children here below. The acquiescence of the saint was even gilded with a ray of gratitude suggested by his profound humility. This virtue was, in him, ever on the alert because of the extraordinary honors with which he was environed at Quercy. He beheld in this change the solicitude of divine grace which wrested him from a threatened peril. Dreading popularity even as much as it is desired by vain glory, he rejoiced that he was to leave far in the distance the applause of men. But—honors pursue those who fain would trample them under foot. In fleeing from popularity Peter Thomas was hastening on—to glory.

CHAPTER IV.

A SECOND ROME—AVIGNON; REFUGE OF THE PAPACY—COSMOPOLITAN AFFLUENCE—THE PAPAL PALACE—SPLENDOR OF THE PONTIFICAL COURT—1342.

The fourteenth century opened upon a turbulent state of affairs in Italy, for it was convulsed and devastated by civil war. Everywhere the nobles and the clergy, the merchants and the masses disputed for the ascendancy. Rome, invaded by formidable factions, had become the theatre of sanguinary troubles of which it was impossible to foresee the end.

In view of this sad state of affairs, the Papacy, always acting upon the inspiration of a superior degree of wisdom, determined to seek in a more hospitable clime that independence essential to the peaceful and undisturbed government of souls. Avignon at that time offered the most favorable conditions for the protection of the bark of Peter. Situated in the central region of Europe, touching upon a river (rivers being the principal avenues of communication at that epoch) this city was especially favorable for the continual intercourse which all christendom should maintain with its Pontiff. In a political point of view, Avignon—a purely nominal fief of the distant empire of Germany, which pretended to be the heir to the ancient kingdom of Arles—was under the protectorate solely of the Counts of Provence. In fact, these nobles themselves formed the municipal government and enjoyed an almost entire autonomy. These suzerains besides could never interfere in any way with the action of the Church, or trouble it in the slightest degree. They being, one and all, feudatories of the Holy See for the kingdom of Naples, where they ruled, as also for Aix. Another advantage, the principality of Avignon bordered precisely the territory on the left bank of the Rhone, known as the Comtal-Venaisin. This, since the previous century, had belonged to the Papacy. If the sovereign Pontiff ever beheld himself threatened with a sudden attack, he could promptly seek refuge in this, his own domain, or summon to his assistance the Comtadine troops. These various motives tended to select Avignon, and the result proved the wisdom of the choice. The city afforded to the Head of the Church all

the security and tranquility to be desired. In return, this proved to be the beginning of a wonderful development for Avignon. From the arrival of Clement V, its first reigning Pontiff, and during the pontificates of Popes John XXII and Benedict XII, the city, without parting with any of its political franchise, had steadily grown in prosperity and become more flourishing as time went on.

The reign of Clement VI was inaugurated with unwonted splendor in 1342, precisely when Peter Thomas made his obeisance to the superior of his Order at Avignon. The monastery to which he was assigned was at that time "Maison Général" of the Carmelites, and was known as "la Canetrie."

The new duties of the saint having been imposed upon him by obedience there was no thought of his regarding them as burdensome. Virtue never tries to select its sphere of sanctification. It accepts what God sends, and thus is always in a position to advance.

Although scrupulously exact in the fulfillment of his responsible duties, the procurator did not permit himself to be utterly engrossed by the caretaking of temporal things. The weight of so onerous a charge, the sole care of the temporalities of the monastery, failed in the slightest degree to render callous the exquisite sensibility of his soul.

The administrator did not annihilate the mystic. Foster-father to those who were to go forth and preach the Gospel—entrusted with the same mission which was given to St. Joseph towards the Holy Family—his ardent faith pointed out to him many and efficacious means of drawing still closer his sweet union with Jesus and Mary—opportunities afforded him to strengthen his piety.

One of his methods, we may be well assured, was to go often and pray before the shrine of "Notre Dame des Doms," for there the Blessed Virgin was honored by her devoted clients under the title of "Virgin most powerful," and never was her assistance withheld. The advent of Father Peter, in accordance with his wish, attracted not the notice of the multitude. Who indeed would remark one monk more or less in a city that sheltered so many? What lustre, pray, could be shed by his retired life upon that brilliant capital, where the magnificent court festas, the incessant fluctuations of a cosmopolitan population, an ever increasing building activity, and the captivating fascination of a poetical age alike claimed the attention of the interested public? The great soul of Clement VI favored all that tended to the interests of the Church or the welfare of the people. Of noble birth, this Pontiff had from his very childhood been accustomed to luxury and wealth. Later on he was rendered famous by the oratorical triumphs which his eloquence gained for him at Paris. A favorite of the king, the Pontiff, whose whole life had been gilded by sunshine in an unwonted degree, loved to surround himself with all that was grand and glorious. He wished—and most justly—that the beautiful, the rare, and precious should lend their aid to adorn the papal throne, and thus render homage to the most elevated dignity in the world.

From the inauguration of his pontificate, there prevailed at the court a degree of luxury and splendor until then unknown. But, let us not be slow to add that this external grandeur paled before his ardent love of justice and exceeding great tenderness of heart. Never was he implored in vain

for protection for the oppressed against the oppressor.

He delighted to say that he was a Pontiff only for the welfare and happiness of the faithful, and adopted the maxim of a celebrated emperor that "no one should ever withdraw, dissatisfied, from the presence of his sovereign." If it happened that he was compelled to refuse the petition of a suppliant, he knew well how to soften the disappointment by kindness and sympathy. And no temporal sovereign, we may add, could exercise the prerogatives of the crown with more dignity, or dispense his favors with more winning grace. A motley crowd surged constantly to Avignon. There could be seen the elite from other lands, and mendicants from afar. *Tristram, the Wanderer*, has given us a word picture of the pontifical city, perfect both in precision and coloring. What follows may be taken as a specimen:

"Nothing could present a more exquisite sight than this city upon the banks of the river Rhone, as it announces itself to distant points by its towers and its bells. Innumerable pilgrims land here, with the twice repeated sign of the Cross, chanting their Christmas hymns, or murmuring prayers in accordance with the vows they have made. The narrow streets, sheltered by large awnings to avert the heat, scarcely gave place for the busy throng which never ceased its march. Owing to this constant promenade Avignon is more crowded and dusty than Lutece. For, in addition to its own inhabitants, which number 80,000, it has a floating population made up of every nationality and displaying every different variety of dialect and costume. There may be seen the Greek, who comes to consult authorities upon the

light of Thabor; the jester, half-witted and half-clothed, led to the tribunal of the Inquisition; doctors, versed in theological lore, sent for to explain or decide upon some intricate question; monks of every order; penitents with their coarse grey garb, and throngs of students bound for the University, to study canon law or it might be civil rights. There come a party of ecclesiastics from Germany, and, as their equipages vanish in the distance, behold! innumerable aspirants, from every nation who have come hither hoping for some ecclesiastical preferment, fill up the vacated place. Near by—strange contrast—the juggler plies his magic arts, while astrologers and sorcerers play upon the hopes or fears of the credulous; Italian nomads offer to avenge, by poison or by the dagger, any injury whatsoever upon favorable terms. Here pass the cardinals upon richly caparisoned mules; there, ambassadors from the various powers of Europe and even of Asia; finally come nobles to enjoy the festivities which never ceased in the capital of the pacific king."

With this influx, gold circulated freely, and secured the completion of the immense pontifical palace then in progress. The western portion where the principal entrance appears, and the southern part, which contains the salon of the consistory, flanked by the tower of St. Laurence on the east, are due to the exertions of Pope Clement VI. To him also are we to ascribe the interior decoration of the palace, to accomplish which he employed Matteo Giovanetti di Viterbio, disciple and successor of Simon Memmi.

Following the example of the Pope, the Cardinals provided for themselves princely mansions in the various parts of the city.

Lovers and patrons of art—men of letters as they were—it is not to be wondered at that they drew about them spirits in sympathy with their own. Do we not always see that the principal stars in the sky are attended by clusters of brilliant satellites? Through the avenues leading to those elegant residences might be seen wending their way throngs of distinguished prelates, savants eminent for their scientific attainments, artisans who had attained the most consummate skill in their craft, painters who were ever on the alert for some new inspiration, and poets worthy of the fair heritage bequeathed them by the troubadours of old.

Conspicuous for their patronage in this regard, two of the cardinals stand unrivalled amid the rest—Jean Colonna, the friend of Petrarch, and Elias de Tallyrand, Perigord. The latter, a veritable "grand seigneur" as well as an astute politician enjoyed, since his elevation to the purple in 1331, a high rank in the sacred college. His action had had vast weight in the last conclave, and was destined to exercise the same in the two which followed. This led him to say that he greatly preferred *creating Popes* to being himself elevated to the papal dignity. Royal in the munificence of his alms—abbatial in his hospitality, he was always especially willing to be of service to his compatriots. Having learned that the Procurator of the Carmelites was a native of Perigord, he made his acquaintance without delay. Up to this time Peter Thomas had dwelt almost unnoticed at Avignon. His charge—that of caring for the temporal affairs of the Order—had within itself nothing conducive to glorification. His small stature and a personality which,

of itself, would never attract attention, were looked upon by his humility as so many points of fortification against the invasion of visitors.

But Cardinal Talleyrand, at the very first interview recognized the man of merit, and extended to him an invitation to dine at his palace upon his next reception day.

At these re-unions—brilliant resort of diversified talent—it was the custom of the cardinals to hold conferences which might well be called tournaments of intellect and knowledge. Amid this body of learned men, to whom every step of the ladder of human knowledge was familiar, the most abstruse questions in that vast domain where the useful and the agreeable meet in harmony, were liable to be unexpectedly brought forward. Upon this occasion a theological thesis was proposed, and the Cardinal singled out

his Perigordian compatriot to reply. Diffident and retiring, Father Peter began in simple terms, then, as if to adapt himself to the brilliant circle into which he had been thrown, he permitted his eminent gifts and superior knowledge to appear. The inspired mystic, the eloquent and enthusiastic orator—now recognized under the coarse brown garb of Carmel—was indeed an honor to his ancient Order. The disputant, until then unknown, had literally carried away the erudite assemblage. All was over with his beloved solitude. A few days after, he received an invitation to preach before the pontifical court, and did so to the exceeding great delight of all who heard him. The Cardinals contended for the advantage of having him for their theological theses. To be brief—he had become the object for the entire city to admire and applaud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROSARY CROWNS FOR 1898.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I—WHITE ROSES.

There are crowns for our Lady's children
Fair blossoms of snowy white,
That bloom with a mystic fragrance
On feasts of her silvery light*
Blessed days when the sweet young mother
And Jesus her holy child
Refresh us with peace and gladness
That flow from their hearts so mild.

II—RED ROSES.

There are rose-tinted flow'rets waiting
To crown every well-borne pain;
May we, like the patient mourner,
Those ruby-like circlets gain!
To what shall we liken her sorrow?
It is vast as the boundless sea,
Yet she hears with maternal pity
The sighing of earth's misery.

III—GOLDEN ROSES.

And afar in the radiant heavens
Are crowns of celestial gold,
No eye hath e'er seen its beauty,
No words can their worth unfold.
Look up, O Mount Carmel's children!
When swift years have passed away,
Your souls will be wreathed with splendor,
For this—ever watch and pray.

* "Those bright days that strew the year like stars."
FABER.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER II.



THE days passed, long, even, leaden-footed. When the first excited emotion of grief had subsided, life flowed back into its old channel, changed nowhere, save in the girl's aching young heart, and as that began to reflect itself in face and manner, Mrs. Lacey felt alarmed, although she wisely kept her fears to herself. Some forty years ago, she, as fairy-like as any of the "little people" haunting the sylvan dells of her native land, had laughed and danced herself into Brian's heart; but the staid, studious man, old beyond his years, possessed no attractions in her eyes, and she passed him by for his cousin, dashing, light-hearted Jack Lacey. Kindred voices across the water had called them to this part of free America; Brian, with his brothers and sister, had followed later, and any sentiment of regret, or resentment, that had lingered, had they continued to live amid the familiar scenes in the alien land, had disappeared. Jack Lacey had died several years ago, leaving his small family well provided for. The children were now married, and, no duty claiming her, when Judith announced her intention of returning home, Mrs. Lacey, full of pity for the girl, offered to accompany her and re-

main with her as long as she needed a companion. Accustomed, since her husband's death, to town life, the utter loneliness of Judith's home fell on her with all its first, terrible weight. But her nature was not one to long suffer from depression. She knew there is no situation entirely devoid of pleasures, and the aim of her life was to find all those, and exalt them so they quite overshadowed the dull and sorrowful things. She would have liked it better if the hills were not so high, shutting her in in this awful solitude; if the cedars would not haunt her all day and keep her awake at night with their sighing, and if she could find some agreeable friend at the end of a convenient walk. But these were inexorable circumstances and she endured them by calmly ignoring their existence. When the wailing of the cedars made her sad, she began to sing, and when she felt a desire for a bit of gossip, she climbed the hill to where, in her solitary home, sat eagle-eyed Mrs. Logan, or went down the valley to where old Mrs. O'Hagan lived alone in her log hut, on the side of an unfrequented country road.

But her sunshiny disposition was at first without any effect on the gloomy girl, because she ever placed herself beyond its influence. Almost the entire day she absented herself from the house on the pretence of looking after her flock of young turkeys, though Mrs.

Lacey knew that it was only that she might be alone with her sorrow; and at nightfall she retired, though not to sleep. Sitting alone one evening, while the trees were sighing and the whip-poor-wills were plainting, Mrs. Lacey, by a train of reflection, was led to the conclusion that her young charge was slowly, but certainly, drifting toward a melancholy, which, later in life, would develop into insanity. "It was a great mistake in Brian to make her thus mistress of herself," she thought; "but, of course, the poor old fellow never dreamed she loved him so dearly. Few loved him." And that she could not when he had so pleaded made the impressionable little woman somewhat restless, sitting there alone in the house that had been Brian's. She glanced around as if she half-expected to see her former lover, but as her eyes fell on the rude, curtained book-case, the thought flashed through her mind that as there was Brian's panacea for all mortal ills, it might be likewise beneficial for the niece who so resembled him. She took down one of the books and a mist of tears dimmed the still bright eyes as they fell on the inscription on the fly-leaf, the faded characters telling the volume had been a gift to Brian from the old priest who had baptized both of them, and later, married her to the man of her choice. Like a flash came the memory of the day Brian had proudly showed her his gift, and when she heard it was the lives of the great men of ancient Greece and Rome she had lightly asked why he buried himself with dead people, when around him were life, and joy and laughter. He had replied to her flippancy with reason, though there was a pained expression on his face.

"Poor Brian; whatever he was to the others, he was always kind and

gentle with me," thought Mrs. Lacey, turning the pages with something of reverence in her touch. She purposely left the volume on the table and the next morning as Judith was about to replace it, Mrs. Lacey asked why she made no use of the books.

"Uncle Brian told me not to read them," said she.

"That was when you were a little girl, my dear," returned Mrs. Lacey. "Why, he wanted me to read that one when I was only sixteen—yes, my dear, he brought the book from Ireland with him—and now you are almost eighteen. If he had not intended you should possess and read and be benefitted by them, believe me your Uncle Brian would have left them to some one else when he died. He was not the man to waste opportunities of doing good to others. So when you go out to watch your turkeys to-day take that book with you. It will help pass the time pleasantly, at least." To her surprise, Judith readily complied.

"I don't set myself to guide any one," said Mrs. Lacey to herself as she watched the retiring figure, "especially in matters of reading. I suppose the book is all right, and as it is the most ancient on the shelf, it would seem she has begun the foundation in a proper manner. She is not the one to be long guided by a woman, so I may rest assured she will make the next selection herself." As the weeks passed and the reading was continued a gradual change began to come over the young girl. She inherited the clear, good intellect of her mother's people, and to it the philosophy scattered throughout the volume appealed strongly. Its appreciation of the dignity of life, the sacredness of duty, was not lost on her, and when she remembered it was thus a Pagan thought, she was shamed out of

her idle, selfish conduct, remembering she possessed what he, seeker in the darkness, lacked: Christ, faith in Him and His promises. She came to see this wrapping herself in her own sorrow was opposed to philosophy and religion. It was unkind to her cousin, who had left a cheerful, comfortable home to cheer her loneliness, to her neighbors, and a total disregard of her duties as housekeeper and manager of her little farm. So, after a time the turkeys were left to take care of themselves and Judith resumed her work as she laid it down the morning her brother Charlie had brought her the word of her uncle's death.

Reserved, like all deep natures, she was affectionate, and as she came to know her, she was insensibly drawn to Mrs. Lacey, whose nature, if light, was fine and kind. A dash of sharp wit made the Irishwoman not always agreeable to her acquaintances, but she was as keenly alive to their good qualities as their foibles, and if she drew attention to the latter, it was that one more laugh should be gotten out of life. If the people of this vicinity amused her, they more often awoke her pity and interest; and in Judith's eyes they began to rise from the place in which her uncle's pitiless scorn placed them. The religious views of the woman showed truer colors in picturing all humanity, and because by her very nature she must accept and cherish the true, at whatever cost, she was brought to realize that he who would find no feet of clay, must ever sit before his idol with blinded eyes and deafened ears.

The reading was continued during the winter, and on the long evenings, while Mrs. Lacey knit, Judith read aloud histories of times and peoples long forgotten, and surprised at her interest, the elder woman would smile

at her developing such literary tastes this late in life. "It's an improvement on Mrs. Logan's ghost stories, anyhow," she would inwardly comment, with a chuckle of amusement. But on a Saturday evening Judith had no audience, unless the afternoon mail, brought to the Blue Lick from Carlisle on the rickety old omnibus, had failed to carry Mrs. Lacey's *Pilot*. At first Judith could not understand how one could find a newspaper so absorbing, but a snatch of song in its columns one day, a strong, forceful editorial opinion, a clever story, and she was brought under the charm an ably-conducted weekly paper possesses for people thus removed from intercourse with the great outer world. One Monday in June, as the afternoon shadows began to appear on the strip of sward fronting the little house, Mrs. Lacey said, from her place by the window:

"I wonder why *The Pilot* didn't come Saturday? Do you think, my dear, the mail has arrived yet?"

"Very likely," said Judith, rising. "I'll catch Bluebell and ride over for the paper." On a hill, under a shady tree, Bluebell was standing, and at sound of Judith's voice, she pricked her ears and turned her brown head toward the pasture bars. The ear of yellow corn held toward her was tempting, and though she knew it meant a trip somewhere in the heat, Bluebell roused herself from her mid-day doze and turned to the bars. When she had devoured the corn, save what the hastily collected chickens stole from her, the docile animal permitted herself to be bridled and saddled, and when Judith, her dress covered by a long black calico riding-skirt, was mounted, turned obediently toward the Springs. The paper awaited Judith, and having no further delay, she turned her steed's head homeward.

Half-way, Bluebell, with the privilege of a spoiled horse, stopped for a mouthful of wild hemp growing along the road, and regarded by her race as such a delicacy. Dense undergrowth marked the fence-rows on either side, overhead, the wild grape-vine made a verdant canopy, and Judith, warm from her ride in the burning sun, dropped the rein on her lap, and unfolding the paper, began to read. Presently the breeze, which had been resting all day, awoke, and as it passed up from the valley to the right, it carried to her the smell of smoke. The mare, searching for the choicest weeds, had moved forward, and through a small opening in the undergrowth, the girl saw what made her forget her reading. On the side of the hill, at a distance of about two hundred yards, was a man, fanning with a straw hat a fire made of dry leaves and fagots. As he waved the hat to and fro, she noted that the wide brim, instead of being lined with blue or black, as is customary, to protect the farmer's eyes from the glaring sunlight, it was covered with flaming red. As the blaze sprang up, the man recovered himself from his stooping posture, and she saw, with a start, his face was black. After glancing hastily around, he lifted from the ground a pair of blue cottonade overalls and a dark coat, both of which he threw into the fire. Judith, screened by the leaves, watched them burn, and when the flames died down, she saw the man gather the ashes into a small heap with his foot, after which he lifted a near-by large stone and placed it carefully over the spot, hiding every vestige of the fire. Then, with another quick glance around, he snatched up his straw hat and turned in the direction of the Springs. There was nothing of fear in the girl's character, for one of the redeeming traits

of her father's people was a courage that nothing could daunt, but as the man disappeared and she sat gazing at the spot, an unaccountable chill ran along her frame. She felt as if she were standing face to face with, and sole witness of, some direful deed. She gathered up the rein and hurried the reluctant Bluebell away, and as they dashed out of the shadow, Judith remembered the man had been standing in the sunshine and that his hair, notwithstanding the black face, was straight and of light color. Mrs. Lacey was waiting for her at the low rail fence. Its habitual calm returned to her brow as the girl advanced, but she drew a long breath of relief.

"Was I long gone?" asked Judith, as she dismounted on the stump of a tree that did service as a stile.

"A little longer than usual," replied Mrs. Lacey, taking *The Pilot* and concealing some late fear by a close scrutiny of its first page. "But I supposed you would ride slowly."

"I stopped a while on the ridge to let Bluebell eat some horse-weed," explained Judith.

"There was a young colored man here since you left," then said Mrs. Lacey. "He had been running very hard and wanted a drink. Did you meet him?"

"Had he on a straw hat lined with red?" asked Judith, stopping on her way with Bluebell to the pasture bars.

"No, he was bare-headed, but he clutched an old brown felt hat in one hand. My dear, he looked more like a wild animal than a human creature. I fear something has gone wrong in the neighborhood."

CHAPTER III.

That same June afternoon threw its long shadows over the brick pavements

and rock-covered streets of the town of Carlisle, some miles away. The business men and farmers, sitting on chairs propped against the walls of the houses, talked disinterestedly of local affairs, while not a few dozed, unmindful of the slow conversation going on around, or the presence of an occasional passer-by. In the green square surrounding the ancient court-house, were some boys, amusing themselves by throwing stones from a sling at the birds in the trees above, or at what afforded better aim, the line of patient horses tied to the low iron railing separating the yard from the streets. But the languor paralyzing every human energy, likewise affected the animals, and except a sudden start when struck by one of the missiles, they gave no other evidence of life. On the second floor of one of the buildings, in full view of the main streets, sat a woman and three girls, silently stitching the summery lawns and cambrics, turned by their deft fingers into dainty dresses for the town's society leaders. The woman was slight of stature, nervous in voice and manner, with a pleasant face, lighted by a pair of kind grey eyes. Two of the girls were ordinary, mere atoms in the world's great make-up, but the third, in her black skirt and light shirt-waist, had held the admiration of a multitude. To this girl, after a long silence, the woman said, at the close of a minute's close scrutiny :

"Good heavens, Judith ! put up your work. You look as if you were about to faint !" The words made the others glance up, while the girl addressed started perceptibly. As she looked at her employer, a gleam of affection lighted her dark eyes.

"How you frightened me, Mrs. Earle !" she said. "I thought I had done something wrong."

"You do look awful white, Judith," said one of the girls, resting her work on her lap.

"Am I not always white ?" questioned Judith, with irritation in her tones.

"But just look at yourself now," persisted the other. Judith glanced at the reflection in the long mirror opposite, and smiled at the white face ; then, with a smothered sigh, resumed her needle. But the silence had been broken, and a desultory conversation was opened, when their voices were arrested by the fall of a light foot on the stairs.

"It's Mollie Mason, I know, girls," said the dress-maker. "Be careful what you say before her." Hardly were the warning words uttered, when the visitor appeared at the doorway.

"It's only I !" said Mrs. Mason, her cheery, if loud voice, stirring up the sluggish atmosphere.

"Come in, Mrs. Mason !" said the dress-maker, while one of the girls cleared a chair of its array of laces and embroideries.

"Isn't it hot !" she ejaculated, seating herself. "What have you there, Jennie ?" to one of the girls. "Is that Lil Beaufort's dress ? She told me she had brought it. Heavens ! what possessed her to get that shade with her complexion like tanned leather ?"

"You had better ask her," said the girl, testily. "She didn't give me her reason !" Mrs. Mason laughed good-naturedly, and said :

"Ask her ! I'd as soon encounter a streak of blue lightning !"

"Anything new ?" questioned Mrs. Earle.

"Yes." Mrs. Earle and two of the girls looked up quickly, then Mrs. Mason, with her eyes on Judith's bent black head, said, with a laugh :

"I hear Brother Gray went out to

the country to-day on his bicycle and hasn't returned yet."

"You mean thing!" said Mrs. Earle, laughing, taking up her scissors. "I thought you had some news for us. If you had said Brother Gray *didn't* go out on his wheel 'twould have been a piece of information."

"Startling too, eh? Now," settling herself back in her chair and appearing to examine closely the material to whose shade she so much objected, but stealing a covert glance at Judith's white face bent over the skirt she was gathering, "I should like to know what takes Brother Gray out in that direction every afternoon? A month ago he favored the Sharpsburg Pike."

"I suppose he goes on out to the Maysville Pike, which is smoother," said Mrs. Earle, standing by the table, the point of the scissors on her lips, as she mentally debated whether Lil Beaufort's dress should have a straight or bias ruffle.

"I think it's a shame!" declared Jennie, interrupting Mrs. Mason's volley, to that lady's annoyance, "to see a preacher on a bicycle?"

"Then you won't be shamed for long," said Mrs. Mason, coolly.

"Why?" cried the girl, while Mrs. Earle turned from her work.

"The elders have about decided to ask him to resign."

"You don't say so!" cried two of the girls in a breath, while Mrs. Earle dropped her scissors in sheer astonishment.

"What has he done?" asked she, then.

"Rides a bicycle," a shade of annoyance in her voice, for the white face on which her eyes were bent had not even changed at the announcement.

"It is a crying shame for them to do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Earle, emphasiz-

ing her words by vicious nips from the cloth she now began to cut. "He is the best minister we have had since Brother Barnes died. He has done a world of good among the people and is so kind to the poor. I never saw anyone more interested in the Sunday school——"

"But he rides a bicycle," finished Mrs. Mason, in a mocking voice, as Mrs. Earle paused for want of breath. The two girls joined in her little laugh, then, suddenly, as though the thought had just struck her, she said:

"What do you think about it, Judith?" Mrs. Earle was apparently absorbed in her cutting, but she cast a side-long look at the girl addressed and let her scissors run lightly through the cloth to catch any changed tone in the answering voice.

"Think about what?" asked Judith Evans, carelessly, treating her questioner to a sweeping glance that took in every article of dress, every line of figure, and it seemed to the conscious woman, included the too numerous grey hairs and faintly defined wrinkles. "Your elders' intention of dismissing Mr. Gray? Nothing; for," with an almost imperceptible shrug of her shoulders, "he is not my spiritual director."

"You are always forgetting, it seems to me," quickly put in Mrs. Earle, before Mrs. Mason could give utterance to the insinuating remark the words prompted, "that Judith is a Catholic. You never change your priests, do you, Judith?"

"That is usually done by our Bishop," answered Judith, with a glance at her employer that the other interpreted.

"I'd hate to give up my privilege of voting for my minister," said one of the other girls, but no one commented on the remark and a silence fell. Mrs. Mollie Mason felt aggrieved. Twice

her remarks had been forced aside from their intended purpose, and without being brutally direct, the task she had set for herself showed no indication of being accomplished. Six months ago the Rev. Silas Gray had assumed charge of the Baptist congregation of Carlisle. As he was young, with a face remarkable for its comeliness, gentlemanly in appearance, and refined in speech and manner, he was welcomed with outstretched hands, and more than one sentimental maiden lost her heart to him the first Sunday he mounted the pulpit. For weeks after his arrival, his house was besieged with callers, invitations to parties and dinners poured in upon him. To his visitors he was courteous, affable, friendly; but the invitations he declined. In different ways he showed the deep personal interest he felt for each member of his flock; his days, and often nights, were devoted to furthering the prosperity of the congregation and ministering to its spiritual needs, and a people more appreciative, more deeply imbued with the true idea of the ministerial calling, had rated him at his real worth and rewarded him accordingly. But this congregation, that is the majority which determined a pastor's popularity, were peculiarly perverse on this point. They wanted their minister to be a society leader as well as a spiritual director, as adept in making speeches at the dinner table as in propounding the word of God, a cavalier and a saint; and failing to find in him the unusual combination, felt a disappointment, which they made no attempt at concealing. The young men, who had looked with disfavor on the appointment of a pastor not yet out of his twenties and possessed of such a pleasing personality, on discovering they had no just cause to fear him as a rival in the social

world, instead of being grateful for their undisturbed serenity, denounced him as a prig, too proud of his position to mix with the people. The opinion, intensified by the bitterness brought with their reflections their charms had proven unavailing, was the verdict of the young women, shared, to an extent, by fond, if designing mothers. Unaware of their dissatisfaction, the young minister pursued the "even tenor of his way," accomplishing more real good in his few months of incumbency than his predecessors had in years. Gradually the well-spent young life was forcing the admiration of the thoughtful portion of the town, irrespective of religious tendencies, and this public opinion had begun to educate the congregation to a proper appreciation of their pastor, when a rumor, idle at first, but later justified by most convincing evidences, floating around, deadened every grateful sentiment, making them more critical than ever and fostering an indignation that but waited an opportunity to break out in violent opposition.

It happened that one evening as Mr. Gray was returning from a visit to a sick parishoner, he passed Mrs. Earle's door, where Judith stood, drawing on her gloves, preparatory to her walk into the country where she lived. A shaft of sunset light, that made enchantment land of the lavender April sky, fell on her partly raised face, warming up its dazzling, frost-like whiteness and flooding with liquid light the dusky eyes. But more than by the beauty of her face was he impressed by the regality of her carriage. She looked like a queen about to descend from the steps of her throne. As he passed, their eyes encountered and unconsciously he lifted his hat. Men always did that to her, whether acquainted or not; the

rough tramp on the road could not pass her without this tribute of admiration to her regal loveliness. Incidentally the next day he learned all was to be told of her. She lived with an uncle who owned a pretty little place about a quarter of a mile from the town, she was eighteen years of age, for the past two seasons she had sewed with Mrs. Earle, and she was a Catholic. He reviewed the brief history in his mind and at first smiled at his previous idea that hers was a face with a story behind it; then, sighed for the lack of penetration in the man [who could compass twenty years of the life of such a woman into a few words and say, in conclusion, "That is all there is about her!"] Twenty years in such a place! Twenty years of solitude, of depression, of deprivation, of waiting! and yet it was said she had no history! City born and raised, the changelessness of country life bore in upon his nature with all its strange power. He could see, as it were, the long stretches of hopelessness through which such a person, as that one glimpse showed him Judith to be, must pass in the years that lay between the brook and river's meeting and the present hour; and there was explained for him the almost tragic expression on the queenly face that had made him believe its possessor had encountered one of the momentous occasions with which some women's lives are fraught. As he thought of her he felt a deep desire to know her. He would like to get below that white exterior, which, he imagined, belied the real nature. With the swift intuition some souls possess, he realized the crucifixion the girl must be enduring, the inexorableness of the circumstances that forced her to drag out a day in Mrs. Earle's work-shop appalled him, and he marvelled what must the effect

be on the spiritual side of her character. They said she was a Catholic. Twenty-eight years in a large city had shown him what that religion can make of those who profess it. Placed in a city, surrounded by the helpful influences of her faith, influences that elevate the commonplace into the sublime, and the tragic element had been eliminated from her face, supplanted by a patience that on such a brow, in such eyes, had been lofty heroism. But having none of these, save what an old, over-worked, and not exceptionally learned priest could give on his monthly visitations to the place, what part, he wondered, had religion in moulding her character? And the more he thought of her, the oftener he saw her, the stronger became his wish to know her intimately. Shortly afterwards it was gratified. Passing Mrs. Earle's door, one evening, he saw that lady standing on its steps, Judith by her side. Partly because she was a member of his congregation, wholly because of his desire to meet the young girl, Mr. Gray paused and began to converse with Mrs. Earle, who introduced him to Judith. When the latter started for her usual walk home, to Mrs. Earle's surprise, the preacher accompanied her until his own gateway was reached.

Occurrences less notable were not passed unremarked by the inhabitants of that little town, and before the next day was many hours old, gossips were telling each other how Brother Gray had been seen walking along the street with Judith Evans. Brother Gray had never shown any desire for the company of a young lady of his own flock, and that this first indication of friendship should have been extended to one of another persuasion, especially the Catholic, looked little less than an insult. Utterly unconscious of the fact that this action was the cause of such unfavorable comment among his people, Mr. Gray very frequently encountered Judith at Mrs. Earle's door and walked along the narrow street with her, past

the cemetery, where the blackbirds sang vespers every evening, down the hill, across the wooden bridge, often not pausing until her uncle's gate was reached; and each time note was made of it and the dissatisfaction of his congregation increased. As if bent on his own material destruction, at this period, Mr. Gray came into possession of a bicycle. No one knew what was his reason, save Judith, to whom he had said, by way of explanation:

"A fellow I know in Covington is in trouble and needed money; but he would not accept it from me unless I would take his wheel."

He was too practical to have a conveyance and not use it, so the preacher wheeling over the streets and country roads to visit the needy and desolate of his flock, soon became a familiar object. But those who were not needy and desolate, who had horses and buggies for their own conveniences, severely condemned the unprecedented act. But no breath of all this reached him. From the start, gossip to him of the doings and sayings of his flock had been courteously, but none the less firmly, discountenanced; and in the face of this prohibition none was found brave enough to go to the minister and tell him the town was talking of him because he sometimes walked with a Catholic girl and rode a bicycle. The atmosphere which he had breathed previous to his coming to Carlisle had been free from the narrowness and bigotry, consequent among these less educated and narrow-minded people, hence, the thought he could possibly give offense by the exercise of his privilege to suit himself, both in choice of locomotion and selection of society, never once presented itself to him. Not so with Judith. She was, it is true, one of those rare persons living in narrow environments, yet not confined by them. The solitude, which had appeared so terrible to the young minister, and which had, perhaps, cramped him, and had on her an elevating, broadening influence. But back of this was the woman's intuition, the finer as the soul was so sensitive. She saw the situation not only as it was,

but as it appeared to the petty critics, and she knew the malice that focused their views; but it did not determine any of her actions. If, as she decided to do, she ceased holding further such intercourse with the preacher, it was from a fear that she might compromise to herself a certain sense of womanly delicacy. The barrier between them was an insurmountable one, and even the semblance of an effort to overlook it were undignified, because ineffectual. She did not deny to herself that companionship with him was agreeable. His comeliness and grace pleased her eye; his thoughts, well expressed, delighted her fastidious mind, and she realized there might be danger to her peace of heart in prolonging the acquaintance. She knew the people were commenting in no kindly manner on their friendship, and while she scorned it as directed against herself, she was not insensible to the material loss it might bring him.

But the people knew their surmises as to that degree of friendship existing between their minister and Judith Evans were, after all, only surmises; and clerical authorities usually ask something more than that when listening to charges made against one of the cloth; hence, Mrs. Mason had set herself the task of arriving at some definite knowledge. It was admitted by those to whom she confided her intention, that no one in the congregation was more capable of handling the delicate case; but, as she sat in Mrs. Earle's shop after the second charge at the invulnerable girl, whom she had supposed would fall an easy victim to her skill at reading secrets, she began to feel the stings of defeat. The silence continued. Judith sewed on as calmly as if she had not heard her friend was about to be dismissed in disgrace because to save his failing strength, he rode a bicycle, and if she felt any indignation, it did not express itself on her face.

It was then that the galloping feet of a horse resounded over the stillness enveloping the town. Mrs. Mason left her chair and went quickly to the window, followed by one of the girls.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Earle, looking toward the woman and girl leaning over the sill of the open window.

"Some one riding like mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason. "I do not know him, but he must have ridden at that rate for miles. His horse is white with foam."

Mrs. Earle and Jennie went to the windows to catch a glimpse of the rider. The fall of that horse's feet on the stony street seemed to have awakened the town. One could feel its returning life, the very horses standing around the court-house railing pricked their ears in expectation. Nearer came the sounds, and as the steed passed them, the watching women saw that the foam along the flanks was streaked with blood, and that the face of the rider, notwithstanding the intense heat, showed ghastly under the drooping farmer's straw hat. The horse turned the corner sharply, his steel-plated hoofs striking out sparks of fire from the stones, then he was drawn sharply up under the wide spreading maple, that stood in front of the sheriff's office. The rider dismounted, threw the rein over a convenient bough, and hurried into the office. In that passing glimpse, it was seen that he was tall, with a well-knit frame, and that he carried a brace of pistols in his leather belt. He closed the door with a slam that sent a thrill of fear into the hearts of the dozen or more watchers. The men on the streets looked at each other questioningly, and one said:

"I think he must be from the Blue Lick. He rides like one of those fellows and looks like 'em." His listeners could imagine what that wild ride meant were the surmise true, for tragedies that shocked the civilized world have had that historic, grandly beautiful place for their staging. The minutes passed, and still that closed door shut out the rider's message from the waiting people, while the horse stood shivering in the shade of the maple tree.

"That horse will be dead in a few minutes," said Mrs. Mason.

"Harry," called down Mrs. Earle to her husband, who was sitting on the door-step, "go, get the blanket right away and cover that horse, if you don't want to see it die before your eyes." Harry Earle knew by experience if he did not obey, his wife would not hesitate to carry the blanket and throw it over the animal herself. As he laid the warm covering on the shivering horse, the door opened and its owner appeared. The two men shook hands, and then the stranger began to lead the blanketed horse up and down the street, talking earnestly to Mr. Earle, and gesticulating wildly with one hand.

Next, the deputy sheriff appeared and gave a brief command to a negro boy lying on the strip of grass bordering the pavement. As the lad hurried away, he was intercepted by the interested spectators, but all the information he could give was that he had been sent to find the constable and bring the sheriff's horses. The words were passed from tongue to tongue, and the interest grew with each passing moment. Other men, unable longer to stand the strain on their curiosity, crossed to where the man and Mr. Earle were walking with the horse. In a short time the constable, mounted, appeared, followed by the boy with the horse. The deputy sheriff came out and held a brief conversation with the constable, then called the sheriff. The superior officer appeared instantly and then beckoned to the man, who had paused in his walk. He advanced, and the listening women heard him say:

"Straight down the Maysville Pike, till yoh cum ter the Springs. Then, sumun'll d'rect yoh. My critter cyant stan' the trip bac', yit."

The sheriff's familiar oath answered the words, and it was followed by a command that he find another horse. The man hesitated, but only for a moment, for he caught the fire in the officer's eye. He led his horse to the nearest livery stable and in a short time returned, freshly mounted. Then the four men turned rein toward the north and set off at full gallop, the stranger leading the way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS OF MARCH.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"The Divine Nature is a simple act, in the unity of which all God's essential attributes and operations are included, but these are infinite in variety. He is honored by, and sympathises with the various modes of the soul, which is manifold in powers and operations." These beautiful words of a saintly and learned Jesuit Father have been long treasured in my heart, and seem specially applicable to the liturgy of Holy Church, and the occurring feasts of her saints and blessed. St. Joseph's month is indeed rich in spiritual treasures, and it would be impossible to enumerate all, or even speak worthily of the few here selected. Nevertheless the mention of these fair spring flowers ever blooming in God's paradise where, St. Francis de Sales tells us, "there is perpetual spring as to beauty," may, through Mary's intercession, awaken in some hearts the desire of knowing their holy lives more intimately, and following their examples more closely.

ST. CASIMIR, MARCH 4th.

Many of our readers no doubt have heard the sweet hymn "Daily, daily, sing to Mary." Have not the tones vibrated with echoes from the records of a life angelic in purity even "in an atmosphere of luxury and magnificence?"

This young Polish Prince preferred to die rather than tarnish the lustre of virtue, or alienate his affections from Mary "the mother of fair love." "How beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! The memory thereof is immortal!" And when his blessed soul was following the Lamb

in heaven, his holy body, which had been its temple, remained incorrupt emitting sweet fragrance, which gave spiritual refreshment to all present at the ceremony of transferring it to the marble chapel where it now lies. Let us, on his feast, pray, in the words that flowed from the abundance of his pure young heart :

"Holy Mary, we implore thee,
By thy purity divine,
Help us, bending here before thee,
Help us truly to be thine."

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, MARCH 7th.

"Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas ; what shall I give thee as a reward?" "Naught save Thyself, O Lord!"

Here is a divine panegyric. Well, indeed, has he written, and through long ages holy Church has been illumined by the wisdom of this "Angelical Doctor," and drinks from the pure ever-flowing waters of his doctrine. What was his reward? "Naught but *Thyself*, O Lord!" Jesus in His adorable Sacrament during life—Jesus "as He is," in eternity. *There* his ardent desires have been fulfilled, and his prayer eternally satisfied.

"Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio

Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio

Ut te revelata cernens facie

Visu sim beatus tue glorie. Amen.

"Jesus whom at present veiled I see,
What I so long for, O vouchsafe
to me,
That I may see Thy countenance
unfolding,
And may be blessed Thy glory
in beholding."

O may we in some measure, merit to hear from our Lord, "Well hast thou prayed, labored, suffered for me!" May we so pray, labor, suffer, as to desire no reward save Jesus on earth and in heaven.

ST. FRANCES OF ROME, MARCH 9th.

"He has given His angels charge over thee," etc., is true of all Christians, but in this beautiful life, there is a special visible communion with the angelic world, and St. Frances enjoyed the continual vision of her Guardian Angel under the form of a lovely child of seven or eight years, his eyes were ever raised to heaven, his robe white, blue, red, alternately, his face radiant so as to illumine the darkness of night. He shielded her in danger, declared the will of God, in a word "kept her in all her ways." Her young children, Evangelista and Agnes, were admitted after death to the choirs of angelic spirits. This life is singularly pleasing in its beauty, and we earnestly recommend our readers to become acquainted with its lessons of patience, sanctification of home, devotion to Jesus, and to Mary Immaculate, above all to the holy angels. May we, as St. Bernard tells us, show "respect for their presence, gratitude for benefits, confidence in their intercession."

ST. JOSEPH, MARCH 19th.

Father Faber styles this beloved "Patron of the universal Church," "the shadow of the eternal Father," and in all he has written with such poetic imagery, this is one of the most beautiful and mystical, with regard to St. Joseph.

Our divine Lord, born of a virgin-mother, infused into the heart of his foster-father, a love, more than paternal, and in the arms of that love

His holy Infancy rested safely. Under its guidance His hidden life increased "in age, and grace;" and the white lily of Mary's purity was secure beneath the protecting shadow of her chaste spouse.

We have seen many a lovely sunset, and watched the orb of day sinking into the golden West. Does not the resemblance seem as an emblem of St. Joseph's glorious soul, sinking, with parting splendors shed over it by the presence of Jesus and Mary, to eternal rest?

No wonder holy Church, though placing all states under his protection, invokes it in a special manner for the last hours of her children. O may he obtain for us to die in the arms of Jesus' love, and be consoled by the real or spiritual presence of Mary! "Dearest of saints, be with us when we die!"

"Hail holy Joseph, hail!

Chaste spouse of Mary, hail!

Pure as the lily flower

In Eden's peaceful vale."

ST. BENEDICT, MARCH 21st.

"Blessed," not merely in name, but in monastic perfection; to use the eulogium of holy Church in his feast. "He shone in his days as the morning star . . . as the moon at the full . . . as the sun when it shineth." And again, he is compared to "roses in the days of spring," and as "the lilies that are on the brink of the water," and around him "the ring of his brethren." (Ecc. 1.) His holy rule has been, and is even now, a school of sanctity and learning, and his children like the stars of heaven, and the sands of the sea-shore.

Prayer was his element; "By prayer he did all things, wrought miracles, saw visions, and prophesied," and,

finally, in an attitude of prayer, breathed forth his soul to God. There is a beautiful revelation recorded in the life of his spiritual daughter, St. Gertrude, in which St. Benedict promises his special aid at the hour of death to those who thank God for the favors accorded to his last moments. Let us ask him on this day, for the spirit of prayer, that golden key which unlocks the treasures of God's mercy, and opens the mystic gates of pearl leading to His kingdom.

We must not linger at present over many other glorious records of March. St. Patrick, to whom "the isle of saints owes her gift of faith, which shines undimmed after ages of persecution, and the rays of which, through her missionary or exiled children, have been diffused through other nations. St. Gregory the Great, whom the Church considers one of her doctors; St. John of God, a marvel of fraternal charity, and various saintly lives, but we will now, for a short space, dwell on a feast, which eternity alone can fully reveal to us in its beautiful mysteries, that of our blessed Mother's Annunciation.

MARCH 25, THE ANNUNCIATION.

Where shall our thoughts rest to-day? Let us elevate them to the eternal Father, and exclaim, "God so loved the world to give us His only-begotten Son!" Let us go in spirit to Nazareth and contemplate the abasement of the Word "made flesh," and the sentiments of His adorable Heart. "Behold I come to do Thy will!" Let us admire the purity, humility, sublime resignation of this "handmaid of the Lord," and listen to the melody of that first "Ave," which, through all ages, is echoing in Holy Church.

Above all, we will unite ourselves to the mutual love of Jesus and Mary, praying thus: "O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee!" Then this feast will give *them* new glory, and to *us* new joy and grace, and will be one of those "bright days that strew the year like stars," when, with unwonted confidence, we exclaim: "Pray for us *now*, and at the hour of our death."

—

LINES IN REMEMBRANCE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1889.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

Let all in me rejoice,

And praise Him in the sacred tones

Of His sweet Mother's voice.

For each succeeding year, the dawn

Of great Saint Patrick's Day,

Illumes, with golden light, that seal

Which ne'er shall pass away.

Blest altar of the living God!

Thou holy Mount of Prayer!

For Jesus in the Sacred Host

Is ever pleading there.

"What shall I render to the Lord

For all His gifts to me?"

I'll take the Chalice of His Blood

Poured forth on Calvary.

And glorify His Blessed Name

(This Blood my debt shall pay,)

For still He whispers to my soul:

"Thou art a priest for aye." *

Plead for me glorious Saint, whose word

In Erin's land of old.

Diffused the precious gift of faith

More bright than virgin-gold.

O Mother! keep my hands unstained,

My heart like sun-beam's rays,

And fervent every sacrifice

As on St. Patrick's Day.

—E. DE M.

* *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum.*—1's. cix. 5.

ST. JOSEPH—MARVEL OF PURITY.



MAN, in his original innocence, was little less than the angels, being free from taint or even tendency toward sin. Since the fall of our first parents from their high estate as the favored children of God, our nature has, however, undergone a marked change. Prone to evil—subject to sin and its befouling influence—our hearts are swayed by passion and our intellects clouded by its unholy promptings. Born children of wrath—doomed to suffer from the inheritance of sin bequeathed to us—we cannot escape from the miseries that surround us and form part of our lives. Our senses are in constant rebellion against us, striving to acquire mastery over us that they may degrade and ruin our souls. This conflict goes on daily until the end of our earthly pilgrimage, when, if by the aid of divine grace and our own vigilance, we triumph over the enemies that assail us, we are crowned with enduring recompense.

To this universal rule there have been, however, some exceptions by the special Providence and mercy of the Almighty and in furtherance of His divine plans and purposes. It is needless to say that first amongst the persons thus singularly privileged was the ever glorious and Immaculate Mother of God. Never for a single instant was she under the influence or dominion of sin. Nor did she ever suffer from impure inspirations or promptings

of nature. In her sin had no place, nor power to tarnish or impair. In mind and body she was immaculately pure—stainless as the snow. This was necessary on account of the part she had in the great work of our redemption. Mary was the predestined one—the woman who should crush the head of the infernal serpent. A woman had been the occasion of our fall, so also would a woman be instrumental in our regeneration. By Eve's prevarication we lost our heavenly inheritance, by Mary's blessed agency we were restored to the grace and friendship of God. In this great work virginal innocence and purity were absolutely essential to the consummation of the merciful designs of the Almighty in our regard. God could not have permitted His divine Son to take flesh of an impure or impaired nature, since it would be a reflection upon His own Holiness and a want of respect and consideration for the one selected to be the Mother of our Redeemer.

The special triumph of Mary over satan was in her Immaculate Conception and birth of the Son of God, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, whose overshadowing influence effected that stupendous miracle of love. This is the chief source of her great dignity and ours. We can point with just pride to our Holy Mother and salute her with the homage of our hearts: "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is no spot or stain in thee!"

Next in rank and dignity to Mary is the peerless St. Joseph, her virginal spouse, who bears close resemblance to her in mind and heart. Each is a

special creation, in that each has peculiar traits and virtues that no other creature can possess in the same degree of fulness or perfection. Mary is unique in that she was a mother and at the same time a virgin, a privilege which she alone enjoyed. She is also privileged in other respects far in excess of any other creature, being the master-piece of Omnipotence. God, says a pious writer, could create other worlds more beautiful than this, but He can not fashion a being more perfect and charming than the Mother of His divine Son. Mary is, therefore, the most perfect work of the Divinity, upon whom is lavished the highest gifts and greatest favors which even God can bestow. No created intelligence can rise to the comprehension of her immeasurable greatness or even imperfectly describe the qualities that endear her to God. He alone, whose delight and crowning work she is, can adequately proclaim her praises and her perfections. We, creatures, can best testify our appreciation of her merits by offering her the pious reverence of our hearts.

The stainless purity that distinguished Immaculate Mary also marked in a pre-eminent degree the character of St. Joseph. It was fitting that he should rank first among men in this respect, since he was destined for companionship with the purest creature that has ever emanated from the hand of God. And so it was. All other types and models of purity presented to our imitation, are in no wise worthy of comparison with St. Joseph. He stands alone, unapproachable in his grandeur. The dazzling splendor of his unsullied virtue sheds a light ineffable, and the brilliant radiance of his unspeakable purity throws a halo of heavenly glory around his name.

Worthy associate was he for the Virgin-Mother of Christ, who beheld in his chaste soul the image and reflection of her own. Nay more, St. Joseph was deemed worthy to be the companion and foster-father of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, in whose divine embrace he learned more fully than any other man the secrets of heaven. May we not suppose that in his intercourse and communion with the Son of God, who was obedient to Him, he became acquainted with His merciful designs in behalf of humanity, as far at least as his limited powers could take in the plans of the Redeemer. Certain it is that he bore closer relations to, and was beloved by Him more, than any other man. It is cited in Scripture as a singular privilege accorded to St. John alone that he was permitted to repose his head on the bosom of Christ at the Last Supper. The incident was most remarkable and betokened great consideration and love on the part of our Lord for that disciple. What shall be said of St. Joseph, who nursed and fondled the Saviour in His youth, and supported Him by the labor of his hands? Was he not commanded by the angel to take the Child and His mother and fly into Egypt to escape the persecution of Herod? Aware of the precious charge confided to his care, he lavished upon Jesus and Mary all the affection and tender solicitude of a truly noble soul. Who can enter into the feelings and sentiments of that holy man, as he undertook the long and fatiguing journey? Forgetful of self and indifferent to all else, he thought only of doing God's holy will. No word of murmur or complaint escaped his lips. His trust in Providence was simple and unchanging. The sweet face of Mary and smile of Jesus banished all fear from his mind

and heart, and sustained his courage in executing the divine command.

To render him worthy of such companionship and so sacred a trust, we may readily conclude that St. Joseph was a model of perfect purity. Though perfect purity is scarcely attainable in this life; for according to St. Francis of Sales, this virtue is more the property of angels than of men, yet St. Joseph was an exception to this rule, in so far that he was exempt from the influence of rebellious nature and entirely free from the domination of the senses and cravings of the lower appetites that tend to bewitch and enslave so many. If St. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb, and probably exempt from the sting of concupiscence, St. Joseph, we may believe, was likewise favored even in a higher degree. The fact that he was chosen of God to be the spouse of the mother of His divine Son—the purest of all creatures—clearly warrants this conclusion, if it be not supported by other and weightier proofs.

St. Joseph was a witness to the fact of the incarnation and birth of the Redeemer of mankind, and of the stainless integrity of Mary, His Virgin-Mother. As such he assumes pre-eminence among men, not only on account of his exceptional virtue but also by reason of his connection with the parties to the accomplishment of that ineffable mystery of God's love. The honor and glory that invest Immaculate Mary reflect upon St. Joseph and become of right part of his inheritance. In the birth of Jesus Christ a new and spiritual generation was born into the world, of which He is the head. Virginity crowned Maternity, and rendered fruitful the seed of the woman who crushed the head of the serpent. By virtue of His birth, we

live and are elevated above the angels, being made sharers in His merits and His dignity. By reason of the graces vouchsafed through His Passion and death on the Cross, virginity is made not only practicable but easy even to weak mortals like ourselves. Thus may be lead upon earth the life of the blessed in heaven by anticipation, for this is the meaning of a life of virginity. Such was the life of St. Joseph, whose singular purity made him a fit companion for Jesus and Mary and merited for him the esteem and love of both. The most perfect model of exalted purity, he deserves to rank in honor and dignity among men. No less conspicuous for his wisdom in governing the family than for his great purity, he is alike a model for parents and those consecrated to the service of God in religion. All may see in his admirable virtues incentive to the faithful performance of duty. Truly may it be said: "Thou art worthy, O St. Joseph, to rule over the King's dominions." Deign, we beseech thee, to bestow upon us the favors of which thou art the dispenser, above all the grace of a happy death!

There are days when the sun does not shine, when the sky is dark and heavy with clouds and the rain pours steadily down. These are the days when trouble comes upon us, and we search vainly for a ray of light in the darkening sky. Yet we know all the time the sun is shining behind those heavy clouds and soon they will be forced asunder and the sun in all its radiance and beauty will diffuse its gladdening rays over all. The soil refreshed by the rain, and warmed by the sun, will send forth its fairest blossoms. So is life with its endless trials and blessings, full to the brim of joys and sorrows, let us accept with thankful hearts the sunshine and with patience the rain.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I.

Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

The following wonderful cure was told by an eyewitness of the event, a relative of the parish priest at Treves (Rhône). It occurred in 1858 :

The mother of a numerous family had, for years, suffered excessively from quinsy in a most aggravated form, and although she had the attendance of an able physician, Dr. Anton, of Rive de Gier, her recovery seemed finally more doubtful than ever. The malady, which up to this time had affected only the outside, now threatened to penetrate to the very interior of her throat. Her breathing became so difficult that no one could look on without the deepest commiseration, and at last the power of speech entirely left the poor invalid.

Dr. Anton, who was tireless in his efforts to relieve her, as a last hope applied "*la pierre infernale*," without the slightest effect. Her sufferings were terrible. *Not a ray of hope was left.* Her husband and children, overwhelmed with sorrow, awaited the end. But suddenly this heroic Christian, placing all her confidence in our Lady of Mount Carmel, made one final effort in her own behalf. Seizing her Scapular, the efficacious remedy of Mary's clients, she forced it, as far as possible, into her throat. Wonderful reward of such faith !

The more she forced it, the greater relief she experienced. She breathed more freely, could swallow her saliva, and even regained her lost power of speech. Then she drew out the Scapular, and the swelling disappeared without the breaking and discharge which are inseparable from such troubles.

This marvelous and almost instantaneous cure did not stop here. The pious mother, with renewed strength, found herself perfectly able to leave her bed, and resume the charge of her household and family.

II.

The following example is more striking even than the preceding. A young man who was noted for his piety and fervor, unfortunately began to grow tepid, and by degrees entirely abandoned the practice of his religion. And, sad to say, a neglected cold had superinduced consumption, which was slowly leading him to the tomb. His family dreaded to tell him of his danger. He himself clung to the illusion that he would baffle death, and repulsed the efforts of those true friends who fain would have him send for a priest. To see the priest he imagined would be indeed an assurance that he would die.

The most fervent and imploring prayers went up, for three days, by the couch of the invalid, to our Lady of Mount Carmel for the once devout youth, who alas ! now lay as if unconscious and unable to speak. That he was *not* unconscious, however, now became apparent, for he made a sign which his most intimate friend understood as a request that the Scapular should be placed around his neck. Full of joy, the friend took off his own and complied with the wish of the penitent, who at once regained his speech, began to pray to Mary, and, from that moment, invoked her assistance. Never has this merciful mother been invoked in vain. O ! marvelous proof of her protection ! A priest on the mission, coming to where two roads met, thought he must have taken the wrong route, but it was the maternal hand of our Lady who guided his steps to the dying youth. The last Sacraments were received with the greatest fervor. He confessed, with tears, the sins of his past life, and edified every one by the sincerity of his confession.

And when his life, thus prolonged through the infinite mercy of God for a while, ended, the dear Queen of Carmel led her penitent child to his bright home in heaven.

"The Scapular is the hope of the faithful and salvation of sinners."

AN EASTER REVELATION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



IN Allan Tremaine's face lay an expression it had never known before, the whiteness of an agony which had found partial, but merciful relief. His head was bowed and his heart as well. Judge Peterson, the gentleman who had just left his office, had brought him word of comfort. Bert was saved—saved! Ruin, exposure, disgrace were warded off—the Lord be thanked!—yet, once more.

"Oh, Bert! Bert!" he cried out at last, unable to control his pain, and the rare tears of a stern man trickled down his cheeks.

To him this younger brother was inexpressibly dear. He thought of him as a small boy, fair as a cherub, with golden curls and angel eyes—beauty had not been his own portion, even then—but for this light-hearted lad, whom every one loved, to fall into evil day by day and to find every influence powerless to save, this had been for him a crushing torture. Years had passed, and the weight was still crushing, heavier now than ever before, and fraught with deeper pain.

First, Bert had become dissipated, in a merry way, that made the world forgive him; then, all at once, he fell lower—into the gulf of the gambler, the hell of the sot. Now the worst had come, crime, punishable by law. Dishonesty—nay, what some rigorists might have termed forgery—at all events, the appropriation of funds that were none of his, had just been condoned by glad repayment of the money, as restitution, and the greatest plea, he, Allan Tremaine, the great advocate, had ever made. This plea had fallen on friendly hearts, inclined to mercy. It had been the more intense for its privacy, the secrecy which alone sheltered his own flesh and blood.

He had been nearly frantic these many days, picturing Bert, *his* Bert, his

own father's son, behind the savagery of prison bars. The men concerned had pitied him, feeling his mental torture, and had spared Bert for his sake. They had said to the culprit, "Go thy ways for this time!" and their lenience seemed, in its way, almost divine.

Yet Allan Tremaine knew in his hearts of hearts that it was but reprieve. What would Bert do next? What new transgression would bring the sweat to his brow, the pang to his heart? Unless some inner change were wrought Bert would surely sin afresh, and no plea would, then, avail.

He reviewed Bert's course of life, as he had done a thousand times before, wondering if anything more could have been done for him. Would anything else have rescued the lad? He had himself argued and pleaded, in burning words, born of love and despair; religious forces had not been wanting; Bert had been the theme of many a prayer-meeting petition; his mother had wept over the prodigal in the earlier part of his career; both parents were gone, now; the knowledge of the worst having been spared them, he reflected—the burden lay on himself, alone!

He understood, now, the Easter cry for "newness of life;"—for once, he too, would plead for it with earnestness. He was bearing the sin of one soul only—one besides his own; but their merciful Saviour bore the sin of the world. That was what the Cross meant, then;—no wonder they raised it on altar and steeple! It might be superstition; but, for the first time, he Allan Tremaine, felt humbly superstitious. From that Cross and the risen Lord alone flowed "newness of life." This, in his heart, he knew.

Pressed by these thoughts, Allan Tremaine suddenly pushed them by and went out to keep an appointment. The friend he met at Delmonico's was a young artist of quick perceptions, who felt the cloud of his soul-sick mood.

"Cheer up, Tremaine! That's a good boy!" cried the saucy but sympathetic lad, with the smile that his artist world voted irresistible. "The sun shines to-day and will shine again to-morrow. I do not understand what the trouble is, but we all have enough of it! Come out on the avenue with thy 'rueful countenance' and see for thyself how bright it is!"

So, together they sallied forth into the sunshine. The softness of the air—it was early spring—the tender blue overhead, the twittering of innumerable sparrows and the brightening faces of the people thronging hither and thither insensibly soothed the care which was hourly consuming Tremaine. He thought of the old motto, "Cor ne edito." "Eat not the heart!" His friend's enthusiasm was contagious—Cecil Doane's light-heartedness had become an actual charity to his soberer comrades—and, as he rattled away through a fusillade of delighted outbursts, Tremaine caught a little of it, here and there, through his own chain of thought.

"The good God has brought us the spring again"—"the air smells like violets—see them, Tremaine, on the ladies' wraps"—"the tree-buds are swelling, over yonder, in the Square"—"it is the promise of new life"—and much more, with touches of close artistic observation dropped in unawares.

"A new life, yes!" murmured Tremaine. Another and a purer life, white as the soft, billowy cloud-masses above in the blue,—that was what he yearned for, thinking still of Bert,—what he would even have prayed for, had he been a praying man! He voiced his next thought inadvertently.

"I believe the pious people do get comfort out of their piety, after all!"

"Indeed, they do!" cried his optimistic friend, with that assurance of faith which is the divine wisdom of youth. "Even as I get it, perpetually, from art—itself, a reflection of the essential, eternal and infinite Beauty. My vocation was not for the cloister, but the studio. Yet I also worship."

The sun was flashing golden lights

over the granite grays and marble whitenesses of the splendid blocks, as they strode on. It warmed and deepened their ruddy sandstones into a darker blush and accented the gilded embellishments of cornices and arches. Its touch seemed to re-create the multi-fold forms of architectural expression going to make up that great richness of complicate beauty which forms the composite charm of New York. Cecil cried out in rapture.

"It is all the sun! When Heaven touches the Earth, behold the glory!" "That is religion," he insisted. "Behold all things are become new." As if in emphasis, even as he spoke, through a sudden opening between two great blocks, the freed light swept down triumphantly into the shadows.

Then he started, like one who sees a vision.

"There it is again, too, Tremaine! On that girl's face! If I could only paint that!"

Before Tremaine was aware, the impulsive artist had whirled him round a corner and both were sailing in the wake of a very beautiful woman. A distant glimpse convinced even Tremaine. She was clad in a plain but exquisite costume, and her tiny prayer-book marked her as one of the worshippers just leaving the Cathedral. Cecil Doane answered the query on Tremaine's half-bewildered face.

"It is Lent, my good fellow. Thou didst not know that? Povero! Poverissimo? Why, she had been praying! Ah! you are not a Catholic—you do not understand! I caught that look on her face, which the masters reproduce—the peace of answered prayer, the glow, as of Divine presence. If I had that on canvas,—had even a gleam of it,—my work would flash out also, and speak, and sing! I must see her again, an instant. Then I go home, to sketch from memory."

They were closely approaching the girl, when Allan Tremaine stopped and recoiled. It was Nora Delavan. His companion still rushed onward, but he dared not follow, to risk recognition. What could have brought her back to New York? A world of old memories

sprang to life at sight of her, like a host of demons. Soon young Doane returned, breathless, but radiant.

"There! I saw her again; I have her face now. Forgive me for going, but I must sketch it before it vanishes. Addio, Tremaine!" And the gay impressionist set off for his studio at a dashing pace.

Nora Delavan! It was now long past, the time when Bert was so bewitched with her, and would have made her his wife forthwith, but for his own intervention. He had pulled Bert out of his snare, as out of many others. A misalliance, a low marriage, as his family regarded it, was a thing to prevent, if possible; he had prevented it, and Bert had submitted, though with great sullenness. Perhaps it had not been so well done, after all, though he had acted conscientiously. Bert had revenged himself, he recollected, at the time, by many excesses. He had fallen in the scale of manhood alarmingly, since then! But she! Ah, she had risen—and grown so fair that a mere stranger felt and worshipped her Madonna face. Tremaine knew the secret of its new beauty; it was resignation to the will of God.

While thus pondering—he had now reached his office—a step was heard on the stair, his door opened and the culprit appeared. He looked a bad subject, this Albert Tremaine, for moral suasion or any genteel renovation. Wrath and stubbornness had brought elements of strength into a face otherwise feeble; he had braced himself against reproaches, against an impending scene. A great helplessness fell on the accusing brother, a strong consciousness that some mighty power—some power that was none of his—alone could lift or save. His face fell.

"I suppose it is useless to talk, Bert,"—he spoke with the gravity of despair.

"Right you are," calmly retorted the transgressor. "Then I can only inform you, as a matter of fact, that legal proceedings will not be entered upon in your case. Judge Peterson informed me, this morning." Bert Tremaine drew a long breath; fear had

punished him already, and that severely.

His irresolute face relaxed into softer lines, as he felt release from pressure. Gazing at him with intensity born of his own anguish Allan Tremaine could only say to himself with reiterated conviction, "Bert is not desperate, not past hope; he needs an influence." As if in response, before him rose a strong, sweet face. It was again Nora Delavan.

He made his next move quietly, yet as last resort. He carefully dropped his voice to its ordinary tone. "I saw an old friend of yours up town to-day,—I must not forget to tell you. Bert, you remember Nora Delavan."

The young fellow's expression for the next moment was a study. Surprise, relief and joy too deep for words struggled for the mastery; then, the hard, set lips gave way and quivered beneath the shock. He had come steeled for blows, and behold, a vision of tenderness like nothing the poor lad had ever known, save from his mother,—a tenderness bound up with every thought of Nora.

Allan Tremaine saw the whole at a glance. "God help her to save him, if she can and will! And this mental cry in its surrender of his deepest prejudice evidenced, more than aught else on earth could do, the poignancy of his distress. He had suffered more than Bert through the last weeks—in fact, was capable of more suffering—and knew that desperate disease meant desperate remedy. Nora Delavan, at that moment, seemed the acme of Bert's untowardness.

It did not matter what she made of him, if he could only be brought to penitence and newness of life! If love were the agency, why should he bar its way?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Little deeds are sunbeams,
Deeds that are kind and true;
Sow the seed as you're passing by,
And the blossoms will be for you.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings
671 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

About one week of the Lenten season has passed, and so it is not too late to say a few words to you about it.

Now-a-days very few people fast, and few even abstain from meat, and so the *spirit* of Lent seems to be dying out among us. It does not occur to many that Lent is intended to be a time of *penance*, and that the Church, which is the voice of God, wishes her children to feel the touch of the holy season. Instead of that, we make a great fuss every Lent because we are more uncomfortable than at other times. Isn't it a pity that so many of us spoil a good thing by the ungracious way we do it. We wouldn't *dream* of doing a favor to a friend in the same niggardly spirit with which we treat our blessed Lord, and surely He does not deserve such treatment at our hands. Why not try to think a little about His Passion every day in Lent. That would be one way of spending it holily and well.

Then, again, think how silent our dear Lord was under all His sufferings ; how patient and forgiving He was, and how very very beautiful His Holy Face must have been even in its awful disfigurement. Why did the Jews not see the beauty of His sacred countenance ? Because sin blinded them to it. Dear children, so it is with us. If we were more like the saints, we, too,

would be so much in love with the beauty of the Holy Face, and with the desire to repair the outrages inflicted upon it during the Passion, that we would gladly welcome Lent, with its little privations and many opportunities for proving our love for our suffering Lord. "Teach me to be generous to Thee !" should be our prayer every day of our lives. God is so good to us, so merciful, and we are so selfish and so mean-spirited. Surely, it is enough to make us blush for shame. Now suppose we begin this March, the month of St. Joseph, to keep Lent with a loving, generous heart. Little things often prove most effectually how deeply devoted we are to our friends. So it is with our dear Lord. Everything is easy to a lover. Getting up early to go to Mass, to go to Calvary as our Blessed Lady and St. John did long ago, doing without sweets—or even pickles—holding our tongues two or three times a day, reading *no novels*, and trying in any way we can, quietly and good naturedly, to make our Lord feel that we compassionate His sufferings—that is keeping Lent.

Who will best teach us how to do it ? Our Lady of Sorrows. During the seven Fridays of Lent let us go and sit beside her and she will tell us what to do by way of penance. Read the *Stabat Mater* on the Fridays of Lent, and catch the spirit of that beautiful hymn. Try to think how our dear Lady of Sorrows would spend a Lent if she were in your place. Would she think anything hard or too much ?

Oh, no! Everything is easy to him who loves.

St. Joseph knew nothing of our Blessed Lord's Passion, because he died before its dark days; but he will obtain for us grace to be silent and so to learn the secret of the saints. Silence was his great virtue, and many of us need it sadly. Ask for it in the novena for his feast, March 19th. April 1 will be the feast of the Seven Dolors, the day when we honor particularly our dear Lady of Sorrows. Go to some church where she is represented as sitting with that dead body of her divine Son on her lap. Truly is she the Mother of Sorrows. Kneel before her and tell her how you would like to have been near her in the hour of *her* desolation, and ask her to be near you when your day of sorrow comes. Long may it be in coming to you, dear children, if so God will it, but be sure when it does come, the arms of our dear Lady of Sorrows will be your sure refuge. Earn the right to throw yourself into the arms of her tenderness by devotion to her sorrows and pray for those who know her not. Pray for the unhappy ones who know not the inestimable blessing which God gives to those who mourn without the heart of the Mother of Sorrows to rest on.

A letter from a friend of the Children's Corner of *THE REVIEW* asks if she may answer the puzzles, etc. Why, certainly. The Secretary has a very one-sided work to do, and would gladly hear from the little ones at any time.

A happy, holy Lent to all of them. Don't forget to laugh even if you are trying to be extra good. A sad saint is no saint. Good-natured piety is the kind we want in these days to draw people to God. So be laughing apostles and pray for your devoted friend,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Enigma: The letter "W."
2. Beheaded words: 1, twine; 2, Keel; 3, stone; 4, tear; 5, dearth.
3. Coal.
4. Because they come after "T."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Lord Nelson.
2. The Chickadee.
3. John Burroughs.
4. John Howard Payne who wrote "Home Sweet Home."
5. Cooper.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. *A Couundrum*: I'm lead, but never lead; stationery, yet when taken by the hand of man glide swiftly along; black at heart, yet oft make glad the heart of many. Without feet, I often stray. Children love me, and although often very hard, I yield to the pressure of their little hands and "go all to pieces." What am I?
2. Why are pancakes like umbrellas?
3. Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe?
4. What is the favorite word with women?
5. What tune can be made out of bank notes?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What city in Spain was called the "Athens of the West"?
2. Where is the monks' railroad?
3. Where did the Atlantic ocean get its name?
4. In how many languages is holy Mass celebrated?
5. What is Eternity?

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Our Lord took His Apostles aside when they were fatigued and said, "Let us rest awhile." He never drove his over-tired faculties."—Bishop Ullathorne.

2. St. Joseph sanctified his work by carrying God with him into his workshop.—Fr. Hecker.

3. God never crushes a humbled soul. He lifts it up and rouses hope in the most discouraged hearts.—De Ravignan.

4. God will bless the little you have and He will content you.—St. Francis de Sales.

5. Life is ever Lord of death
And Love can never lose its own.
—Whittier.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like something rustling in the grass,
O, wind a-blowing all day long,
O, wind that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O, wind a-blowing all day long,
O, wind that sings so loud a song.
O, you that are so young and cold,
O, blower, are you young or old?
Are you a bird of field and sky,
Or just a stronger child than I?
O, wind a-blowing all day long,
O, wind that sings so loud a song.

Feast of the Annunciation (March 25th.)

This is one of the greatest feast-days in the year. In old times the people began the year on the Feast of the Annunciation, because upon that day our

redemption began. This is the day on which the archangel came to the city of Nazareth, where the Blessed Virgin lived, to tell her that she should be the mother of God. You know what that bright angel said first to Mary, "Hail, full of grace; blessed art thou among women!"

Let us think of Mary, poor, lowly, unknown, but chosen to be the mother of God because she was so humble! It is with those who think little of themselves, and have loving thoughts of God, that Jesus dwells.

Dear children, you who are preparing for your first communion, make your hearts ready for His heavenly visit, for He will come to you as truly as He did to the Blessed Virgin, when the angel said, "Hail Mary!"

"Hail Mary! infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
Hail Mary! with faint smile
The dying say.

"Hail Mary! Queen of Heaven!
We too repeat,
And place our snow-drop wreath
Here at thy feet."

A Child's Thoughts of God.

They say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God, and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him, all that's glory
shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all
things made,
Through sight and sound of every
place,
As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark,
dear guesser?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

NOTICE.

Again we beg our readers to inclose their full names and addresses when writing to us. Not knowing the sender's address, we are forced to leave many letters unanswered. Always address all communications to

**THE CARMELITE FATHERS,
Niagara Falls, Ontario.**

The Holy Season.

The Church of God, in her scheme for the sanctification of souls, builds upon nature. Nature is not to be destroyed, but to be redeemed. Redemption, however, is only possible by the Cross. Therefore nature must be stretched upon the cross. Penance and mortification are absolutely necessary for the birth and growth of virtue. The season of Lent is pre-eminently a season of holiness, the Holy Season. Prayer, fasting and the sacraments are all employed to redeem our weak fallen nature. At no time was a firm belief in the necessity of mortification more necessary than at present. Self-indulgence is the curse of the dying century. It is encouraged in the child, becomes the bane of youth, the ruin of the adult, and the shame of old age. It is the cause of the frightful lawlessness which is gradually under-mining the very foundation of modern society. It is the cause of more misery and wretchedness, than the abnormal growth of monopolies and bought legislatures. There is but one possible check to it, and that cannot be found in nature. Self-control, as a natural virtue, is never complete, even in the noblest of men. It requires a supernatural help to make us ardent followers of the Cross. Prayer is the key to grace. One who prays is more ready to fast, than one who does not. Hence we find that the most prayerful souls are the most mortified. Religious orders, which are especially dedicated to prayer, are the very ones whose rules are most austere.

A New Champion of the Cross.

When a few weeks ago the news was flashed across the cable, that Germany had seized Kiao Chow in China, in order to pro-

tect Catholic missionaries, the student of contemporary history must have considered it another case of "Saul among the prophets." The great struggle of the empire against Catholicism the *Kulturkampf*, is barely ended with the signal defeat of the anti-Catholic standard-bearer and his legions, when the standard of the Cross is raised, and a crusade, announced against the pagan in favor of the Catholic missions and Catholic missionaries. Of course, there is politics in it. The German *Weltpolitik* is beginning to make itself felt everywhere. But there is a deeper meaning in it, than appears on the surface. Godless France, which, at the beginning of this century destroyed the Catholic Roman Empire and imprisoned the Pope, afterwards set itself up as the protector of the Papacy and of Catholic missions. It betrayed its trust, betrayed Pope Pius IX, and while still holding a protecting hand over foreign missions, persecuted the Church at home. Now, it is a new German empire built upon the ruins of the *grande nation*, not a Catholic Roman Empire alas! but a Protestant German Empire, which, is assuming the protectorate of Catholic missions in Asia and Africa. It may be, and very probably is, the wish of the ambitious emperor of Germany to use the Church, as a means to achieve his political ends, but man proposes, and God disposes. The day may come, when, as a result of this championship of the cross, and, as a reward for this manly atonement of the *Kulturkampf*, another Catholic Empire will rule the world.

Fought the Good Fight.

We should be ungrateful did we not ask our readers to pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph A. Schoenenberger—former editor and proprietor of the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati—who died lately at Norwood, Ohio. With the deceased, the cause of religion and morality always held first place. He was a man of conscience, and never hesitated in telling the plain truth. In devoting his life to Catholic journalism, Mr. Schoenenberger made great personal sacrifices. He was one of the first friends of THE CARMELITE

REVIEW, and his letters to us reflect a deep-seated devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel. May she conduct him to the abode of eternal happiness!

Memorare for March.

Some of our readers have requested us to publish the efficacious little prayer known as the "Memorare of St. Joseph." We gladly insert it here, and whilst doing so feel certain that during the month of March it will be recited by thousands of lips, and bring down upon those who say it a multitude of blessings through the hands of our holy Patron and Protector. Here is the prayer:

"What consolation I feel, O my amiable and powerful protector, to hear thy servant, St. Teresa, assure us that no one has ever invoked thee in vain, and that all those who have true devotion to thee, and invoke thy assistance with confidence, have always been answered. Animated by a similar confidence, I have recourse to thee, O worthy spouse of the Virgin of virgins; I take refuge at thy feet, and though I am a sinner, I present myself before thee. Reject not my humble prayers, O thou who hast borne the glorious name of father of Jesus; but listen favorably to them, and deign to intercede for us with Him who vouchsafed to be called thy Son, and who has always honored thee as His father. Amen."

Patron and Protector.

In all stations of life we see devout clients of St. Joseph, and their boundless faith in the power and prayers of the great saint should put to shame our want of confidence in the Spouse of Mary. It is in place during this month to cite an example. Of all the holy Pontiffs, Clement XI. was a most ardent devotee of St. Joseph. This pious Pope was approaching the end of his earthly career and lay on his bed awaiting death. After he had devoutly received the last rites of holy Church, he called his nephew to approach nearer to him. "Mark well what I say!" said the Pope. "Behold now the end of all earthly honor and glory. Nothing is great that is not great in the eyes of God. Seek the praise of God; shun the praises of men!" Death came on the feast of St. Joseph. Before expiring, the Pope said to Cardinal Olivieri: "I have always firmly believed that the beloved Saint Joseph was a most powerful advocate for us with God; I have always desired to die on his festival. It is celebrated to-day, and I hope to obtain my request." These were the last words of this holy Pontiff. May his

example move us to daily honor St. Joseph, through whom we should unceasingly beg the grace of graces—a happy death.

Death on the Rail.

Time and again the better element in the towns and cities has entered protest against unbecoming and suggestive representations on the bill boards. It is now about time for decent and clean-minded people to resist the encroachment in another place by energetic but unscrupulous advertisers. They are making too good use of advertising space in street-cars to gather in the people's money and damn souls. These "catchy" advertisements are so placed that the offended eye can scarcely shun them. These pieces of "art" are so printed as to adroitly keep outside of the law's clutches. Death and poison are there, nevertheless, and they enter through the eye. Let every one protest and do his best directly, or indirectly, to stop the evil.

Sacrificial Service.

Hearing daily Mass at times entails a little suffering and hence can be put among Lenten practices. Catholics know the real value of assisting at holy Mass. It is more than a sermon. In fact, preaching is not worship. In going to church we go to worship, and take part in an actual sacrifice. To listen to a sermon is, comparatively speaking, of less importance. Catholics receive instruction in their religion at home, in school, (or ought to) from reading, in the Confessional, at Sunday-school, and from the pulpit. The thing which draws them to church is the adoration of God, through the sacrifice made of Christ in the Mass. Our separated brethren have no Sacrifice nor priest—hence they make preaching the central attraction at their meeting places. To this they add music and singing, which is not worship. Nor can mere reading of the Holy Bible be called *worship*. A supreme act of worship is only made possible by a real and supreme act, which we designate a sacrifice. Meeting places depend on a man with a voice which can draw a crowd. On the contrary, as every Catholic child knows and firmly believes, our churches are houses of God in which our Lord actually dwells under the sacramental veil. That is why we are silent and reverent in our churches—why we see the ever-burning sanctuary lamp—why people kneel down in adoration, and finally why the reverent Catholic man, or boy, lifts his hat as he passes a church. Let us frequently visit Jesus in His earthly home, especially when through His anointed, ordained and consecrated minister—the priest, He offers Himself in sacrifice.

PUBLICATIONS.

The small sum of twenty cents will purchase an unusually interesting and edifying little book, telling the complete story of "The Carmelite Sisters of Compiegne who died for the Faith on the Scaffold of the (French) Revolution." The proceeds of the book go towards the cause of the holy nuns. Mention THE CARMELITE REVIEW and write to-day to the Carmelite Monastery, 61 Mt. Pleasant avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Fairy Gold" just from the *Ave Maria* press is another book to be commended for its neat typographical appearance. The publishers are happy in the choice of binding, which although inexpensive always catches the eye. *Fairy Gold* is one of Christian Reid's best books and will absorb the reader's attention from cover to cover. The price, one dollar, is money well invested.

Welcome to *The Victorian*. Its clever corps of contributors and critics make this monthly worthy of the model institute at West Seneca. All praise to the Victoria boys! May they long live to write *ad maiorem Mariae gloriam*.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from St. Alphonsus' Church, Windsor, Ont.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Bay St. George, Newfoundland; Mamadien, C. B.; Brechin, Ont.; East Margaree, N. S.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Lismore, N. S.; Church of the Angels' Guardian, Orillia, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Hackensack, N. J.; St. Francis Xavier Church, Tilbury, Ont.; Guysboro, N. S.; St. Catharines, Ont.; St. Ann's Church, Merrickville, Ont.; St. Rose Church, Walkerton, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Turner's Falls, Mass.; St. Mary's Church, Hesson, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; St. Vincent's Arch-Abbey, Beatty, Pa.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from:—Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Kiel, Wis.; Rushville, Ind.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss E. G., Ehnira, N. Y.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Miss E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. M. S., Corning, N. Y.; Miss A. G., Brattleboro, Vt.; Miss M. McC., Medina, N. Y.; Miss M. F., Beverly, N. J., Mrs. M. C., Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. J. K., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. D. L. M., Blooming Prairie,

Minn.; Miss D. R., Point St. Charles, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass. Stamps from: Miss K. L., New York City; Miss R. M., Avon, N. Y.; Miss L. B., Snyder, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. O., Longue Pointe, Que.; K. K., St. John, N. B.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss A. L., Kingston, Ont.; Paterson, N. J.; D. M., Lindsay, Ont. Scapulars: Ven. Sr. M. P., Blauveltville, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. E. McD., Kenwood, N. Y.; Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel is in receipt of many continued favors from Mr. Michael Lemee, of Pilley's Island, Newfoundland.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: For return of absent brother; for special graces; for conversion of three persons; for success in business for two; for employment for four; for success in studies for three novices; for special intention, three; for a young man's fidelity to religious duties; for the welfare of a parish; for the wants of a particular religious community; for assistance in financial affairs; for conversion of J. N. H. and J. P.; for grace of happy death for three; for a priest and parish; for health of children; for conversion of R. S.; for means to pay off a new house; for spiritual welfare of several children; for unconscious sick man that he may be able to receive last sacraments; for a husband to get work or succeed in business; for a son to secure good position in view; for a mother to regain her health; for a young mother to regain her health; corporal need, 2; physical, 1; sick, 2; employment 1; business 1; pecuniary need, 1; for absent ones, 1; means, 1; temperance, 2; sinners, 2; children 2; family peace, 1; patience, 1; particular, 1; parish, 1; Sunday School, 1; conversion, 1; special, 1; our novices, the Hospice, the REVIEW, and its readers, all the intentions of the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Sister M. Berchmans Morrow, Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Martha, St. Dunstan's convent, Fredericton, N. B.; Mrs. Catharine O'Neill, Rochester, N. Y.; Sarah Duffy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Barbara Weiss, Sleepy Eye, Minn.; Dr. M. Talbot, Dr. Cronyn, George King, Mrs. Patrick O'Toole, Mrs. Peter Beagan.

Thanksgiving.

A lady reader of *Petroleum*, Ont., desires to return thanks in the REVIEW for the temporal favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.



THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD.

The
Carmelite Review,
Niagara Falls, Ontario.



EASTER.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



touch the inward harp-strings, Lord!
 Let them vibrate for Thee
 In holy strains of Easter-song,
 And joyful melody.
 'Tis said, "Our sweetest songs are those
 That tell of saddest thought." *
 Ah! yes, too oft poetic themes
 With mournful tones are fraught.

II.

But now "the Winter time is past," †
 Behold white flowers of Spring:
 And list! for "Alleluja" notes
 Through angel-choirs ring.
 The mourning mother hears again,
 "O Queen of Heaven rejoice!"
 Once more she sees that Face divine,
 And hears her Son's sweet voice.

III.

O holy time of purest joy,
 And of celestial calm!
 Bright emblem of that glorious day,
 Whose fair light is the Lamb.
 Ye loved ones who have lately gone,
 Rejoice, be glad to-day!
 And send soft rays of Easter peace
 To us so far away.

Shelley.

† Cant. II.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER V.

THE APOSTLE OF AVIGNON—THE DOCTORATE—PROFESSORSHIP OF THEOLOGY—SERMONS—HIS SUCCESS IN SOLICITING ALMS—DIRECTION OF SOULS—1343-1347.



HE preacher, for whom the future held within its depths such vast opportunities in the exercise of his wonderful eloquence, had taken, nevertheless, only his first degree in theology. Would not his words possess a greater weight if they were surrounded with the prestige inseparable from the doctorate? Such was—and justly—the universal opinion of his friends. At the solicitation of Cardinal Talleyrand, the General Chapter of Carmelites relieved the Procurator of his charge, and Peter was forthwith sent once more to the Sorbonne, there to enter the lists for the honorable title of doctor.

His marvellous facility enabled him, without ever losing sight of the principal aim, to act as professor for the course of Holy Scripture. Worthy exponent of the inspired volumes, he seemed to be inspired himself, as he

commented upon the texts with the enthusiasm which springs from a fervent piety, and the wisdom which might be expected from his unusual gifts. And then, when he left the professor's chair, and became himself a disciple of the Masters in Theology, he shone forth as one of the most distinguished of the students in an institution which numbered so many illustrious names within its ranks.

According to the ordinary regulations, a five years' course was necessary before the title of doctor was given, but with the unanimous consent of the faculty, in consideration of his incontestable capacity, after only three years he was proclaimed Doctor in Theology, *Magister in Sacra Pagina*.

Behold Father Peter Thomas in the full vigor of manhood's years, in the splendor of his intellectual development, full of enthusiasm for the good cause, ready to go forth, a valiant knight, to combat against the kingdom of darkness. He is now armed with full authority to direct, as chieftain, all over the world, the never ceasing conflict against vice, wickedness and

heresy. The natural ardor of his temperament was intensified. With all the fire of a Machabeus, he hastened to offer his gleaming sword to the service of the holy See. Avignon had not forgotten him. His return (in 1346) was hailed with delight, and, as the new doctor of divinity, he became an object of public attention. He was appointed principal professor of studies at the Carmelite monastery, and, even more, Master of Theology at the Court.

We cannot precisely say what were the duties which this latter office entailed upon Father Peter. We know that it involved a constant intercourse with the ecclesiastical world, and gave him a most thorough knowledge of divine virtue and human frailty.

On the one hand, he proved, most happily all that there was of the pure, the generous, the incorruptible in this protecting element of sanctity on earth, which certainly at no epoch whatsoever has been universally found wanting. On the other, he most bitterly deplored the personal failings, the undeniable remissness, which obscured in so many of the clergy the glorious dignity of the priesthood.

But our Lord who, in his munificent generosity, prepares a way to bring entire nations to a sense of duty, watches over the ministers of his sanctuary with a special tenderness, and never neglects, at the most fitting moment, to raise up apostles whose untiring zeal eventually effects a reformation. Peter Thomas was the one at that time selected for the important mission. Thus, he very often found an opportunity to speak in sacerdotal assemblages, and this duty seemed to bring words of most scathing earnestness to his lips. For the benefit of the untruthful, he knew well how to hold up to contempt the most

repulsive pictures of that vice. Incapable of holding back the truth that might find its aim, he most vehemently reproached certain ecclesiastics who seemed to imitate the free and careless life of the soldier, without, however, taking upon themselves the hardships inseparable from the military life, and who lived upon the "fat of the land" with no thought of exerting themselves in accordance with the Divine command.

His unsparing admonitions were directed especially to those of the clergy who tried to secure benefices by unlawful means, and who, after having obtained them, dared to make use of the patrimony of the Church to keep horses, dogs, and even jesters, rather than to aid and relieve the poor of Jesus Christ.

Whilst Father Peter thus preached the Gospel with true evangelical vigor, and a fearless intrepidity of character, which rapidly gained for him the esteem of the clergy, and frequent invitations to speak before the Sacred College, he was never unmindful of that politeness whose groundwork is the golden rule. Of a noble and upright nature, superior mind, and gifted with great powers of oratory himself, Clement VI. loved to listen to this original genius as he hurled forth the most caustic criticisms, or sarcastic sorties against gilded vice. The Pontiff did not take exception even when he himself felt the point of some keen arrow sent with unerring aim by this undaunted, but, withal, prudent and respectful archer.

The masses also were sadly in want of a reformer. Worthless weeds sprang up amid the good grain; tares on every side amongst the wheat had stifled the growth, and the roots which went deep down into the soil of Avig-

non's spiritual meadow had wrought desolation—nay almost despair. The luxuriant vegetation on the verdant banks of the Rhone formed a screen for dead and withered branches, and it seemed indeed if some precaution were not taken, that this very prosperity threatened to become the leaven of mischief. The peaceful inhabitants of the ancient cities of St. Rufus and St. Aquila were, it might be said, so taken by surprise at their good fortune that they allowed the primitive simplicity of manners which had distinguished them to disappear beneath the treacherous waves of opulence. The fever of gold, and its inseparable attendant, the fever of pleasure, had enervated their souls! The fatal epidemic found many victims also in the throngs of strangers who constantly wandered hither. With no ties of country, home or family, living in luxurious idleness, how could it be otherwise than that they would participate in the universal disorders? Then, too, the Jews were there, ever ready with their usurious loans, thus promoting the evil deeds of the dissolute youth who applied to them. Even murder was not an infrequent result of the constantly recurring quarrels between the Provençals seeking for some office in the palace, and the Italians carried away by their jealousy and hatred. Political quarrels, which too often led to duels, were not unusual during this period, between the Gascons, so ready always to unsheath the sword, and the French, so proud of their lily white standard.

The *salons* of Avignon at this time were filled with a refined and cultured class of society, although heterogenous elements could not be entirely excluded. Polished in manner, its members could still lend themselves to the most

extravagant follies in the way of amusement.

According to Nostradamus—if we may place implicit reliance upon his history of Provence, which almost borders upon the marvelous—the “Court of Love,” so famed in song and story, still existed at the time of which we write. At least, if one hesitates to give credit to the fact that those indulgent tribunals existed *formally*, it is well known that a fatal infatuation for personal beauty bade fair to exercise an overweening fascination over those who elected to lay their homage at its shrine. No degree of gallantry was too exalted or extravagant, every where the same romantic code was in favor. Strength, as well as authority, power equally with talent bowed down before the flower-decked sceptres of their chosen queens.

Notwithstanding the poetical prestige which surrounded these feminine parliaments, and their severe judgments upon the most delicate questions, in spite of their vaunted morality and assumption of prudery, it required but little time on the part of the zealous Father Peter to set aside the protecting screens, and let in the full clear light of day upon the hidden motives of these too highly flattered objects of infatuation. Bringing in to the service the sarcastic turn, which was so very effective in his discourses, his caustic exhortations frequently brought forth a sickly smile upon the lips, and awakened serious reflections in the minds of these hitherto thoughtless and pleasure-loving creatures.

“*The fashions—the latest styles—the newest thing in dress.*” What an important place has not the chapter under this heading ever occupied in that mysterious volume, a woman's life,—

and the age now under consideration was far from being an exception to the rule. Father Peter did not spare his denunciations.

The excess to which this love of sumptuous attire was carried is well described in an elaborate paper, by a learned Vaclusien, on the extravagant tastes prevalent in Avignon. The masculine mind evidently ran in the same groove; nay, so bizarre were the men of this epoch in their selection of raiment, that often in a crowd it was difficult to distinguish them from women.

Petrarch even—and certainly he was anything but a rigorist—could not refrain, in one of his letters, from expressing his indignation at such posterous fashions.

In a city where there was such a vast field for a spiritual harvest, the saint could not remain inactive. Multiplying his labors, without ever thinking of fatigue, he frequently preached two and three sermons a day. Sometimes he was summoned to one of the seven parishes—sometimes to the lovely chapel of some grand old cloister, hither and thither, he was ever most willing, and announced the word of God to the most different congregations. Remembering the Divine injunction, "Go, and teach," he did not confine himself to the churches wherein so many sinners never enter. As was permissible in those days, he preached, when expedient, in public places. His oratorical gifts were not less appreciated at the centre of Catholicity than they had been at Quercy. His animated tones, his sympathetic voice, his penetrating glance and above all the practical nature of his instructions, which he knew how to clothe in language accessible to all, attracted the multitudes who hastened from the

hotels and public thoroughfares to hear him. Generously endowed with the Gascon humor, which has passed into a proverb, he knew well how to apply it for the benefit of souls. If the explanation of a dogma, or the exhortation upon the duties of a Christian, threatened to become tedious, he would relate some lively and telling narrative appropriate to the subject. He excelled also in the recital of pathetic little incidents culled like fragrant flowers from that vast garden of God, the history of his canonized saints.

Popular preachers, of which Father Peter was one of the finest specimens, lend themselves above all to the impulses of passion. But with him passion meant zeal for the glory of God, and the most ardent love for His immaculate Mother. His most enthusiastic passages were those in which he sang the praises, the privileges, the favors of this incomparable sovereign.

Relying upon the inspiration of the moment, the saint rarely put his sermons upon paper, thus we have not a fragment of his oratorical eloquence.

His style would perhaps not have suited the humanist—such as Petrarch—but the effect of his eloquence was not the less salutary. All went away consoled, and resolved to walk in the path of right. All left his presence bearing within their souls the germ of some Christian virtue. His triumphs were the triumphs of the Christian doctrine. The Holy Ghost spoke so evidently by the lips of Peter Thomas that Mezzieres hesitates not to affirm that as a preacher he had in his day no equal throughout the whole Church—and this both by word and example. His holiness of life, fit exposition of the fire of divine love within, even more than his ability, won him forgiveness for his vigorous attacks upon

the prevailing scandals of the age. Condemning the disorders of the masses as well as the evil deeds of the patricians, thundering forth his opinion of the vices of the foreign element, storming at the rapacity of the sub-agents, fearing not to attack the leniency of the Cardinals, he waged war against every abuse with a truly apostolic courage. And still Father Peter became ever more and more of a favorite. As his white mantle appeared in view upon the street, one might observe the esteem with which prelates and nobles, citizens of every degree, old men and youths just standing upon the threshold of manhood hastened to greet him. And the fair objects of his scathing admonitions on certain points saluted him with a reverence none the less profound that he had handled their foibles so unmercifully and even caused them to dispense with some of their superabundant appointments in the way of dress. Meanwhile public opinion was soon to give a substantial evidence of its regard. The Carmelite monastery at that time was under great pecuniary pressure and the field of alms-giving had, for some time, afforded but a very scanty gleanings. Day after day the weary monk, whose duty it was to make the attempt, returned to the cloister with the same discouraging results. In this extremity the Procurator, who had succeeded Father Peter in the office, asked the saint to come to their aid. The amiable religious had not to be entreated a second time, but, with the usual solicitor, went from door to door in accordance with the custom of mendicant friars. That day witnessed the end of the scarcity.

Gold and silver pieces came to fill the two pockets of the wallet to such an extent that the Procurator beheld

at his disposal the sum of 1000 florins (equal in value to 17,000 francs). Behold another result of the promise made by the Blessed Virgin to her faithful servant! Another motive for him to devote himself to MARY more and more ardently through every office that would aid him to save souls and glorify God. Neither the regular hours spent in the Chair of Theology, nor the time taken up as a popular preacher could diminish in the slightest degree the burning zeal of this apostle. It was at this epoch presumably that he composed his Treatise on the Immaculate Conception," one of the most ancient ever written *ex proso* upon this glorious prerogative of the mother of God. How we would delight to enliven our devotion to the Blessed Virgin by a perusal of those fervent and doctrinal pages! But, unfortunately, they are no longer extant. Bernardin de Busto and Salazar name Peter Thomas as one of the most able and vigorous defenders of the Immaculate Conception.

These two theologians (of the fourteenth century) therefore must have had the work in their possession, or at least had access to it, but in the following century the Bollandists when searching for the treatise were unable to find one single copy.

In addition to these theological studies and oratorical duties, the saint succeeded in reserving a large proportion of his precious time for the still more fruitful apostolate of the confessional. Every class was represented amongst his penitents. Prelates, priests, noble dames, men of every avocation hastened with holy eagerness to secure the benefit of his direction. It seemed as though he held the counsel, the encouragement, the consolation, the "word in season" ready

for each one as needed, and admirably suited to the occasion. The most inveterate sinners could approach him with confidence. Never was there a priest possessed of a greater power to lead to penitence an obdurate heart. The *sensible* pain which sin caused him aided the penitent greatly to conceive a heartfelt sorrow for his offences. Like unto St. Paul, willingly would he have taken upon himself the temporal punishment—Purgatory—if thereby he could have saved a soul from hell. So ardent was the fire of his charity!

Willingly—nay *eagerly* would he have suffered martyrdom if his blood would have been helpful to the salvation of the sinner who came to him to cast off in the sacred tribunal a weight of guilt borne, perhaps, from his earliest years.

Priests living in the vicinity frequently had recourse to him to solve some case of conscience, the solution of which they found difficult. The various tribunals of the Roman district consulted with him before their judicial decisions. The highest dignitaries, notably Cardinals Perigord and Etienne Aubert resumed their former custom of inviting him to their dwellings, for Father Peter had special gifts, or qualities, which made him the ornament of their charming and cultured re-unions. His intellect which grasped at first glance, let the question be what it might, added to his vast store of knowledge, enabled him to solve promptly and precisely the most weighty propositions brought forward *ex-abrupto*.

He was then, it seems, universally sought after, universally lauded, universally beloved. He had no enemies. What was the charm, can you tell me, which environed our saint, and prevented any jealousy or envy in his regard? What was that something which dissipated the slightest approach

to such sentiments, even as the warm afterglow of a gorgeous sunset scatters to the breeze those deadly mists which, in the low lands, wait to cast pestilence and death all about? It was his virtue—the virtue of the *true* children of the most amiable Virgin. Humble and retiring he was, and it is *only* those who are possessed of the two kindred virtues, humility and modesty, who can pursue their way without fear of the arrows of jealousy. Father Peter, in spite of all his brilliant success, gave offence to no one. Destitute of the spirit of ambition, content to merit the *confidence* of his illustrious friends, his desire was ever that to others should be granted their favors. His ardent desire was to enjoy to the utmost in his power the loved seclusion of the cloister, and there enrich the garden of his soul with the fragrant flowers of monastic virtues. Always eager to descend from the pinnacle of his celebrity, he sought occasions to prostrate himself at the feet of his superiors by the most instantaneous obedience, and to assume the rank of a simple religious by the most rigid observance of rule. He could not endure to have the least mitigation permitted him, no matter how fatiguing had been his labors, nor how exhausting his duties. And he would always rise at midnight for matins, even though the evening before had been one of the severest exertions. And when on his travels, during the whole course of his life, even when he had attained to the episcopal dignity, he made it a point to lodge at the houses of his Order and to take his meals at the general table in the refectory where abstinence from meat is of perpetual observance. With all the authority of an ascetic, then, well might he preach to the world union with God and penance.

THE DIGNITY OF WOMAN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REV. THEODORE JOHN McDONALD, O.C.C.



IN our last article we showed the state of slavery in which woman was held in pagan nations, and the exalted position to which she has been elevated in Christian society, through the refining influence of the holy Catholic Church. But as we only touched on one class of woman, it is necessary that we continue the same subject in this article, for the Church recognizes three different states occupied by all Christians. That is the Religious state, the state of Celibacy in the world, and the Married state.

Our Divine Lord taught us by word and example, here on earth, the most sanctified state of life, and the highest degree of perfection to which a human being can aspire. However, He did not command any one to enter this evangelic state of perfection, or to observe the evangelical counsels, by taking the vows of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience, but He counsels those who have a vocation for such a calling to embrace it. The taking and the observance of these vows constitute the very essence of the religious state, and is the nearest approach to the divine life led by our Lord and the Blessed Virgin here below. It is a reflex on earth of the angelic life in heaven, with this difference, that the angelic purity observed

by the religious on earth is more meritorious than that observed by the angels in heaven, for the angels whilst on trial, had no inclination to the opposite vice, as purity is an essential quality of their nature. This reflex on earth of the angelic life in heaven, if you except the priesthood, is the highest state to which the created intelligence can aspire, and it is on this elevated plane the Catholic Church has lifted up and placed the religious woman. But the Church has not only exalted her, but she maintains her in the position in which she placed her, and around this, her consecrated child, she throws the ægis of her protection. It would be a difficult problem to solve, only we know that the wisdom of God is foolishness with the world, how the world does not see nor does not understand the sublimity of the chaste life and the sacrifices of the religious woman. If the Incarnation of our Divine Lord was better understood, all Christians would look with a higher degree of reverence upon chastity. For God the Son, the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity is an infinite ocean of sanctity, and by becoming incarnate whilst not ceasing to be God He became Man also, and by so doing He exalted human nature and gave it a dignity that it had not before. One of the Fathers of the Church, in contemplating the Incarnation and through it the elevation of human nature, exclaimed: "The chaste man does honor to the flesh of Christ!" Our Divine Lord proclaimed chastity a beatitude to

all men, and promised heaven to its observers. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." It is an inheritance that He left to the Church, His divine spouse on earth, it is one of the brightest jewels in her crown, and glitters in the radiance of its beauty in spite of the calumnies of the world. But here we do not intend to make any apology for the chastity of the religious state or of the priesthood, for it requires none. The world may fume in its rage, it may manufacture scandals, it may multiply denials of the sanctity of the Church, it may go farther and have recourse, as it often has had, to persecution, but the stubborn fact still remains. The chastity of the religious state stands out before the world to-day as a fact, and this fact neither the world, nor any power on earth can destroy, because it is a divine gift bestowed by the heavenly Bridegroom to His beloved spouse on earth. This heavenly gift has come down to us through the ages of Christianity for the last nineteen centuries, and it will not cease to go down for nineteen centuries more if the world lasts for so long a period.

It is a strange fact, notwithstanding the protest of the world, that the world itself is forced to respect chastity. As a proof of this assertion we will go back and show that the pagans of ancient Rome, with all their low and brutal instincts, were forced to respect virginity, as undeniable facts prove. There were a peculiar class of women called Vestal Virgins introduced in Rome, and a temple built for their use by Numa, the second king of that ancient city. The number brought by him from Alba Longa was four, but afterwards there were two more added, probably by Tarquinus Priscus, and this number remained through all the

vicissitudes of the state till towards the introduction of Christianity, when another was added, making seven in all at that time. The office of the Vestal Virgins was to act as priestesses, and keep the sacred fire burning on the altar of Vesta, and also to pray for the state when threatened by any impending dangers. They took vows of chastity for thirty years, and during that period the violation of the vow was visited by the most severe punishment, that of being buried alive. But the most extraordinary honors were accorded them. When any of them attended an affair of state she was preceded by a lictor, an honor paid only to royalty. If met on the street by the Consul, or even the Emperor, the fasces were reversed, and the place of honor conceded her; or, if by accident she met a culprit on his way to the place of execution, and pardoned him, he was immediately released. We are sure that many of our readers will think it strange that the proud conquerors of the world, utterly corrupt themselves, the despisers and enslavers of women, should honor and esteem chastity in the Vestal Virgins with such reverence. It shows beyond doubt that in the last analysis there is a moral instinct in the nature of man, no matter how corrupt he may be himself, that forces him to honor and respect the chaste woman.

There is another objection brought by the world against the religious state, that is, that the religious loses her liberty, when she follows the evangelical counsels, and takes the vows. This is a mistake, or rather a misunderstanding of the true meaning of liberty; the religious knows well what true liberty means. She is well instructed, and seriously considers for a long time the state of life to which her

vocation calls her, and when the choice is finally made, it is done with full deliberation and perfect freedom of will. She has a year to become acquainted with her new station of life and its obligations, and at any time within that period she can return to her former home. But apart from all this, is liberty lost by the taking of the vows? It is true, the religious by taking the vows deprives herself of some matters that may be lawful to others, but in the highest sense she enjoys the most perfect freedom. If you deny this, you deny the freedom of the angels and the saints in heaven. They enjoy the most perfect freedom, though they are not at liberty to do anything wrong. The religious can sin, but she used all the means at her disposal to avoid it and by so doing, instead of losing her liberty, she acquired the most exalted and the most perfect freedom that is possible here below. But are worldly people, who take no vows, free? No, they are bound under the most galling yoke. The world is a tyrant that must be obeyed by its votaries, and woe to the truant that dares to violate any of its canons. It binds its minions with the shackles of slavery, which they have not the courage to break. It commands them to walk, to talk, and to dress after a certain code called fashion, and to conform to a thousand disagreeable absurdities, that are continually changing according to the whim of the times. It rules with an iron rod, and if not strictly obeyed by its slaves, it turns them into ridicule and excludes them from what it calls fashionable society. Catholic women should know that the worldly life which we have been describing is not only a waste of time, but a waste of life itself. It is appalling to think that those who have been created for

such a high destiny should waste the best years of their lives on such trifles. The wasted life of the deluded worldling, if she ever gets the grace to see the folly of such a career, will, like a spectre, loom up before her in the downward path of her declining days. But here we would wish to enquire, if the world is so much exercised over liberty in general and over the liberty of the religious woman in particular, why it makes no effort to free its own slaves from the tyranny of the passions? The passions are the greatest slave-makers and slave-drivers known to the human race. They are the fertile source from which springs the greater part of the misery that afflicts suffering humanity. In confirmation of our assertion that the passions are slave-makers, we here quote the words of our Lord: "Amen, amen, I say to you; that whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin." But the religious is free from the world and its absurdities; she is free from its deceits and its machinations, for she long since trampled its seductive charms beneath her feet. She is free from the tyranny of the passions, because with the help of God's grace she controls and subdues them, which according to the language of Holy Writ: makes her free with the freedom of the children of God. But the religious woman does not stop to think what the world says or thinks about her. She is one of the greatest benefactors that the world has to-day, and it is needless to say how ungrateful it is for the many benefits received at her hands. She is imbued with the spirit of charity and sacrifice, with a charity that knows no bounds; it is miraculous what she achieves without any apparent means. A hospital is necessary, an orphan asylum is wanted—there is no visible

means to build either, but in an incredibly short time the buildings are erected, and the poor weary sick patient has a refuge and a nurse, and the orphan has a home and a mother to protect him. She is ever willing to sacrifice herself for the glory of God and the good of her neighbor; from year to year she is found patiently instructing youth, without any remuneration in this life. What multitudes of children, to-day, are receiving their secular education, as well as a great part of their religious training at her hands! There is no labor too arduous to damp her zeal or to cool her charity; she braves every danger; the battle field and the pest house, with all their horrors, cannot repulse her. She flies to the relief of suffering humanity, no matter in what repulsive form it may be found. She devotes her energies and her life to the alleviation of every suffering, from the abandoned waif left by the way-side to the dying pauper in the home that her charity provided for him.

Besides the religious state, there is the state of celibacy in the world, and the Church acknowledges it, and holds it next to the religious state. The unmarried woman and the virgin, according to Saint Paul, think of the things of God, that they may be sanctified in body and spirit. There are very many women living in this state, who have not a vocation for the religious life, but who wish to lead a holy life and serve God in the world, though they are not of the world. They are a great blessing to society, but society is not always grateful to its benefactors, nor does it appreciate them as it ought. We find these chosen children of the Church very frequently among the wealthy classes, but we also find them among the poor, and it is

not seldom that their poverty throws around them a rough and uncouth exterior, but like the unpolished diamond, beneath that rough external surface, true and genuine worth lie concealed from the eyes of men. Like the religious, they foster the spirit of sacrifice; how frequently an aunt or a sister has sacrificed herself for the good of the family? How often has she not taken the place of the parent, when God in His divine and inscrutable providence took away the mother? She hesitated not for a moment; she became the guardian angel of the orphaned children, and with characteristic forgetfulness of self, devoted her life and her energies to their welfare. For the most part, God gives her no remuneration here, for she has bartered the treasures of earth for the treasures of heaven. She is fully convinced that wealth, power and glory are not God's greatest gifts here below, but the grace of self-denial and courage to travel in the narrow way that He Himself has trod.

Besides the two states we have mentioned, that is the religious state and the state of virginity in the world, there is another state in the Church to which the greater number of women are called, that is the married state. And if it was religion that exalted woman in the two former states, it was religion that exalted her in the latter, and held her in the high position in which it placed her in the family, in spite of the passions of men and the power of kings and emperors. Space does not permit me, here, to show how the Church came to her relief when the immoral citizen sought for a divorce or threatened her with cruelty. And much less will time permit me to show how fearlessly the Church stood before the crowned monarch, when the

diadem was taken from the brow of his virtuous queen, and when driven helplessly forth from the palace of the royal debauchee, how she flew to her assistance and put her back in the position of honor where the holy sacrament of matrimony had placed her. Having the pages of history open before us, and the collected proofs of ages showing the power that the Church exercised, in protecting the wife and mother in the Christian home, it is strange that objections should come from the outside world, against the position held by married women in the Catholic religion. The objections are that the Church holds the husband, by Divine right, the head of the family, and that the wife and children are subject to him. This state of affairs some ultra republicans call a relic of barbarism, from the fact that she is bound to the yoke as long as she lives without any hope of divorce. We acknowledge that the husband is by Divine right the head of the family, and that there is no hope of an absolute divorce, but we deny that it is a relic of barbarism. For in barbarism, even in the highest cultivated barbarism, repudiation and divorce were the order of the day, and the nearer our present boasted civilization drifts back to paganism, and we fear in many places it is drifting there very fast, divorces will increase accordingly. It is the glory of the Catholic Church that she gives no absolute divorce, for she proclaimed the words of our divine Lord to the world: "Therefore now they are not two but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The Church also holds with Saint Paul that the husband is the head of the family, and promulgates his words to the nations of the earth. "Let women be subject to their

husbands as to the Lord. Because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church." And the apostle goes on to exhort or rather command husbands to love their wives as Christ loves the Church.

Those who would exclude religion from the life of a people, may have recourse to the civil law and may do what they can to strike a nice balance between the rights of the husband, the wife and the children, but all will be at fault. The principle of authority must be sustained in the Christian home, and with it justice and charity, but to achieve this the civil law is utterly impotent, religion alone can do this. If the civil law is powerless to make men honest in their dealings with one another, if the man that has the means can accumulate unjustly an immense fortune to the detriment of those with whom he deals, whilst the law is powerless to prevent him, it will fail to maintain the principle of authority in the family and much more to promote peace and kind feeling among its members. It is religion alone that can impress the father with the grave responsibility contracted in marriage, it is it alone that can consecrate the love existing between himself and his wife, and it is it alone that can inspire the reverence, respect and obedience of the children to their parents. This achieved, the principle of authority is maintained in the home, so necessary to the preservation of the state. But it is much to be feared, through a neglect of religion, through a misunderstanding of the true meaning of liberty, and through the rage of young people for pleasure, that this principle of authority is somewhat weakened. If this state of things continues to progress in its downward course it will be hereafter felt in the state, for this is

the logical consequence resulting from the relation of the family to the community at large. This result can be very easily seen, for all the families within the limits of a nation, taken in the aggregate, make up the state, and if in general, respect for authority is lost in the family, it will be, if not entirely lost, at least very much weakened in the state, for such as the families are such will be the state, as it can be no better or no worse than the elements that constitute it. But if the enemies of religion should ever succeed, which we hope they will not, in banishing religion from the family and the home, the state would rest on a volcano, that sooner or later would blow it to pieces, in spite of all the power of the civil law and of all the physical force at the command of the government.

We think we have shown beyond doubt that religion has elevated woman in every sphere of life, whether the virgin, the widow or the mother, and that it constitutes the principal happiness not only of all women, but of all men. If any one doubts this statement, let him throw open the pages of history, and look at the dark pages of the Pagan world, where the horrors and the miseries of the human race are written in letters of blood. Contrast this with a peaceful family, where religion and virtue reign, or with the state, noted for the religious observance of its inhabitants, for their stern virtues, and especially their charity to one another. The life and happiness of such nations coming down to us have formed the brightest pages of history that deserve to be written in letters of gold.

ST. AGNES OF MONTEPULCIANO.

Among the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic, adorned with the aureole of sanctity, there is one whose feast is celebrated on the 20th of April, whom we desire to introduce to Carmelite readers.

Agnes, (which signifies in Latin a "lamb," in Greek, "chaste," and which also typifies the spirit of sacrifice inspired by "the Lamb that was slain,") was indeed a fitting name for this saint.

Her childhood of singular innocence and wonderful austerity was, for the most part, passed in a Franciscan convent, until she was called to the Dominican Order, by divine vocation, and the voice of a supreme Pontiff. This was in her fifteenth year, but she had in a short time arrived at mature holiness, and was appointed superior of a newly founded convent at Procono.

After some time, recalled to Montepulciano by the earnest entreaties of its citizens, she established her convent in a mountain haunted by evil spirits, who fled in terror at her coming.

Wonderful and beautiful are the favors recorded in her life. Frequently she received Holy Communion from angelic hands; flowers sprang forth where she prayed, and celestial dew of dazzling whiteness descended on her. Fair emblems, indeed, were these mystic lilies and roses of her virginal purity, ardent charity, heavenly desires. Austere to herself, gentle, as her name implies, to others, perfected by heroic patience in suffering, she was at last called to "the marriage of the Lamb," and passed away in an ecstasy of prayer, April 20th, 1317.

Let us implore of her some little share in that spirit of prayer which was the secret of her holiness and led her on to sublime perfection on earth, and to "follow the Lamb" in eternity.

"O God! who hast so often been pleased to send down a heavenly dew on Thy virgin St. Agnes, and to adorn with flowers her places of prayer; mercifully grant that through her intercession, our souls may be refreshed with the dew of Thy blessing and may be made worthy of eternal happiness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

AN EASTER REVELATION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



[CONTINUED.]

AFTER this, days and weeks flew by. Allan saw but little of Bert, who was perpetually with Nora; they frequented the Lenten services, he was told, and he had once met them together on the Avenue. Nor could he deny that Bert had looked more like his old self on that occasion. More wonderful still, the ne'er-do-well had somehow obtained a position with a commercial house, and seemed inclined to make head against his habit of indolence; all which was encouraging, could it prove lasting. He had spoken pleasantly with Nora himself the day they met, though he knew she had slight reason to deem him a friend. Beautiful as she was, it vexed him to think of his brother's uplifting as coming from her hand. Love was a wondrous force, he well knew, one of the few that sway the world; yet why was it so capricious? Why should Bert be wooing a girl beneath him in the social scale, and he, himself, scorned by one above him? "I am wrong, though," he said to himself—he was a stickler for accuracy even in thought—"Miss Hoffman treats me with pure indifference."

He tried to watch Bert a little, as he could conveniently. Once he even followed the lovers at a distance. The night was full of stars; its dark blue depths seemed alive with warm pulsations. It was as if infinite space had suddenly drawn near—nay, as if it had even found voice! Low, mournful harmonies, sequences of love and pain

were in the air thrilling the very centres of his being. But for the two before him, he would never have known their origin; it was a strange idea, that of Bert as leading him anywhere—he had always been leader himself! Yet this night, he was led to the Church of St. Ignatius. The Passion music had drawn him with its cry of love piercing the darkness.

He entered the great Church and, as he sat in the shadows, through the stillness, unbroken save by the strange music, came a sense of unutterable peace. Did it always abide within these walls? Was it what Doane had called "a glow of Divine presence"? Into his soul fell the re-iterant, grieving tones, voicing not alone the long woe of earth, but the unknown measureless anguish of the Divine. He could feel the yearning of love invincible, rising and dominating the waves of pain. Then, a voice touched him to the quick. "Behold and see," it cried, "if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

Tremaine started and shivered. He had civilly attended one church or another, enjoying the acumen of intellectual preachers, his coolness unstirred thereby. It had been the contact of ice with ice,—a little grinding and crushing, perhaps,—but no warmth, and surely no melting. This, however, was wholly different. He could no more struggle against it than the breath of violets. This was not dogma, not theology to do battle with; rather the blessed essence of both, purity and love.

A soft, personal touch seemed to be

reaching him, something he felt but failed to comprehend. A sense of nearness mysteriously sweet. He bent his head in sudden awe of the Invisible.

What was he that all this should come to him? He thought again of sin and pardon—not of Bert's sin, but of his own. The altar candles shone down into his heart, lighting its depths, and a great contrition crushed him.

Why should he doubt redeeming love? Could the Divine sacrifice avail for Bert and not for him?

The service ended and brought quick re-action. He strove to banish the new glamour; he had an emotional nature, he told himself, whose existence he had never suspected. But the new power had not done with him. Leaving the church under cover of the crowd he came upon Nora and Bert, the latter catching sight of him. He strove to speak lightly. "A beautiful service, Miss Nora! I trust you said prayers for us." The new note in his voice, however, struck her finer perceptions. She answered softly.

"It was for you I prayed. Bert is sorry and the dear Christ will forgive him! It is harder for you."

Her eyes shone with a suspicious dimness, like misty stars.

Again Allan Tremaine yielded to the ineffable forces above him and around. The girl's evident sympathy brought a revelation; he had fancied she hated him.

"Shall I tell you what I asked?" she went on, the low silvery voice sounding clear in the darkness, "That you might share in the love of the blessed Mother at the Cross for her dear Son! That the Easter angels may sing of you—even of you—He is risen!"

Allan Tremaine found no voice to answer. His better nature said "Amen" in silence; it was all one with the strangeness of this strange night.

He was morally bewildered: That Nora Delavan should have forgiven the wrong he had once done her was, in itself, miracle enough; but that she had prayed that very night, not for

Bert, who needed it so much, but for him—for him, Allan Tremaine!—this passed belief. The divine life of love, as it shone out through her action, was a celestial revelation. And in that life Natalie Hoffman also believed.

"Even of you"—Nora had spoken well! She knew how far he was from God. He had held himself above his brother and therefore failed to win him. He recalled the Scripture, "Two men went up to the temple to pray." Was it the parable again in modern nineteenth-century guise, and he, himself, the Pharisee?

Did he not need "newness of life" for himself? More of charity and faith, more of the golden sunshine of God? The thought of Doane came back to him—how he had said, "I also worship!"—and a new reverence for the sunny youth entered his soul. Conscience, too, beset him. How had he worked to save his brother? In what a hard way! He had been stern, rigid, Puritanical. "I know better now," his heart cried out, right humbly. "There is but one Redeemer, one regenerating force in earth or heaven. 'God so loved the world!'" Love—and love alone—could avail, for Bert or for him.

A sharp stir beside him, a sound of wheels, a crash, a blow,—and then utter darkness.

He awoke to a sense of pain, long after, in a cot, at a well-known hospital. The nurse forbade him to talk. "It was a bad accident. You were run over in the street and brought here unconscious. Yes, it is Easter morning, hear the bells!"

He fell asleep, from extreme weakness, even while she spoke. At his second waking the new inner peace was still with him, the Easter joy in his soul. "Live or die," it sang within him, "it is mine! I know it, now,—the blessed love of God.

Beside his bed shone a white glory of Annunciation lilies. "They are for you," observed the Sister, with a smile. "Yes, you are much better—only keep still! The lilies?—oh, Miss Hoffman sent them in."

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER III.



HARRY Earle stood silent in the group of excited men, watching the disappearing riders, then, his wife saw the familiar shrug of his should-

ers when he was dismissing something unpleasant from his mind. He crossed the street and mounted the stairs to where she sat in speechless curiosity.

"What's the matter, Harry?" she asked, as he entered the sewing room.

"That was Bill Sharkely, from the Blue Lick," he replied. "This afternoon his uncle was killed by a *nigger*." He was silent a moment, then said, looking at his wife, "They say, honey, the *nigger* is Pete."

"It isn't so!" exclaimed his wife. "Harry, you know it ain't! You know Pete wouldn't kill a worm!"

"Bill Sharkely swears his cousin Lucy says it was Pete. He had been working for the old man, it seems, and they had a quarrel in the morning. Old Sharkely struck the *nigger* with a hoe-handle and Pete left. He was seen at the Springs about eleven o'clock, vowing vengeance."

"Pete always vowed vengeance but he never took it," said Mrs. Earle. "It couldn't be Pete, Harry?"

"Well, the old man's dead, and, as

they say, it was Pete killed him, likely the boy will swing," said her husband. "The sheriff and his crew have started in pursuit of him."

"Will he be brought here?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"Yes," said he slowly, and his wife shuddered while one horrible thought came in the listeners' minds. There was no more gossip that afternoon, for a dread had taken possession of them all. They knew the excitement the crime would cause among those half-wild people and trembled at its consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

To Judith, the time that intervened between that recital and the quitting hour, seemed endless, and the silence reigning in the room and on the street beneath, filled her with forebodings. She knew the temper of people among whom the crime had been committed, those silent, rugged dwellers of the hills, as swift and terrible in their wrath as the wind that bends the tall cedars within whose shadows their lives were spent, and she knew this wrath, wreaking its swift revenge, would not so appal the community because the wretch who had aroused it belonged to the despised negro race.

Had she lived in those days when the question, whether the United States should adhere to a barbarous custom or live up to the principles of its God-in-

spired constitution was to be decided, she had found herself, notwithstanding generations of Southern life on her father's side, an advocate of the principles for which the North contended, not because of emotional feeling, but because of a far-reaching sense of their justness. Conformity to truth was the actuating motive of her life. It was that which gave the grandeur to her character and reflected itself in the regality of face and figure, and as he came to know her more intimately, Mr. Gray thought one of her clear, direct glances would lay bare the most intricate connivings of the wily-minded.

"Did it ever occur to you," he had said to her one evening, when a decisive statement of hers, to him, an uncertain subject, left open the avenue for such personal talk, "that your perception of the truth is remarkably clear and quick? Do you see it intuitively, or, are your reasoning powers cultivated up to that fine point you can thus easily accomplish the hair-splitting process?" She looked at him with a puzzled expression, in her eyes, asking what was remarkable in being able to see the truth. "Why, to me the marvel is," she had finished, "that it can ever be mistaken."

"That is caused," he exclaimed, and the sadness in his voice touched her, "because the intellect is darkened, the faculties blunted,—conditions proclaiming there has been a wilful departure from the teachings of the truth. And," looking at her pale face that the fading crimson light seemed to glorify, "those baneful conditions you have never known." She understood him so readily and her womanly pity made her say in extenuation of the confessions:

"One must allow for difference in environments, in temperaments."

"It is pity speaking now," he said, scornfully; "and I had rather your blame than your pity! I will own I have not kept the straight path of rectitude always. Perhaps I tried and perhaps I didn't; but such circumstances cannot alter the actuality of the case, and it is wrong. Many of the greatest sinners have spent a more secluded life than you have, while some of the greatest saints your Church boasts of lived in the courts of kings. What you are, you had been anywhere," he finished, looking from her to the western sky. His estimate of her was right. If her life were as he had at first realized, one of repression and loneliness, it was also guileless, the natural results of the teachings of religion, not as taken in its narrow sense which ever commands "Thou shalt not!" but in its loftier meaning which leads one by the very force of reason to live naturally, which is purely.

Revolt against those teachings produced a shock in her soul, such as the heart of Nature must feel at some sudden disturbance of the harmony governing her domain, so the crime of which she heard that afternoon brought to her exquisite mental torture, which being conveyed to the delicate nervous system, caused her bodily suffering almost as intense. She longed to escape from her silent companions, whose thoughts she could almost feel and be alone in the dewy solitude and gray-cloaked twilight. That would soothe the excited nerves, restore the mental calm, and then she could pray. She could lift her eyes to the far-off sky and ask God's pardon for the creature that had so outraged Him by this hideous revolt against His perfect ordinances.

When the clock told its six strokes, she hurriedly laid aside her work and

bidding her companions good-bye left the room. The groups of talking men, the undercurrent of excitement in the air, made her steps quicken and more than one took time to break from the all-absorbing topic to comment on her usual haste. A little beyond the town was the cemetery, and at its gate the preacher stood, awaiting her coming.

A close observer would have noticed on his face signs of great mental perturbation. His eyes were fixed with a hard, steady, gaze on the whitewashed fence, separating the road, on the other side, from the strip of level land that made a flower strewn hem for the green robes of the sloping hills; but fence, hill and vale were lost on him or formed an unadmired background for a scene that afternoon had witnessed. There had been but two actors, himself and a deacon, but that indistinct canvas revealed a hundred other faces, Judith's never so fair in its still, white scorn, showing plainest.

He had gone to the church to try a newly purchased hymn and there the deacon had discovered him. This deacon had discovered him. This deacon was one of the ruling spirits of the congregation, an irascible, headstrong old man, who had been accustomed to bending all with whom he came in contact to do his bidding. Mr. Gray had early observed this and had quietly but firmly opposed his coercive system when no other course was to be pursued, though when possible, he ignored its existence. Such treatment was bitterly resented by the old man, but he bided his time, with a certain confidence in his final victory over the minister's strong will. One recent cause of their difference was the deacon's request, preferred in the tone of command, for the dismissal of the organist, his only reason being he had one

whom he deemed more competent for the position. This the minister refused to do, as the girl in charge was in every way satisfactory both to him and the congregation. It was said in a voice that suggested the decision was unalterable and the matter passed from the minister's mind. Hitherto, the deacon had shown his resentment by sedulously avoiding his preacher, so when he entered the gallery that afternoon, smiling affably, supposing he had come at length to see his folly and was there to offer an apology. Mr. Gray, to relieve him of the embarrassment of the situation, greeted him as though their relations had ever been of the friendliest and drew his attention to the hymn. The deacon, still smiling, read it over and expressed himself as well pleased with the words and sentiment. Then, he laid his silk hat on the organ and taking a seat, looked at the young minister, in silence, but still smiling. Mr. Gray caught something sinister in the smile and it threw him on his guard. He ran his fingers over the keys, playing the prelude of the hymn; but he was stopped by the deacon's asking.

"Who, Brother Gray, will play that hymn for the congregation?"

"Miss Owens," returned he, decisively.

"I had rather you had said Mrs. Lewis," said the old man, with pharisaical sadness in his voice.

"Why so?" asked the minister, looking full in the face.

"Then I had been spared a painful duty," he replied.

"We should never seek to spare ourselves a painful duty, Deacon," said the young man, "at the expense of another's failure to perform his."

"There is no duty insisting on you keeping that girl in a position against

the will of the congregation?" said the deacon, angrily.

"Against one will, Deacon, one will," corrected the preacher. "A dominating one it may be, still only one. As for my duty," he continued, with sudden vehemence, "I claim a most sacred duty! As well as I, you know that young lady has no other possible means of honestly supporting herself save by what she receives from this church for services most faithfully rendered. No, Deacon, I will never take the bread out of any creature's mouth, especially when that one is a young and unprotected woman!"

"Then, you will take the bread out of your own mouth!" said the deacon. The minister turned from the organ and regarded the speaker coolly for a full minute, but seeing his anger made no reply.

"You think I am only talking!" exclaimed the deacon "But I tell you," bringing down his clinched fist on the arm of his chair, "if you do not comply with my request, I will have you dismissed in disgrace from this place!"

Behind the minister's calm exterior there was a quick, impetuous nature that an iron will kept in close restraint. It now shot a spark of fire into the blue eyes and sent a flush over the white brow but he set his teeth and after a moment, said, rebukingly:

"You forget, brother, we are in the house of God! Let us hear no more on the subject. There is no cause of complaint against me and the Assembly would not ask a dismissal without a just reason."

"Cause of complaint! A just reason?" repeated the other, angrily. "But I assert there is, sir, and unless you come to terms with me, the assembly will not only accept your dismissal but insist upon it!"

The minister here arose and taking his hat prepared to leave the church, which to him was a most sacred place.

"A just reason!" hurled the enraged deacon after the retreating figure. "Is there not just reason in any decent congregation finding complaint when it sees its minister riding a bicycle through the streets like a rowdy, and stealing out of an evening to walk home with Mrs. Earle's Catholic sewing girl?"

Mr. Gray had reached the stairs when the last few words fell on his astonished ears. With a bound, he stood before the surprised deacon. He never knew what a terrible rage was until that moment, and as he gazed at the spiteful man who had dared speak such words to him of himself and the woman, who, to him, seemed the grandest God had ever made, he felt he could tear him limb from limb. It was instinct alone that kept his strong hands from the trembling figure before him but it could not lock his heat, nor stop the volley of words, indignant, contemptuous as he addressed the deacon, scornful and bitter as he railed against the littleness of his congregation, grandly eloquent and loyal as he referred to Judith. But he ceased almost as suddenly as he had begun. His fury soon spent itself and as reason resumed its control and showed what he had done, he stood appalled. He glanced around, a swift, comprehensive glance, that took the delicately frescoed walls, the patches of colored light falling on the floor and pews, the pulpit, with his table and Bible; then he turned and ran down the stairs and out into the mellow sunshine. He walked on quickly, scarcely heeding in what direction, until he found himself stopped by the low stone wall dividing the cemetery from the

straggling street into which he had turned. He crossed the steps and seated himself on a bench under one of the drooping pine trees. Warm with his hasty walk, he took off his hat and as he pushed back the soft chestnut hair from his damp brow, mechanically he took in his surroundings, and such slight things he noted as the play of light and shade on the green grass of a grave near which he sat, the pungent odors of the pines, the long, oft-repeated trill of a blue-bird on a tree opposite, and he carried these little things with him through the length of his after days. The conviction that he had reached a turning place in the road forced itself in on him and instinctively his mind went back over the scenes he was quitting.

He again saw himself the impetuous, self-willed child, spoiled by a too fond mother; the reckless, wayward youth whose conduct had so often dimmed that mother's eyes with bitter tears; her sudden death and the sharp remorse that followed; his conversion and his self-imposed penance of devoting himself entirely to God, in his ministrations to humanity. He remembered the long, years of study, during which he had fought and conquered unrighteous inclinations an indulgent youth, and fostered the reward that followed, when his sacrifice was accepted and he was a commissioned minister of God to his fellow-creatures. He had three years of ministerial service, and reviewing it in that hour, watching the play of light and shade on the narrow grave and with the long-drawn trill of the blue-bird in his ear, he felt it had not been all in vain. He had striven manfully to do his duty and his zeal had been acknowledged by this promotion to a wider field, with greater possibilities.

He had been in Carlisle but six months, yet he had accomplished some good. Was it not only on that morning a widowed mother had said to him, with tears in her eyes :

"If you had not come to us, Brother Gray, God only knows to what extreme I had been driven to make a living for my babies. No one offered me a helping hand until you interceded for me. God bless you!" He remembered the spiritual dangers from which he had shielded another, the boy he was keeping while he served an apprenticeship in the newspaper office, the night school he had organized, where that boy and others could acquire the rudiments of an education, at least; and these were but a few of the incidents that marked him as a faithful minister. It is true there were things in his past that required all this hard work to blot from the recording angel's book. He never lost the sense of his unworthiness, nor failed in his gratitude for being brought, before too late, to see the sinfulness of his ways. To the man who thus puts God's interests before every personal one, such an occurrence as the afternoon's was an appalling calamity. He realized, with an overwhelming force, its full meaning and it made him cover his face with his hands and groan aloud. In the great moment of trial, he had proven a traitor to the cause he had solemnly vowed he should ever first consider. If the shame this brought to himself would be the only result, he could have endured it more calmly. But it was not. That scene would be spread broadcast among the people of the town and then might the scoffer rail against creed and priestly calling; the scandal lovers of other denominations would not spare his Church, while the devout of every religion would be offended.

Calmly reviewing the conversation in the organ loft, he saw his folly in entering into a dispute with the old man, his want of dignity in even heeding the thrust, and his own after conduct, that terrible rage, it was most inexcusable. He knew nothing had happened of sufficient importance to force his superiors, were they ever so disposed, to call for his resignation, but he realized how difficult it would be to remain now among these people. There seemed but one course to pursue, a painful one to the naturally proud soul, but the right one; to acknowledge his fault to the congregation and Assembly and then resign from this mission.

The feelings of the minister had up to this overpowered those of the man. After coming to this heroic conclusion, he experienced a calm, which was, however, rudely broken across as there came a recollection of Judith, Judith as he had seen her the first time with the crimson light on her white face and enfolding her regal form. He sprang to his feet and began to pace the narrow strip of green sward between the graves. She had been injured by this too. Suppose when the quarrel became known evil tongues should attach some deeper significance to it?

"My God!" he exclaimed, "since there are such people in this town, what may they not say!" The scales dropped from his eyes, and things so long a mystery to him were laid bare by the mere recalling of the deacon's contemptuous tones and words when referring to Judith as "Mrs. Earle's Catholic sewing girl." All the narrowness, all the bigotry of his co-religionists, in fact, of almost the entire Protestant community, were shown to him in one sweeping glance. Here was the cause of the distinct separation

of Catholic and Protestant interests, of the former's entire lack of representation in the town's public affairs, of the complete ignoring of them in social life. Those against whom bigotry and ignorance are directed are despised and how few believe aught but evil of what they regard as base? And he had directed this against one of that despised creed and that one a woman! He sat down helplessly, a despairing expression creeping over his comely face. Why had he done this? Why had he rushed with such impetuosity to the defense, because told he had disgraced his congregation by being seen walking with Judith Evans? Was it solely because the tones had suggested insult to himself or not chiefly because her name had been spoken of contemptuously? Why should he feel this so keenly? Suppose the remark had been made about him and Miss Owens, with whom he, occasionally, had walked after the Sunday evening services, should he have cared sufficiently to break through the restraint he had kept over his passion for years? Should he have turned back to make even a calm protest against it? Then, why had he done so because of Judith? What was she to him? He had walked home with her several evenings—why did they stand out from all the other evenings of his stay in this town, yes, from all the other evenings of his life? Why was she so constantly in his thoughts? Why were her words and smiles so well remembered? All this had some reason, and sitting there under the drooping pine tree, his face quivering with emotion, he asked himself if it were not because he loved her? Then, the breeze swayed the branches, the sunlight fell in a shower on the green grave on which his eyes still rested, the tall cedars bowed, shaking perfume

from their boughs, the bird lifted its small head and a sudden gush of melody filled the stillness, and the heart of the man responded, with a leap of joy. He raised his glance from the grave to the bird, but its bright eyes were not fixed on things mundane; he, too, looked up. Heaven! God be thanked for man and bird and silent sleeper! God be thanked for lasting hope in His eternal promises! He rose to his feet, still looking upward. In that moment all the tormenting thoughts had fled. He had come at last into his heritage! Was it one of joy or pain? He knew not, and it was that doubt sent him to his feet lifted his eyes heavenward, and made the faltering lips to murmur:

"In Thy time and way!"

It was then he heard the town clock striking six. Its voice aroused him, bringing him back from his dreams to the rude reality. The newly discovered love had but made the situation more perplexing. The intention of acknowledging his fault carried with it the inference that the things that, if his resignation were not accepted by the Assembly and he removed here, had been the primal cause of its commission, should cease; but could he be loyal to his God and disloyal to his own to his own heart? Can anyone be honest to his Maker and fellowmen and believe his true self?

TO BE CONTINUED.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Through the blue silences methinks I hear
 An angel word. I know its solemn tone,
 Its golden sweetness, as of reeds wind-blown
 And far-off glory tenderly drawn near.

It saith, "O son of man, why quake and fear,
 Loosing thy grasp upon th' Eternal Throne?
 The starry, blazing deeps are all thine own
 If thou be His, who holds thee passing dear.

He, the Divine, embraces thy poor soul
 In every snowy bloom or music-voice
 That touches it with Heaven and saith "Rejoice!"
He draws thee to Him in thy days of dole;
 Save of sweet penitence would crave no tear,
 But, with soft up-lift, cries, "Be of good cheer!"

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel Shows Her Goodness at the great Jubilee in the Year 1500.

In the centuries of faith, a jubilee was a great event. Rome became the local point of Catholicism. From all parts of the world crowds of pilgrims arrived, anxious to be cleansed of their sins and to rekindle their faith. The Blessed Virgin chose this happy period to show the kindness of her heart to all the world and to manifest how dear to her is the glorious title of our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the year 1500, the Pope opened a great jubilee, and from all parts of the world the faithful flocked to Rome.

The pious inhabitants of Naples, convinced that they could not insure better and more completely the immense graces of this jubilee than to make a pilgrimage to Rome, under the auspices of the miraculous Madonna of Carmel, surrounded the holy image with brilliant ornaments of gold and precious stones and placed it under a beautiful canopy, thus carrying it in procession to Rome.

The pious cortege started from Naples on the 5th of April, 1500, preceded by the miraculous Virgin, who inspired these fervent pilgrims with unlimited confidence. During all the journey only prayers, the liturgical chants and canticles in honor of the Virgin were heard.

Just after the procession had left Naples, it met a paralyzed man, who was lying near the road. The poor man, seeing the Madonna of Carmel, felt an irresistible desire to join the crowd. He exclaimed: "O Mary! cure me, that I may also go to Rome." That very instant he rose and followed the procession, thus serving as a living witness to the incomparable kindness of Mary.

This wonder created a great sensation. While on the road to Rome with the holy picture, sick people were brought before it and cured immediately. In all places, through which the procession passed, the bells began to ring by themselves, hailing in their way the coming of the Madonna. The rumors of all these miracles reached the Pope. On the 13th of April, the procession arrived at the gates of Rome. The Pope, followed by his cardinals, the clergy and the people, went to receive the holy image and escorted it to the Church of St. Peter. The other churches, in which the Indulgences of the jubilee could be gained, also had the happiness to shelter under their roofs the miraculous picture. Everywhere was shown the same devotion and the same miracles were repeated. In gratitude all put on the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

The Neapolitans, having finished their devotion, left Rome on the 18th of April, and proudly bore back the sacred image. They reached Naples on the 25th of April. The Madonna of Carmel was received with indescribable enthusiasm. The report of the many miracles wrought by the picture during the pilgrimage had preceded the procession and deeply impressed the minds of all.

In consequence of all these events, many copies were made of the miraculous image and exhibited to the veneration of the people in the churches of the Carmelite Order. These copies were soon surrounded by crowds, asking graces, which never were refused.

Time and space are too limited to recount all graces due to the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The most wonderful is the holy Scapular, which is known so well and has saved so many souls. Many saints, among them St. Simon Stock, St. Albert, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, and others have shown a filial devotion to the Queen of Carmel.

THE HOLY FACE.

[NEWS FROM TOURS, FRANCE, ANENT THE BLESSINGS DERIVED FROM THE CONFRA-
TERNITY OF THE "HOLY FACE."—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH ANNALS AND
READ AT THE BALTIMORE CARMEL BY THE REVEREND CHAPLAIN, E. DIDIER.]



HE last month has brought us many consolations and much encouragement. Our Lord ceases not to bless in a special manner those who honor His 'adorable Face.' He surrounds them with His favors, and, by the wonders which He operates in their favor, gives more and more extension to our dear work of reparation. It penetrates into the most distant countries, and everywhere it is received with joy. It is our duty to thank the divine Master and to redouble our zeal so as to fulfil the important mission which He has deigned to confide to us in spite of our weakness and indignity. He works with us, and every day we see proofs of it.

From Orleans, France, a fervent associate, who every year passes some days in Tours, in order to have the consolation of praying and communicating in our humble sanctuary, writes: "I am happy to make known to you a favor obtained by prayers recited before an image of the Holy Face and by the anointings. A young man of fifteen years had fractured a limb. There remained from this accident a very great weakness in the injured member and he could only walk with great difficulty. After a

novena and the anointings the young man regained his strength."

From Paris, a lady writes: "I have obtained a great favor by addressing myself to our Saviour by His Holy Face. For some time a family was all disunited and on October 27 great misfortune seemed inevitable. I recalled the words uttered by Sister St. Pierre (October 27, 1845) 'By My Holy Face you will do wonders.' This remembrance encouraged me. I prayed with confidence and on that very day peace returned to the troubled and disunited family. May God be blessed forever! I would wish to be able, in gratitude to everywhere spread devotion to the Holy Face."

"I desire," writes another person from Tourcoing, "that you publish in your Annals a cure obtained by the Holy Face in a manner quite providential. I hope this recital will augment the confidence of those who read it. For three months a person suffered from a gland which caused great anxiety. Several doctors, being consulted, judged the extraction of the tumor necessary. We had prayed much before the picture of the Holy Face and a lamp was kept burning. After the recitation, many times repeated, of the thirty-three Our Fathers in honor of the life of our Lord the sufferer consented to make a novena, accompanied by the anointing with the oil of the lamp burning before the

image of the Holy Face. The novena began on October 19th when the physicians declared the operation indispensable. Suddenly a change for the better was perceived in the patient. It was so marked that the astonished doctor ordered his attendants to cease their preparations for the operation. On the last day of the novena the cure was complete and the sick person was very grateful to our Lord."

The superioress of the Good Shepherd convent in Toulon requested that a Mass of thanksgiving be offered in honor of the Holy Face for a remarkable conversion after a novena to the Holy Face.

The Cure of Marsais writes: "We have our re-unions of the confraternity every month. The lamp burns before the holy image every Sunday and all Fridays of the month. The number of associates increases yearly."

These are but a meagre few of the many cures wrought through prayers and devotions in honor of our Lord's Holy Face. This beautiful devotion is held in all Carmelite convents as a reparation for blasphemy and other insults to our Lord, especially profanation of the Sunday. On some future occasion we shall cite examples supplementary to the foregoing ones, and moreover give the readers of *The Carmelite Review* a full explanation of this lovely devotion.

After reading the above extracts, Reverend Father Didier at the last meeting in Baltimore, Md., gave an interesting summarized report of his own branch. This branch has now 27,657 members, an increase of 249 in one month. Several petitions were brought to the prayerful consideration of the pious members all of whom were earnestly requested to pray for the

seamen lost in the warship "Maine." All of which petitions are recommended to the readers of *The Carmelite Review*.

How pleasing to the heart of the Saviour is a soul that loves humiliation. It becomes the very heart of Jesus Christ.—St. Paulinus.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is the shadow which clings to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

We must not examine if our heart is pleasing to God, but rather if His heart is pleasing to us—that heart so loving to its wretched creatures, provided that they acknowledge their misery.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means; either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easier.

Look not back upon the past, its sorrows, its cares, its failure, and its sin, with that paralyzing regret that darkens the eye to the new and glorious possibilities of the future. Accept the past as a finality that no years of agonized sorrow can change, but see in the failure the revelation of the true way in which to walk. See rising from the disobedience the resurrection of the law you may obey—the new light of higher wisdom. Know that the life without regret is the life without gain.

RID OF A PEST.

BY CHARLES F. KEYSER.

"Yes, that's the best we can do, Mr. Drane, you can get rid of the lad, without doing him bodily harm. He's a very serpent in your way, and wherever you tread, he lies before you. Do you understand? Do you agree? A word from you, and nothing shall be wanting."

"Richard Maher," said the worried Anthony Drane, "it's the meanest kind of a job you could do; yet, the destruction that stares me so boldly in the face, must be got rid of at any cost. I've spent the young man's money, he now demands it. What else am I to do? Go ahead with your scheme and rid me of this pest!" A moment later he was gone.

Maher broke out into a hearty laugh. "The timid old fogey," he exclaimed. "How easily he's scared." And here it is expedient to touch lightly upon the characters of these two men.

Richard Maher was Waterville's leading attorney. He was much respected. His thirst for gold, however, was not to be allayed, and hence he deemed it but a trifle to pass over the bounds of honesty, for the sake of the almighty dollar. He had, therefore, more than once toiled in the workshop of Dishonesty. He, to whom he had just imparted such cunning admonition, was, probably, but little better. He had been made a guardian, was tempted by the glitter of gold in his charge, fell, and now the Angel of Time wrote "thief" upon his brow.

Anthony Drane came to Waterville twenty years before. Of his previous history, little, if anything, was known. A very wealthy man, with a daughter and a little boy, whose guardian he claimed to be, he had settled here apparently for retirement. He built a beautiful mansion, seemed to live contentedly and the outside world could only think that all was going well.

Mr. Drane's companions were limited, nor were they models of virtue. What a model in the scheming lawyer? Drane's money was freely spent and there was frequently heard, "how wealthy he must be!" It could not, however, be always thus. The road of flowers and fragrant inevitably turns into a thorny path.

Old Drane, it is necessary to say, was not a teetotaller. Intemperance formed one of the many links in the chain of his vices, of which the public soon became aware. His habits were even such, that the honest village folk declared he spent his money too liberally to have come by it "by the sweat of his brow."

Katharine, his darling daughter, had now grown to womanhood. She was, in fact, the "lady of the house," and, with praise to her filial devotion, we note her extraordinary fondness for her father, notwithstanding his wayward habits. This circumstance, however, prevented her not in the least, from dealing out to her wrong-doing parent many a vigorous reproof; and, when the turning point was now at hand, a guilty parent sought refuge and solace from a loving daughter.

To keep within the limited confines of our story, it is advisable to enter Mr. Drane's apartments. We find Philip Ray, the third and youngest member of his guardian's household, in an argumentative heat. Mr. Drane is excitedly pacing the floor. Philip is concluding what, doubtlessly, had been a discussion extremely disagreeable to the nervous guardian.

"You know," said Philip, "I have been very patient and have suffered being put off many times. You can accommodate me, if you will. I beg of you to do so. The money will be put to a good use and, being now of age, I can lawfully demand it. I am

going to take up a course of philosophy at some reliable institution of the country. My knowledge of the classics, though somewhat scant, will, I think, permit it. As to my following any religious calling, shall remain a matter of discussion only with such judges, most capable of a decision. All I seek now is an agreeable answer from you. Your kindness in obtaining for me the opportunity of acquiring a little experience in legal pursuits is certainly deserving of my most gracious appreciation. But now, I deem it no offence plainly to state that I have no taste for law. I shall, nevertheless, remain in Mr. Maher's employ, until things have come to a suitable arrangement."

The displeased guardian was slow to make a reply, thus giving us a moment to make the happy declaration, that Philip was a young man of the highest virtuous character—a circumstance very fortunate for one placed under the guardianship of a person who had for not a little time been so blind to right. "He'll be a priest some day," the old dames used to declare, and when he had now determined to prosecute studies requisite for the sacerdotal state, the good old women would say, one to the other, "Didn't I tell you?" But the unfortunate Philip's cup of sorrow, as yet untasted, now was full to its brim; its bitter contents sought his virtue-sweetened lips.

His guardian, as Philip finished, feigned sadness and disappointment. When assured that the young man had done making the request, with which he was bound to comply, he moved uneasily in his chair and began to speak:—

"Philip, you are ungrateful to me, very ungrateful indeed. Much have I done for you, and yet you are ungrateful." Philip feared he had said too much: he also was inclined to think himself ungrateful: but, did he know the state of that man's conscience, did he know the design contrived against himself, what might he not have said or done?

"Sir," he bravely rejoined, "I seek my rights, no more."

"I asked you if you cared to study law," the old man broke in, "you said you would try it. With some difficulty I prevailed upon Mr. Maher to take you in his office, that there you might do some private studying, acting, at the same time, in the capacity of clerk. He speaks highly of you, and, I think, with a little perseverance, you would be quite successful. Yet, you are unsatisfied, still you keep building castles. If you continue obstinate, I suppose I can give you the money; but, remember, Philip, for the past twenty years, I've done a great deal for you. You are yet a very young man. Wealth may be your ruin: (it certainly had proven to be his). Still, as your guardian, I'm bound by the law. Remember, however, a guardian, and no more, it is that I am to you," and, with a guilty look, he hastened from the room.

Philip was in perplexity. His guardian always seemed kind to him, but it was a kindness well paid for by the unsuspecting youth. Could he have seen that man's heart! Had Philip's father not suddenly died, Anthony Drane would never have gone wrong. "We shall settle, nevertheless," Philip secretly concluded. "Things seem so queer to me."

Philip, for two long years, had read the law books of Richard Maher. Likewise had he proven himself a student of much diligence and application. Yet, in his daily labors, something seemed always to whisper in his ear, "This is not the place for you." Still he remained, and his stay proved fatal.

Night was coming on. The young man left his desk and placed the well-bound books upon their respective shelves.

"Philip," coldly said Mr. Maher, as his clerk was to leave for supper, "Tomorrow being Saturday, I'll be in the office all day. You may, therefore, have your holiday."

Philip kindly thanked him, and peacefully went his way. Entirely alone, Mr. Maher was enjoying his favorite weed, after a day of unusual toils. The voice of his dutiful clerk recalled his promise to Anthony Drane. "A steady, model, young man," he

muttered to himself. "But why should that be an obstacle?" He laughed aloud. "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*," says the happy proverb. "Why should I not be of those who gather and enjoy? But how can I get rid of him?" "I've got it," he exclaimed, violently striking the arm of his chair. "Those counterfeit bills." How lucky, I've preserved them! By a skilful use of them, I can get the young fellow into trouble; he will subsequently be imprisoned. I'll ask old Drane to pay me for my trick. He'll say he has no money. Then I'll secure for myself the old man's mansion, and finished will be the cunning job. What a capital idea! Ha! never yet did Richard Maher fail in anything he undertook." His eyes sparkled, as if his greedy hand already held in its sinful grasp the document, that would make him owner of the coveted prize. He snatched up his hat and cane and stepped into the street.

Saturday had come and almost gone. Philip had been over to "Rider's Park" to see the "Stars" play ball. He was walking homewards. A message was thrust into his hand. He tore it open and read:—

"Philip, come to-night, will meet you at the train.

ROGER BROS."

"Let's see," for a moment he thought. "To-morrow's Sunday." "Yes," he immediately decided, "I'll spend the day with the boys." With this intention, he hastened home. He bathed and donned his travelling suit. Among other things, he sought his purse, which he always kept carefully concealed in one of the drawers of the chest in his room. It was not there! "Where could it be?" He ransacked the bureau, but in vain. He looked about despairingly. "On the dresser!" "How careless I must have been! "Yet that's only a trifle! No one can have touched it," and he didn't even look to see if its contents were secure. At eight he took dinner with his guardian, smoked a "Havana" and wrote some letters. It being a beautiful moonlight night he thereupon

set out on foot for the depot. He was soon seen purchasing a ticket for "Bangor." He was just in time for the train. The old time-piece in the station room indicated the hour of eleven. Just one hour hence and he would be welcomed by his kindest friends. He carefully buttoned his coat and stepped onto the train. He felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"I've got you," muttered a voice behind him.

"What do you want with me?" asked the frightened youth.

"You're wanted for making bogus money, you are a counterfeiter," said the officer bluntly.

"How dare you to say such things to me?"

"Oh, you can't get out of it that way," answered the policeman. "They've found you out at last. You cannot leave Waterville to-night."

Philip Ray listened as one who hears an unknown language.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he tremblingly asked, "What are you you going to do with me?"

"Oh you'll find that out soon enough. Just come along with me."

"A counterfeiter! A forger!" Philip muttered to himself. "How can it be?"

"Yes, rejoined the officer," and a nice ornament to the law department of a country, aren't you? Come along, I say, come along, this is no place for a trial, so you'll have to come along.

It was useless to resist. "A counterfeiter! A forger! he repeated again and again. Oh, it could not be. He was only the victim of a joke.

None the less, however, did he find himself a week later in the prisoner's dock. On the judge's desk lay twenty thousand dollars in bogus paper money. He could explain nothing. The greenbacks were in his purse, and, to add to his bitter surprise, Mr. Maher, the kind employer of happier days, ardently sought his conviction. What more was needed than the powerful evidence of one, so intimate with the prisoner, and so highly respected by all the country around. The telegraph

message, Philip's attempted departure at so unseemly an hour, the money on his person, his endeavor to get away without the knowledge of anyone, what unfortunate facts! The Roger boys were nowhere to be found, and hence were put down as associates in the crime. He almost led himself to believe that he was guilty of the outrage, of which he was entirely innocent. His guardian wept tears of sorrow (?) as they led him away.

Richard Maher was now in the height of his glory. Seated in his office, subsequent to his victory, we find him boasting to himself, "Never failed in anything! Ha! Ha! Dum vivimus, vivamus." But he added, "my little task is wanting yet. I must get that mansion. It fairly yawns to receive me." Thus kept urging the tempter, who had found asylum in an unholy breast.

Six months had now passed away. Anthony Drane was wearied sad and troubled. The pain of a guilty conscience can hardly be described. He was trying to read but every word spelt out for him the detestable name of "thief." His life was only a burden.

Just then the door-bell ran. Katharine brought in a card, bearing the name of "Richard Maher." The old man, pale as death, violently shuddered with fright. He gathered, after a moment his little remaining strength and painfully gasped, "Show him in."

The door opened. An unwelcome "Good Morning!" met his ears. "A little business is all," said Mr. Maher. The old man motioned to a chair. Maher's face was beaming with his first success.

Thin and pale, the old man's troubled face looked out through his snowy locks. "What is it you want?" he asked at last.

"I came to arrange a settlement," replied the other, sitting down.

"What! already do you want pay for—for—"

"Exactly, for ridding you of your pest," added Mr. Maher, with sarcasm. "I know you have no money, but my

labor is certainly worthy of a reward. Think no more of the young man. Suffice it to say that now we are delivered of him. Don't be troubled any more about him. I believe you ought now to satisfy my claim. You remember mentioning something once about sacrificing the mansion if you could only get rid of Philip. Your wish has become real."

Sad, indeed, to Anthony Drane now was the remembrance of the past, sad the thought of the present and of the future. "I see all," he muttered.

"You want my home, yet it isn't mine, it belongs to Philip too. What did Anthony Drane ever possess? Oh God! Character, health and honor have fled, the mansion can go too." The two men left the room. A carriage stood at the entrance gate. They entered and were driven to a near-by notary. A document was filled out and the Drane possessions were now the property of the scoundrel lawyer. Tremblingly, the old man entered, probably for the last time, his familiar apartments. He sought his wretched bed and fell upon it in an agony of grief. All was lost. And now the torture of despair. Is there in this vale of tears a sadder thing than a man despoiled of hope?

Death slowly approached the bed of sorrow, to claim its suffering victim, but it was not yet too late, a respite could yet be granted.

"Katharine!" he cried. In an instant she was at his side, but he could not speak. She rushed out into the street and hailed a passer-by, begging him for God's to run for the nearest doctor, that Mr. Drane was dying. She did all she could, until the physician arrived, for the relief of the sufferer. The doctor and stranger came and the old man after a time was restored to consciousness. It was only that he relieved his conscience, weighed down by years of wrong.

"Katharine, it's growing dark, give me your hand—close those blinds. A storm is going to rise." "Katharine," he continued, "I'm dying and all is lost. Wait! Listen! You have lived here all your life, and yet you

have not known me." The doctor and stranger glanced at each other extremely surprised. "Katharine, forgive me, I am not your father. I am to unworthy of the name. I have spent an idle youth, a shameful manhood and an age of dishonesty, Listen, Katharine, listen! I am a thief, yes, a thief! Philip! Oh where is Philip? He is innocent. I alone am guilty. His mother, Katharine, was my sister, and you, too, are her child. Hush! Let me speak! I have but little time! She stared in fright and wonder. "Your mother died when Philip was born, and only a year later your father was injured in a railroad wreck, from which he never recovered. He put into my care—Oh God! where is it now?—his vast wealth for Philip and you. Had I not many times before successfully deceived him, he never would have trusted me. For years he thought me in honest prosperity, when all I had was borrowed! When of age, you were to receive you respective shares. The time is now at hand, and finds me a squanderer, and you are helpless paupers. I only told Philip of the money when overcome by drink, otherwise, you would never have known anything about it. You always thought me your father. God forgive me, I know you will. I am unworthy to touch so innocent a hand," and he let go her tender grasp. "Philip," he resumed with some difficulty, "has been shamefully imposed upon. Richard Maher, the lawyer, secured that counterfeit money, and when I asked him how I could deprive Philip of his money, that I had falsely used, he said to get rid of him. But how was that to be done? He called it a trifling matter. I was but to put the bogus bills in Philip's purse, which I left on the dresser, hoping that Philip would suspect something wrong, and that the shameful plot might be dis-

closed. But it was not. Mr. Maher would do the rest. I consented, God forgive me! The Rogers boys had, two days before, set out for the far west. They, being Philip's intimate friends, Maher took advantage of their absence, and sent that bogus telegram. How remarkably he pleaded against Philip, and you know the rest." He could say no more. He was suffering the pains of a repentant grief,

Philip, of course, forgave his guardian, although it is not in the least an easy task, to pardon him, by whom we have been robbed of wealth and honor. The old man was even reconciled to his God by a minister of that Church, in which a pious mother carefully had reared him. Death closed the tear-stained eyes and silenced the bitter weeping and the angels wailed a requiem for a wasted life.

Ten years later, you seek the Waterville rectory. Some one at home lies grievously ill. At the door you are welcomed by an amiable lady. Your business, of course, is with the parish priest. A dignified, yet affable, personage hastily responds to your summons. He is no stranger to you, you have seen him before. A man, who has only found the work of his heart, after an ocean of troubles; who seeks, indeed, to raise the wretched, loves to relieve the fallen, and to shelter the innocent; such, indeed, is the noble priest. But you are forgetting why you came. You tell of the sick and with a willing step, the shepherd of God's lambs, immediately hastens away, for,

"in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and
felt for all."

Father Philip Ray, the much-wronged youth of former times, was for many years the former pastor of the people of Waterville. Katharine, of course, kept house for her priestly brother.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings
671 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

"The winter is over and gone" may we say in truth, and the day of days, the glad Easter is near at hand. THE REVIEW will reach many of you in Holy Week, and so we must think of the Cross of Calvary before we speak of the Resurrection.

Joy always follows pain ; such is the will of God. "Sorrow endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning" is almost a promise, so faithfully is it carried out. Therefore, we must bear the sad depressing air of gloom which surrounds the Church in Holy Week, feeling assured that the joy of Easter is worth it all.

There are very few people in the world who willingly and maliciously inflict pain on any one. All men have some spark of pity and tenderness in their hearts, and the sight of suffering always draws it out.

Holy Week should find us all, young and old, in deep and loving sympathy with our blessed Lord in His agony and death. The Crucifix is a living truth and brings to us in a very striking manner the words of the Apostle, "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day and the same forever." The same to-day as He was on that first memorable Friday, which all the world calls "good." Nowhere does He so justly win from us the testimony, "How good is God," as on the cruel cross of our own making. And we who have received good things from Him all our lives, what shall we do for Him in Holy Week? Give Him that for

which our own hearts yearn lovingly. Lovingly give Him your sympathy. What a beautiful word it is—feeling for and with another, and how much power it has even over the hardest hearts.

The Sacred Heart pierced on the Cross deigns to plead for it, and it is our happy privilege to be *able* to give it to Him. Give, then, nobly and generously, and let the offering pass to Him through the hands of the dear Mother of Sorrows. She is the surest way to Him, and what we give to Him we give to her.

What do we not owe her, dearest tenderest of mothers as she is, and how, save by more love, shall we ever pay our debt? Surely may we call Him "the good God," since He gives us the very gifts which we in turn give back to Him as ours. Love is all He asks, and it must be worth something ; must be worth anything else, since he begs for it, He who holds all things in the hollow of His hand. Holy Week gives an opportunity to prove our love by sympathy for our blessed Lord's sufferings, particularly that which most wounded His sacred Heart, the betrayal of Judas—His own disciple. No grief is so keen as that which comes from the desertion, the ingratitude of those we love. So let us make it up to our dear Lord as best we can by loving, prayerful sympathy, and by frequent thought of Him, in short, loving aspirations.

Mgr. Preston, of happy memory, who for so many years tried to lead those whom he directed to a strong personal love of our blessed Lord, uses this

little prayer in his book, *Watch on Calvary*: "Oh, in Thy woe, be pleased to look upon me, and take the pity of my heart!" Use it in Holy Week, dear children, and by it comfort the agonizing Heart of Jesus in His desolation.

Easter is the day which the Lord hath made, and holy Church bids us rejoice in the glory of the Resurrection. Surely, it should make us glad, because it is a forerunner of our own happiness in God's good time.

Our really happy Easter will be that which shall find us gazing for all eternity on the holy Face of our Lord. Congratulate our Blessed Lady upon the joy which was hers when she saw it for the first time on Easter morning. It was heaven begun on earth for her—so may it be for us. Cultivate a devotion to the holy Face and so secure a glad welcome from our dear Lord when you first meet Him in His sacred humanity.

A happy holy Easter to you all, dear children! and much joy because of the coming of spring. No season makes us think so much of heaven, of paradise, of Eden, as the glad spring.

Enjoy it and be grateful to God for your happy youth. Love God, says St. Philip Neri, and then do what you like.

That is freedom surely—the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Devotedly yours,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MARCH.

1. Cordova.
2. In Saligny, France. Run by Trappists.
3. From the Atlas Mountains, which border part of its coast.
4. Six. Latin, Greek, Syrian, Coptic, Armenian and Slavonic.
5. A day with Yesterday or Tomorrow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MARCH.

1. A lead-pencil.
2. Because they are rarely seen after Lent.
3. Because it once had a Solon (sole on.)
4. The last one.
5. Fortune.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What animal is an expert in arithmetic?
2. Who was the shortest man in the Scripture?
3. How many weeks in the year?
4. My first is in fish, but not in fowl, My second in soap, but not in towel, My third is in mutton, but not in beef, My fourth is in lawyer, but not in thief, My whole is a king of Israel.
5. Make 7 the half of 12.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was called the Nero of the North?
2. What was the first daily paper published in America?
3. Over what poet's tomb is inscribed "Here lies one whose name is writ in water"?
4. What saint has been named patron of Eucharistic Associations?
5. What Pope merited this testimony from the Jews: "He had the right to style himself 'Servus Servorum Dei,' the humblest of the Lord's servants"?

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1. Make Thy will ours, and keep us patient still, Be the days few or many, good or ill. —Christian Rosetti.
2. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away.—St. Matthew xi.
3. If we love God, the reward promised us is nothing less than the sight of God Himself, face to face.—Faber.
4. When God leaves the soul, its hell begins.—Fr. De Ravignan.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"What's In a Name?"

Editor Brann in the March *Iconoclast* pays his compliments to a man in St. Louis who has petitioned the court to allow him to change his name from "Patrick" to "Percy." Mr. Brann says: "The court should hasten to ameliorate the young man's misery. The name is too big for the little motor-man, it is a mill-stone slung about the gaunt neck of a Chollie Boy, the load of Atlas placed upon the shoulders of a pigmy. Saints and martyrs, soldiers and statesmen have proudly borne the name of Patrick, hence it is not an easy one to live up to, and we can scarcely blame an intellectual feather-weight for wanting to exchange it for the sweet sibillance of Percy, suggesting only pink lemonade, tooth-pick shoes and chewing gum."

Pope Leo and His Lenten Charity.

Under the above caption Warrey T. Welch tells some interesting things in the *Columbus Press*. But it should be observed that the writer only mentions one of the many practical ways in which the Holy Father benefits his people. Let us quote Mr. Welch. He writes: "It is coming on Lent now, and each year as the season approaches, the good Pope's thoughts are full of his people. His sympathies are with the very poor—those who would be good if they could, and whose goodness means to them self-denial such as they are often not bodily fit to bear. As every good church-going person knows, there are days when the Pope's people must abstain from food. Meat is often pro-

hibited during the Lenten season, yet to go without it means much to certain classes of the Pope's people who cannot purchase substitutes. To guard against a too great abstinence, the good Father has this year gone into a bit of commercial enterprise, which, while it may not be a great pecuniary success, will be enormously profitable on the spiritual side of the balance sheet of the heavenly ledger. In Commachio, Italy, there is a section in which lie broad lagoons. For several years past the Pope has owned a portion of these lagoons and has kept the waters well stocked with eels and fish of all kinds. This season he has increased his possessions in Commachio and has become the owner of a great number of small lakes which afford a highly profitable supply of fish food. During Lent the Holy Father will cause these fish to be distributed among the poor of Italy."

An Open Treasury.

Granted that you have made a good confession at Easter and received forgiveness, what about the temporal punishment still due? Conscience still persists in whispering "Pay what thou owest?" and how pray? By good works? alms-giving? or is there another easy method? There is. Holy Church in the plenitude of her power, like an indulgent mother, opens her treasury and invites us to come and receive the Papal Benediction with the accompanying Plenary Indulgence. All can receive it, but only on condition that we are in the state of grace and are determined to avoid the least sin in the future. What a great boon!

but alas! how how many of us are ready to take advantage of it? On Easter Tuesday by a privilege granted by the Holy See the Papal Benediction is given in all churches in charge of the Carmelite Fathers.

The Sovereign Remedy.

If put into practice the prayer of the Chaplain in the United States Congress would indicate a sovereign remedy for the present perturbed condition of the world:—"May we proceed *with calmness and caution, with malice towards none and charity for all.*" These words would be an appropriate motto to be placed at the head of the editorial columns of those journals whose incendiary dicta are inspired by sentiments which are the very reverse of the Christian *modus operandi* of Chaplain Couden. It is really in season that the League of the Sacred Heart prays during this month for the spirit of charity.

Price of a Prayer Book.

Catholic publishers have their grievances. No one denies that they suffer from slow pecuniary returns. On the other hand their patrons, especially the poorer ones, have complaints to make particularly on the score of the cost of books of devotion. The prices are altogether too high. A law case, of interest to Catholics, is now before the Supreme Court of New York. It will throw some light on the real and alleged value of prayer books. It is proved that the profits to publishers are abnormally large. We agree with the *Catholic Columbian* in saying that "not one cent above a fair profit should be allowed in a case involving the spiritual interests of souls."

The Cause and the Cure.

A cry of despair goes out from the unbeliever when he contemplates the

evils and sufferings in this world of ours. He finds that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now." He sees men driven to desperation and crime for want of work, women far over the precipice of shame in their endeavor to live, children denied the comforts of home because of poverty, war talked of as the last court of appeal between Christian nations—in a word the great heart of mankind filled with sorrow—and viewing it all he finds no remedy. Even boasted science gives no explanation. To the man of faith—the Catholic—everything is clear. He knows the key to the whole mystery—namely original sin. He patiently bears with every suffering, knowing that one day God will reward him—and, finally, he knows that the sovereign remedy for the present evils is the practical application of the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Greatest Need.

The fact is too patent that too many burdens have been unjustly shifted to the shoulders of the clergy. The laity have waited too long for the clergy to do things which the former should have done. When these things were carried into effect criticism fell to the lot of the priest. What is the cause? Unpardonable indifference and inactivity. And the remedy? Let us listen to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:

"What is the greatest need of the Church of the United States?" he asks "Is it churches that are most needed? Churches, indeed, are required, where the people may worship their Maker and hear the word of God. But they are not the most essential requisite. Our forefathers in the faith worshipped in the Catacombs of Rome, and they were the best of Christians. Is it

Christian schools that are most needed? They are, indeed, an indispensable element in the maintenance of Christian faith in the rising generation. But what would schools avail if we had not ingenuous youth to frequent them? Is it hospitals and asylums that are most needed? They are, indeed, potent factors in the alleviation of suffering humanity, and are the glory of our Christian civilization. But they do not constitute the greatest want of times. All these things are but a means to an end. What the Church needs is men—men who place conscience before expediency, who place principle above popularity; men who are guided in their conduct by a solemn sense of duty rather than by self-interest. Above all, we need men of deep religious convictions, and who are ready to uphold these principles in the face of obloquy and adverse criticism. But these qualities of mind and heart require no small degree of force and character."

Back to the Fold.

It is an historical fact that the true faith was taken by force from the people of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. There is also ample evidence to show that one of the last heroes who fought and died for the faith was a Carmelite friar, one Father Elias who was Provincial-Prior in his unhappy country. Thank God! to-day the Scandinavian people are again returning to the true Church. Referring to this fact the *London Tablet* gives some interesting facts, saying among other things:

Christian II., who has been called "the Nero of the North," and Gustavus Vasa, played the chief part in robbing the peoples of these countries of that ancient Catholic faith which they had inherited from long generations of ancestors. The goods of the

churches, bishoprics and monasteries, were plundered, as in England. But the Catholic religion appeared to have died out far more completely there than in England. In fact, it is only within quite the last few years that religious freedom and toleration for the Catholic Church has been legally established; and although the numbers of Catholics had sunk down to a very low ebb—merely a few thousand—yet, once released from her fetters, the Church has made truly gratifying progress within the last five years. One of the most interesting spots in the history of Norse Christianity is the ancient town of Trondhjen, once the seat of a Catholic archbishopric, and a famous place of pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of the national patron, St. Olaf, the King. Its ancient Cathedral still remains, though, of course, in Protestant hands. The small handful of Catholics, nearly all poor people, have hitherto had to worship in a little chapel attached to a hospital. The energetic and zealous Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Fallize, is now taking steps to erect at last a Catholic church in this ancient see, and has appointed one of his priests, Father Timmers, to raise the necessary funds for the purpose."

When we find ourselves in spiritual desolation, let us unite our suffering to that of the Heart of Jesus in the Garden of Olives.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

An eternal ground of thanksgiving is to be found in the righteousness of God, in the consciousness that under all human life there is a foundation which no man can disturb; and that life is so organized that no man can be happy, restful, or prosperous in doing evil; that at every turn he is smitten with penalties, and that real happiness and satisfaction are bound eternally to right thinking and right acting.

PUBLICATIONS.

Very nicely bound in green and gold comes to us "Passion Flowers" by Rev. Father Edmund Hill, the well-known and gifted Passionist. Every line is highly finished and each page reveals the master-hand. This book will be a very agreeable companion to us when trying to free our minds from the noise and bustle of a busy day. In suggesting an Easter present we can think of nothing more appropriate than "Passion Flowers." The popular firm of Benziger Brothers (36 Barclay St.) New York publish the book. They will mail it to you for the price \$1.25. Write for it to-day.

"Novisimo Mes de Mayo"—is a handy little book printed in Spanish, and will be very useful—as intended—for May devotions. The many examples are new and edifying. This is the second Spanish revised edition and we hope soon to see it in an English dress. The author is Father Juan Angelo Torrents, a Carmelite. The book is neatly printed and bound by the library de Montserrat at Barcelona.

"The Holy Cross Purple" published by the students of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., continually lives up to its aim "to cultivate a high literary spirit." The clever editors also aim at a high standard of typographical art. "The Purple" is pleasant to look at and delightful to read. It is the creation of broadened minds.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from St. Augustine, Ont.; The Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Lank, Ind.; St. Leo Military College, Fla.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; St. John's Church, Dundalk, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; St. Peter's Cathedral London, Ont.; Pavilion, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Church, Alexandria, Ont.

At our New Baltimore convent names received from:—Campus, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Spokane, Wash.; Notre Dame, Ind.; St. Boniface's Church, Westphalia, Iowa.; Loretto Heights Academy, Loretto, Colorado.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from Mrs. H. G. D. Latrobe, Pa.; J. L. Paterson, N. J.; Miss A. F., Boston, Mass.; J. W. Lapool, Ind.; M. A. C. South Framingham, Mass.; Miss O. W. Dash-

wood, Ont.; Miss M. D., Providence, R. I.; The Ven. Sr. A., Montreal, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; J. A. L. M. D. Niagara Falls, N. Y.; W. W., S. Marys, Pa.; Miss McC., Coldwater, Ont.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For a person who is leading a very sinful life; for reconciliations 4; for conversions 4; for vocation to the priesthood 3; for vocations to religious life 5; for 3 novices, for grace to know God's will 4; to obtain news from absent brother for bodily cures—14; for success of several nurses; for restoration of money; for successful sale of property 2; for family in affliction 3; for success of prayers; for peace between friends and relatives; for means to pay debts 3; for grace to overcome drugs and liquors 7; for successful settlement of a lawsuit; for spiritual favors 13; for temporal favors 8; for special 19.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of: John Harris, Guelph, Ont., Feb. 19th.; Mrs. A. E. McBride, Nauvoo, Ill.; Dec. 5, '97; Rosanna, John Joseph and Ellen Aloysia Kelleher, Malden, Mass.; Sr. M. Gertrude, Feb. 22, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. B. Reilly, Feb. 14, Bryanston, Ont.; Mrs. McGuane, Mar. 13, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, late Archbishop of Kingston, Ont.; Mother M. Justina Foley of the Ursuline Religious of Pittsburg, Pa.

It avails nothing to subdue the body if the mind allows itself to be controlled by anger.—St. Gregory the Great.

It is better to strew the flowers in the pathway of those we love to-day. The dead can not enjoy their perfume and color.

Self-love is the source of every vice and evil, and is fatal to all the virtues; so self-hatred is the principle and basis of these same virtues, and the destruction of every vice.—Blessed John of Todi.



HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

"Monstra te esse matrem!"

"Show thyself a mother!"



A MAY CAROL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Monstra te esse Matrem."



SHOW thyself a Mother,—
The world is stern and cold :
Our lives abound with many cares,
Our needs are manifold.

It is a mother's office
To cleanse her little child :
Wash, then our souls in Christ's pure blood,
O Virgin undefiled !

It is a mother's gladness
Her suff'ring child to cure—
O, with the balm from thy chaste palm,
Anoint our ev'ry sore !

And strengthen all who languish
'Neath misery and wrong :—
With Heaven's golden cordial,
Making them well and strong.

Then, clothe them with the raiment
Of innocence and love,
And feed them with the Food of God
That cometh from above !

O show thyself a Mother
In all these tender ways ;
And from thy children's hearts shall rise
A Maytide hymn of praise !

Monstra te esse Matrem !
O Virgin, without guile !
Cleanse, heal, and strengthen—clothe and feed
Thy children poor and vile !

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER VI.

CONSOLER AND ZEALATOR—THE GREAT PESTILENCE—SECOND APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF HIS ORDER—1348-1352.



THE floating population which we have described, perhaps it were better to say the ever changing class of "society," went on as ever, living in luxurious ease, and forgetting that there existed for them other duties and obligations of a nature far more serious.

Although the warning voice of the apostle failed not to find a response in the hearts of the multitude, there were still many, alas ! too many blind and foolish ones who delayed too long in following his admonitions. And this despite the warnings which the anger of heaven continued to send, dread fore-runners of the terrible punishments in store for the unheeding.

The year 1347 was ushered in by calamities well calculated to make the most unthinking reflect. The overflow of the Rhone swept away advancing vegetation, and dire distress all too soon stalked ruthlessly over the land.

An earthquake, which impressed even the most unbelieving, marked the advent of the year 1348. The zealous priest availed himself of these events to inspire the gay, the reckless, and the guilty with a sense of the punishments sent by our Lord to His creatures. Like another Jonah he repaired to places of public resort crying aloud, "unless you do penance you shall all perish." But his apostolic fervor found little response in their hearts, hardened as they were to the impulses of grace.

Meanwhile the second day of the second month dawned upon the city so picturesque in its magnificence, so unconscious of what was to come ! An unbidden guest grimly forced its way within its walls, and one glance sufficed to show that the *black pestilence* was in their midst ! From the far distant Orient the terrible scourge had ravaged Persia, Armenia, Syria, Egypt, the Archipelago and Italy. Passing over the mountains, it had spread desolation all through the fair lands of Savoy, of Burgundy, of Provence. In its insatiable voracity it spared neither venerable age, bright happy youth,

nor guileless infancy. All—all—fell beneath its breath. One brief visit to a poor creature stricken with the plague—contact with objects handled by the victim—nay, the very sight thereof sufficed to inoculate new subjects with the virus. Even domestic animals contracted it, and, rushing madly on, scattered the germs through the streets, whilst sepulture of the dead being almost impossible, the forsaken bodies of the poor creatures increased the diffusion and fury of the pestilence. Then society became utterly demoralized. The instinct of self-preservation loosened every tie of friendship and relationship. Dwellers upon the same street looked at each other with terror-stricken gaze. Brothers seemed to have lost all idea of fraternal love, fathers refused to go near their suffering sons. Children turned, shuddering, from those to whom they owed existence, and charity found a refuge only in the most heroic hearts. The stricken ones found themselves deserted. Many physicians succumbed, and of those who survived, not all dared to accord the ministrations of their profession. Nay, the courage of the priests even, in this exceptional situation, sometimes, alas! was found wanting. And, all the while the mental disorganization of the people was such that it reached the verge of insanity. The terror-stricken people thought that to remain at their usual occupations, or to take too serious a view of the visitation would super-induce the malady. They, therefore, plunged wildly into pleasure's tumultuous sea. Strange contrast—mirth and enjoyment—music and dancing—the theatre and the gaming table never ceased their efforts to amuse. Yet death and desolation reigned supreme—despair and con-

sternation could not be driven off. Hastily prepared graves mocked at the efforts to efface the thought that grim death was close at hand. The ground was no longer cultivated. All thought of tilling the soil was abandoned, for the survivors dared not hope to reap the fruit of their labor. The pestilence continued its ravages at Avignon for seven months. Each day was marked by some new fatality—some even more numerous loss of life than its predecessor—but there are three days which stand forth never to be forgotten in its history. They were the three which followed the fourth Sunday of Lent. No less than fourteen hundred persons succumbed to the epidemic in that brief period of time. And what was the action of Father Peter Thomas throughout all that fateful season? It is a cause of the deepest regret that his biographers say nothing whatever about the great plague. They do not chronicle anything special of the saint until the year 1351-80, so that we are forced to seek refuge in conjecture as to what might have been. The courage of which he gave ample proof in similar circumstances, later on, at Cyprus, and the well known charity of the Carmelites permit us to say that he was like a ministering angel at the pillow of the stricken ones. No! It is not our dear saint who would seek safety in flight at the moment of peril. Far otherwise! We love to picture him solacing this poor people enervated by its own selfishness, and inculcating the spirit of sacrifice and resignation. Consoling as well as salutary, his words inspired confidence in the Father of the prodigal, and urged the afflicted ones to have recourse to the advocate of sinners. Braving danger, his days and nights even were devoted to hearing confessions, all unheeding the foul

miasma which at any moment might infect him with the fatal disease. And not only did he administer the last sacraments, but he rendered to the poor suffering creatures those services, of which, forsaken as they were, they stood so sadly in need. And in this course of action Father Peter fully seconded the views of the sovereign Pontiff, Clement VI.

Through authentic documents we learn that the Pontiff displayed, during all that dreadful period, the courage, zeal, and generosity to be looked for in the common Father of the faithful. Precious as was his life to the Church, terrible as were the ravages of the pestilence, he would not desert his children, but remained in Avignon. Truly a good shepherd, he stood at the head of his flock, and the better to defend it, the better to combat the mortality, he maintained in the city the most stringent police regulations. He devoted large sums to the noble cause of relief. Physicians from abroad were procured, and proper vehicles obtained for burying the dead. The cemeteries of the city being insufficient, he purchased a large piece of ground, in the south-western part, for sepulture, and in the centre, erected a mortuary chapel, endowed with offerings for a foundation of Masses for the souls of the departed who had neither relatives nor friends.

Extending his solicitude over the whole world, Clement VI., in order to encourage and promote a heroic devotion amongst the faithful, granted, universally, to those both of the clergy and laity who aided the plague-stricken people, either spiritually or temporally, the most precious indulgences.

Alas ! the mournful previsions of the Pontiff were realized. The Black Plague continued its fatal course, de-

stroying entire generations. In 1349 Germany, Friesland, and Hungary were the theatres for its action, then it hastened to the icy regions of Denmark, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and the Islands. A contemporaneous author declares that the pestilence depopulated the world and left it empty ! Asia, England, and other countries lost one-third of their population. It is estimated that the number of villages and cities left without inhabitants was not less than two hundred thousand ! Imagine the desolation that reigned in the streets and lanes now become the domain of ferocious animals ! Cities such as Marseilles—Trepány—for several months were deserted. Often were there found vessels, upon the sea, wandering hither and thither, the crews of which had perished, even to the last man.

It may be said that this sombre account is exaggerated, but the unwonted unanimity of historians leaves little room for doubt upon the subject. It can be truly affirmed, taking into consideration the vast extent of the infected region, the violence of the malady, its swift course, and the unprecedented number of the victims swept away, that no preceding or subsequent epidemic could even faintly compare with this.

No visitation, no scourge of the human race, if we except the deluge, ever left to the unfortunate family of Adam such sorrowful memories. Meanwhile, under the dominion of divine Justice, against which the wicked hardened their hearts, the most elevated sentiments were awakened in the hearts of the upright. Expiation and gratitude manifested themselves in the generosity of the alms diffused throughout, by the erection of hospitals and churches, by

various pious foundations and by pilgrimages.

The year 1350 dawned upon the world and brought with it a great spiritual blessing. The fury of the plague had abated, and the whole Catholic universe was gladdened by the tidings that the Holy Father had lessened the interval between the great Jubilee from a century, to half that period of time. This precious boon was, like the rainbow of old, a token that the Almighty had become reconciled with man, and from every point came the faithful, with joy inexpressible to turn the great privilege to account.

The condition necessary to gain the Plenary Indulgence being to visit the Basilicas of Rome, the number of pilgrims whose piety led them to the Eternal City, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger attendant upon the voyage, was so great, that every historian has commented upon it as extraordinary.

To behold the "living streams" which flowed along the streets, for so long a time deserted and dreary, one would not have pronounced the world to have become so depopulated. Human activity, paralyzed for two years by the gigantic scourge, resumed its course under the divine impulse of religious sentiment.

The family of Carmel, cast down by the loss of several thousands of its members, speedily recovered from the effects of this trial through the special beneficence of its august patroness. It was at this period—towards the year 1351—that the Order was favored, through the medium of Father Peter Thomas, with a revelation, which has ever been treasured, like a priceless gem, in its annals. To relate it precisely, we cannot do better than to

translate the testimony of a contemporaneous witness of the favor. John de Hildesheim, a Saxon Carmelite, who gave it a place in his work, *Defensorium*, wrote towards the year 1370, most ably, against the calumniators of his Order.

"During the reign of Pope Clement VI. of blessed memory," writes the narrator, "whilst I was taking my course of studies at Avignon, I became the most devoted friend of Master Peter Thomas, at that time our prefect of studies, a man of profound learning, deep erudition, and exceeding great holiness of life. The night of the great feast of Pentecost, being in the cell allotted to me, opposite to his own, I had fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by the tones of a voice full of the sweetest melody, and by a feeling so mysterious that I could assign no explanation to it whatsoever. Deeply impressed, I at once arose and went to the master, who had also been awakened by an inexplicable sensation. I asked him what had happened, but at first he hesitated to reply. I reiterated my wish to know several times, and even went on my knees.

"At last the master consented to tell me, but only on condition that I would never reveal his confidence while he lived. He then said to me, 'I had at last fallen into a light and troubled slumber, during which the thought that had filled my last waking moments pursued me with unabated vigor. It was that of imploring the most Blessed Virgin to secure the perpetuity of our Order. In tones so sweet that I knew it must be some celestial voice from paradise, the dear Queen of Carmel gave me this assurance, 'Fear nothing. The ancient Order of the Carmelites will endure forever. Its holy founder upon the day of Trans-

figuration prayed to my divine and beloved Son in behalf of his Carmelite children, and his prayer was most graciously granted.' My dear master then spoke more at length of this great favor, and dwelt upon the indescribable beauty of the Blessed Virgin. Tears of joy fell as he related the above, and I could not restrain my own."

Such is the deposition of one who was present at the very scene of the marvel. True, it might be said that it was *only* one. Neither Lamersonius nor Mezieres say a word upon the subject. But the character and standing of John de Hildesheim do not permit of a single doubt of his correctness.

There is another point in the life of the saint which is considered doubtful by some, but to which other writers appear to give credence. It is that he was, during his apostolic career, in Spain. Of this fact, however, mention is made but by one solitary writer, Fr. Elysee of St. Bernard, a Carmelite of the seventeenth century. The edition of the writings of St. Theresa, translated by the father in question from Spanish into French, is prefaced by a letter dedicating it to the king. It contains the following passage: "Don Fernand, Prince of Castile, having sought refuge in France with his mother, Blanche of France, daughter of St. Louis, because his uncle, Don Sancho, had wrested his crown from him by force of arms, espoused Mahault, Countess of Clermont. Later on, the prince, Don Fernand, having come to an understanding with his uncle, returned to Spain with the princess. Several Carmelite fathers accompanied the royal party at the request of the princess, who lost no time in having a monastery erected for them in her own city of Gibarleon in Andalusia, from whence have been founded all the

monasteries of the Order which exist in Spain at the present time. *The first (?) Superior was St. Peter Thomas . . . Doctor, of Paris, and subsequently Patriarch of Constantinople.*" . . .

Another document avers that in the reign of Clement VI., Peter Thomas, on account of his perfect conformity to rule, and his admirable prudence, was appointed Visitor of the Order, but the historian, Fr. Philip of the Blessed Trinity, has omitted to specify the province to which the fervent Carmelite was assigned.

The concurrence of these two texts permit us to believe with no little degree of certainty that if our untiring traveler, who visited so many countries, turned his steps in truth towards Spain it must have been about the year 1351. The visit was to all appearances a brief one, for before any great length of time had elapsed we find the saintly religious once more at Avignon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In all nature there are correspondences; insensible things correspond with those that are insensible; sense with things sensible; and man's thoughts with the Spirit of God.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

One thought of man is of more value than the whole world; God alone is, for that reason, the worthy object of it, and to him alone is it due; every thought of man, therefore, which is not given to God, is a robbery.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Who can be like St. Paul, who was all things to all, that he might save all? knowing all the ways by which God leads souls, which are so different one from another, that you can scarcely find one which in half its ways agrees with the ways of another.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

SAINT MARY MAGDALENE OF PAZZI,

OF THE ORDER OF CARMEL.

BY THE VERY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



HOUGH the family of the Pazzi was one of the most illustrious in the Republic of Florence, and though its noble members could look

back to a long line of statesmen and men of distinguished ability in the various departments of the government in their native state, the birth and life of this saint, who hid herself from the world, cast a brighter halo of glory on the house, than the greatest achievements of its most brilliant members. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi was born in the city of Florence in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-six. From the first moment that reason dawned upon her soul, the working of divine grace was visible in her conduct, she abhorred everything that savored of vanity or worldly amusement, and her greatest delight was to unite her childish heart to God in prayer. So deeply was she imbued with the love of her neighbor, at the early age of seven, that she gave to the poor everything she could get, even the food that was placed before her, and ever after during her life, suffering of any kind visible in another intensified her compassion to such a degree, that she experienced the most exquisite pain. Such was her desire of seeing God

known and loved by all, that her greatest pleasure was, when taken to the country by her parents, to gather the poor children of the village around her, and instruct them in the Christian doctrine, as far as her childish knowledge extended. How dear this labor of love was to her heart is made known by an incident that occurred on the occasion of one of these visits, undertaking to instruct a young girl, the daughter of one of her father's tenants, the work had been scarcely begun, when information reached her that she should return immediately to Florence. On the receipt of this intelligence such was her grief, and such was the bitterness of her weeping, that her father brought the girl with him to the city and retained her there, till the work of the little saint was accomplished.

At the age of ten years she took a vow of perpetual virginity to which she was ever faithful during her life. Four years later her father had been appointed governor of Cortona, but before leaving for the scene of his labors knowing that his time would be occupied by the arduous duties of his office, he placed her under the guardianship of the holy nuns, in the convent of Saint John in Florence. Whilst there giving herself without restraint to her Divine Spouse and spending on her knees four hours every morning in pious meditation, she added fuel to the fire of divine love that glowed so brightly in her young heart. Nor was

her love more deeply seated, than her humility, looking on the nuns with reverential awe, as the favorite spouses of Jesus Christ, she studiously avoided them, not thinking herself worthy of their companionship. This shrinking from the nuns, was not caused by any consciousness of sin, for she was so innocent and so pure that she scarcely knew what that term meant, but however, innocent and holy as she was, her humility was true and sincere. Even at this early period of her life God had bestowed on her great graces, and by the divine light infused into her soul, she saw the infinite distance between the Creator and the creature. Thus viewing her own nothingness, and in contrast perceiving the infinite majesty, the goodness and the love of God, she as it were annihilated herself before Him, so that the more her knowledge and love of God increased the more profound became her humility. Fifteen months having passed away in this holy retreat, that to her was a veritable paradise, she was taken out into the world, laden with a heavy cross, placed on her shoulders by the love and good intentions of a kind and indulgent father. Taking her home that he might provide for her an honorable and advantageous marriage, he wrung her very soul. Several proposals being made to her, but all to no purpose, her parents were most anxious to gain her consent, but remaining always steadfast in her resolution, of being faithful to her Divine Spouse, whenever marriage was mentioned, she resolutely told them that she would rather die than accept such a proposal.

Having obtained their permission she took the habit of the Carmelite Order, in the monastery of Saint Mary of the Angels in Florence, to which she

was attracted by her tender love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Another source of attraction, which was no small factor, in deciding her choice of a religious Order, was the great desire she had of giving herself up to divine contemplation, and of offering herself as a holocaust of reparation to her Divine Lord. Weeping for the injuries offered His Divine Majesty, by sinners, and praying for their conversion, with all the fervor of her soul, she chastised her already attenuated frame with the greatest fasts and other austerities. The contemplative order which she had entered afforded her an opportunity of accomplishing all the desires of her heart, but what she did accomplish and what the members of contemplative orders do accomplish, every day, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, is not known to men, for the recording angel inscribes it in the book of life and zealously guards it from the profane gaze of the world. We all acknowledge, that the active life is absolutely necessary in the Church, and that very many employed in it, travel up the sharp and rugged heights of Calvary and arrive at a high degree of perfection. Martha loved our Divine Lord, and labored for His interest, but Mary reposing at His sacred feet was satisfied, in possessing Him whom she loved, and consoling her He said that she had chosen the better part which would not be taken away from her. Mary is the true type of the contemplative life, a life that is not thoroughly understood even by all Catholics, for whatever is most tangible, or whatever comes most directly in contact with the people, such as does the active life, is better understood and more appreciated. It is difficult for ordinary people to understand the sublimity of the sacrifice

made by the members of contemplative orders, or to look down into the hidden depths of their lives. Still we find a Catholic instinct drawing the people toward them, wherever they are found, and even here in this world of activity, their doors are besieged at all hours with the heavy burdened and weary laden pilgrims of this bitter life seeking at least a memento in their prayers.

The young saint after consecrating herself to her beloved Spouse received many consolations and favors from Heaven. Divine love burned so ardently in her soul, that she used to frequently cry out, "O love! I can bear thee no longer; and she was often obliged to cool her bosom with water, to allay the burning sensation in her breast. Frequently falling into ecstasies, she at times underwent the most cruel pains of Christ's Passion, during which Our Lord espoused her with a ring and encircled her brow with a crown of thorns; the Blessed Virgin covered her with a white veil and Saint Augustine twice wrote on her breast: "the Word was made flesh." In one of her ecstasies which lasted day and night, from the vigil of Pentecost to the feast of the most Holy Trinity, she received the Holy Ghost each day under different forms. These graces strengthened and served her well in the contest, which she was about to enter with the powers of darkness, who fiercely assailed her with all the fury of hell, for five years. In the midst of darkness and desolation, she was abandoned by all, alone in the contest, she was cruelly scourged by demons, and harassed by all sorts of temptations, yet though almost deprived of reason, by constantly having recourse to her Blessed Mother she always came off victorious.

Strengthened by these victories, she received great graces, extraordinary command over demons, the knowledge of heavenly secrets, and of the state of souls in another life, together with the spirit of prophecy by which she saw and foretold future events.

God leads His saints by various roads to heaven, and though differing widely, in character, in tastes, and in the choice of particular states of life, yet all their perfections terminate in the one great virtue, love, the summit of perfection, the measure of their sanctity and their happiness. The subject of this sketch, possessed this virtue to such a degree, that she appeared on this earth more like a burning seraph than a human being. From what we can collect from the history of her life our Divine Lord was the great object of her love. In her early years her heart being wounded by a two-fold spiration, from which flowed two ardent flames of love, one for the Cross and the other for the most Holy Sacrament of the altar, she never forgot that in these two great mysteries, He constituted Himself a victim of love. In meditating on the cross, such was the ardent desire that burned in her soul, of uniting herself to her Divine Redeemer, and of becoming like Him in His sufferings, that she conceived an insatiable thirst for suffering all things for His sake. Well might she say with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world." We have already seen that early in her religious life, she had suffered five years of desolation and dryness of spirit, and although after that time had expired, the peace of her soul was restored, and many consolations, even celestial raptures

were communicated to her. Her life at certain periods was a life of the deepest suffering, especially during the last years of her existence. Bodily infirmities of various kinds continually afflicted her, severe and wracking coughs, periodical vomiting of blood, violent headaches, fevers and pain constituted part of her daily afflictions and to crown all her misery she suffered the loss of all her teeth. With these bodily infirmities, she at times, labored under the most grievous spiritual dryness and desolation of soul, yet her prayer was always to suffer more and to drink without any consolation the chalice of suffering even to the dregs. Though love made her, like Saint Paul, wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ, yet life seemed desirable that she might still suffer for love, and she used to say with a sigh: "*Pati non mori*,"—"To suffer, not to die." Her love for the Holy Eucharist was so great that she used to say, if it were necessary she would enter the lion's den or suffer all pains for the sake of communicating. She frequently fell into an ecstasy after Holy Communion, her Beloved Spouse uniting her more closely through the sacramental union, and changing her into a more perfect likeness of Himself, so that she could say, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me." She was like Him in love, like Him in suffering, so that she could say with the Apostle, "Bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh." One of her great endeavors was to imitate the life of our divine Lord on earth, His hidden life during the time of His infancy, the life of His youth in the Holy House at Nazareth, in which He teaches us the glorious example of obedience, poverty

and chastity, and we may add His whole life, a life of patience, with all manner of mortifications, abnegations and austerities, how she succeeded the reader can learn from the history of her life.

There were two things that seemed to absorb her whole being, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In her religious life, after passing the first degree of love, which purifies the soul from every stain of sin and frees it from self love, that it may unite it more perfectly to its Saviour, she entered the second degree. This degree of love fills the soul with a burning, or rather an insatiable desire of seeing her Celestial Spouse loved by all, and it frequently filled her heart to overflowing, so that at times she seemed fairly beside herself. She was often heard to cry out: "O Love! Love is not known by His own creatures! O Love! I die with love: If you find no place to rest in, come all to me, I will lodge you. O! souls created by Love why do you not love? O my Jesus! if I had a voice strong and loud enough, that I could be heard by all men in all parts of the world, how I would cry out that this Love might be known, loved and esteemed by all men, as the only true, incomprehensible Good! But the cursed poison of self-love robs men of this high knowledge and renders them incapable of it." Her thirst for the salvation of souls created such an ardent desire of seeing all sinners converted that she not only fasted and prayed for them, but bewailed their misfortune by shedding bitter tears. And when called away by public duties, or obliged to go to rest, she was accustomed to say: "Is it possible that I should take my rest while God is so much offended on earth!" The

other two higher degrees of love she possessed in an eminent degree.

At last the joyful hour came, what peace, what a foretaste of heaven the saints enjoy ! when departing from the darkness of this world they are ushered in to the bright morning of eternity, a morning that fades not or knows no night. After a long illness our saint gave up her soul into the hands of her Spouse on the twenty-fifth of May, in the year one thousand six hundred and seven, having completed her forty-first year. She was glorified by miracles before and after death, and Clement IX, in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine, enrolled her in the catalogue of the saints. After her death God honored her by many signs and miracles, and amongst these, a lasting

wonder continues to the present day, for her body, the abode of her most pure soul, has never been subject to corruption from the day of her death until now. Although it lay long buried in damp ground, it was found when taken from the grave, sound, firm to the touch, and sending forth a perfume of wonderful sweetness. When the nuns left their former monastery, in which the holy virgin had died, and removed to another, this precious pledge was transported, with the permission of the Holy See, on the sixth day of December, in the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight. There it is honored with the utmost veneration by the faithful, while glorified by the gift of incorruption and by other miracles, even to the present day.

THE WHITENESS OF MAY.

'MID soft Canadian stretches of green sward
Pale orchards shine, a luminous display
Of whitest glory ; 'neath whose scented boughs
Jubilant lads and lasses wreath their brows,
Dear children of the May.

A light, keen wind drives on the silvery clouds ;
The warm Earth smiles ; and, wrapped in fur of gray,
Hepaticas appear, and ferns uncurl
And shy arbutus greets, in pink and pearl,
The children of the May.

O blossom-hour of fragrant innocence,
Which comes but once !—the dawning of Life's day,
When souls turn softly, as the magnet points,
To Thee, O Virgin Mother ! Grace anoints
Thy children of the May.

More grace, their need whose early May is past ;
O Lord of Love, soothe us in Thine own way !
Show us, for bloom, Thy calm eternal stars !
Whiteness of Heaven we crave, to heal our scars ;
There, children of Thy May !

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER IV.



AN and minister, waging fierce conflict in the storm-tossed heart, left no time for the reflection he required before his meeting with Judith. As he reached the gate she was passing. He was unprepared for this sudden encounter and it blotted out all the harsh realities, leaving only the transports of the lover. The leap his heart gave sent a warmth into his face, a gleam into his eyes, and witnessing the swift transformation, Judith stood looking at him in surprise, the while an uncertainty, tinged with fear yet not devoid of sweetness swept across her being. He crossed the road to her side and the chivalric Southern nature sent words expressive of his sentiments to his lips ; but they were stopped there by the expression on her face. He returned her greeting in tones low and trembling. Accustomed to ever finding him so even, this change, that might be excitement but was surely the result of some deep emotion, puzzled her ; she attributed it to the horror that had thrilled the town and was conscious of a bitter pang of disappointments ; for so often through the painful hours of that afternoon a sense of soothing had fallen upon her

as she thought of the serenity of his mind as it had been shown her on different occasions. And had she turned so far from her schooled ways to seek for comfort in creatures ? The disappointment at not finding it was her answer, proving her to be, after all, only purely human. Yet his talk, as they walked slowly up the hill together, was so irrelevant, she was forced to the conclusion he had heard nothing of the tragedy and when, to satisfy her doubt, she questioned if he had been in the town since three o'clock, his face lost its warmth under her eyes, as he answered he had not. They had now reached the brow of the rather steep ascent and after a brief silence, following his reply, he paused. She, too, stopped, surprised. Her face was turned toward the west, where a yellow sunset flamed, and it occurred to him then he had even thus seen her haloed with the fading light and he mentally approved of these golden streams as suiting best her dusky eyes and hair, though accentuating the dazzling whiteness of her skin. The long farewell whistle of some belated singer slipped in between the hymns of the blackbirds in the cemetery beyond, and he wondered if it were the bluebird that had warbled to him of love that afternoon ; then, with an expression in his eyes she could not fathom, he said :

" If I had done you an unintentional

wrong, Miss Evans, could you find it in your heart to forgive me?

"The word forgive has no place where wrong is unintentional," she replied, a fine smile curving the corners of her red lips, but for an instant only. She resumed her walk and he, without a moment's further consideration, advancing with her, began to tell of his meeting with the deacon; but when he came to the words that had been spoken of her, he hesitated, his voice trembled, and then failed him completely. A light that might be scorn or amusement, for, fleeting as a sunbeam, it baffled detection, crossed her eyes; but his distress was apparent and it appealed to her sympathy.

"I know," she said, "and I can understand how this narrowness and bigotry have shocked you, accustomed as you are to viewing people and religion in more liberal light. You have now arrived at that bitterest of knowledge that all the time, while you have been looking on life here from the mountain-top, your congregation sees it from the narrow valley beneath. I knew some day this would be forced in upon you and felt sorry for its effects. Now that your eyes are opened, it will meet you on every side. It explains away many circumstances that must have mystified you since your coming here. And yet," she continued, looking from him to the glowing sky, speaking no more to him than to herself, "while this distrust shows more markedly with you, it cannot be said we are wholly without taint. It seems to me to be but the natural result of an unnatural separation. Let us be as broad as we may, we cannot quite overreach the gulf so dividing us. We will find there is a space, perhaps but an inch, between our bridge and solid ground."

He was gazing at her, all the yearning of the lover in his eyes, but with her look fixed straight ahead she missed his heart's cry, which, crushed back the protest that rose against her words, and after a short silence said, in his manful way:

"I do not agree with you; however, I must leave the argument until some other time. I want to finish my story. I want you to hear every particular from me, not from the gossips that will congregate in Mrs. Earle's shop to-morrow. As I said, I was leaving, but I returned and hurled at him every forcible word in my vocabulary. I was mad! I must have been, else I had never desecrated the temple of God by my anger; I have never made—you the topic of an unreasonable dispute with an ignorant, boorish man."

The face changed under his gaze and words; he noted it.

"Ah!" a ring of pain in his tones, "it is worse than you thought!" "I am very sorry for you," she said, her sympathetic glance on him.

"But you?"

The face and form took on their natural queenliness, as she smiled, saying, voice and smile seeming to lift her to an inaccessible height,

"That cannot touch me!"

"You are right!" he said humbly. "Forgive what seemed my presumption."

"Not that!" she interposed, quickly. "You are a good friend!" and she laid her hand lightly on his coat sleeve. Though it meant no more than a queenly recognition of faithfulness, the action rejoiced his heart. Looking down at the shapely hand, showing the whiter for the black on which it rested, he knew by the emotions swaying his whole being, it was, under God, the one to mould his destiny.

"Some of the conditions," she began, removing her hand and beginning her interrupted walk," surrounding one's life cannot be altered by human agency. God knows why we are thus placed and it is the better part of wisdom that advises our submitting to them, firm in the belief that what is, is best. You and I find ourselves so placed and I think the wisest course to be pursued is that our acquaintance should cease."

They had now left the main road for another, narrower, more, rocky, and as the last words were uttered, they had reached the middle of a wooden bridge, under which a placid stream flowed. He stopped abruptly and looked into her face, searching for an expression of regret he had failed to catch in the even tones. But if the heart felt any, it was not reflected there.

"You say that calmly!" he cried, in the quick voice she had learned to know betrayed his truest nature. "Though it may be nothing to you, it is very hard for me to break thus abruptly from an—acquaintance—no! I will be candid—from such a friend!" Why, he continued, almost harshly "must you and I bend to the narrowness and bigotry in which we are placed, by foregoing an acquaintance that, whatever it has been to you, has been the sweet—has been most pleasant to me?"

"It is not bending to narrowness and bigotry," she interposed, "it is but yielding to inevitable conditions, brought about by centuries of division. We may not approve of them, but since they exist what are you going to do? When you look at it in its local coloring you will admit the truth of my decision," she finished, with that indefinable smile on her face, if the shadow

of regret had crept into her tones.

"But I cannot let you go out of my life!" he said, brokenly. The pause of a heart-throb followed. It was as if the corner of a curtain had been lifted, giving her a fleeting glimpse of marvelous scenes. But it was as immediately dropped by her clear sense. She might not help that her heart had for this once answered his, but she could stop their future communications, that must certainly have created conditions she was not prepared to meet.

"I shall not go entirely out of your life," she began, her words slipping like drops of water on his burning heart, "nor you out of mine, for pleasant memories are our most prized possessions. There will come many an hour when words you have spoken will recur to me, with beneficial effect; I do not hope that much for mine, yet I feel when you do recall me it will be with kindly sentiments. Now, let us say good-bye?"

"Not here!" he said, with a shudder, looking at the high wooden pillars supporting the railing, and the thick, clumsy joints protruding from the floor of the bridge. "I hate this spot!"

"'Tis a favorite one of mine," she said, leaning against one of the pillars and looking down into the water. "Often on my way home I pause here, for I love, yet fear water. Can you understand that? she asked, bringing her glance back to him.

"No," he said, shaking his head, sadly, "for I cannot understand you at all."

His melancholy affected her, though she saw no reason for taking the affair, at this early stage, so seriously. His common sense must have shown him it was the only course left them, she

thought, not knowing that while the surface of her emotions had only been rippled, his had been stirred to their deepest depths and were not to be thus soothed. Yet she was too kindly noble to wound the sensibilities of another.

"I wish," she said, again laying her hand on his arm, "you could see that I am right. I wish you were not so pained."

He slipped her hand down into his, covered it with his other one, and looked at her with an expression she dared not trust herself to attempt to fathom, but which she never quite forgot; then, he removed his hand, bent and kissed her finger tips, murmuring, huskily,

"Since it is your pleasure, good-bye!"

So they parted.

The yellow light had died in the west, save a narrow strip fringing the horizon. After he crossed the bridge, he turned to see her disappear in the shadowy, weird twilight. He again looked back as he reached the main road, but there was no sight of her. The line of light, too, had died, while higher up in the soft lavender sky hung the broad, gold crescent of the summer moon. He was leaving hope behind with that tender, softened gleaming, but as he faced the gloom before him, he lifted his eyes to the velvety softness of the blue above, and said, albeit his face quivered.

"In Thy good time and way!"

He had come into his heritage and found it was one of pain.

CHAPTER V.

Two days passed, and the third dawned dark and lowering, threatening rain until noon, when unexpectedly

the sky cleared; but the sunshine only intensified the gloom overshadowing the town, for word had been received that the negro had been captured near Maysville and would be brought up on the afternoon train. Simultaneously with the report, horsemen, in groups of twos and threes, might be seen entering the town and their wild aspect and fierce brows filled the citizens with alarm. Hours before the train was due, the crowd began to gather around the station. Knots of well-dressed men took up positions on the wooden platform, or, to avoid the sun, now pouring down its rays with great intensity, thronged into the two waiting-rooms, talking in subdued voices, or orgazing apprehensively at the countrymen standing without, silent and stolid, unmindful of the blinding heat. When the colored porters from the hotels appeared, with the baggage of the departing guests, a low growl ran along that group, making the hearts of the negroes and their white townsmen grow cold, for the wind that lifted many a light cotton coat revealed the shining tops of pistols. Then the marshal, a slight man, but with a frame of wire and cool, calculating courage, appeared and as he walked indifferently toward the sullen crowd, in his presence, representing the majesty of the law, the murmur suddenly ceased. He did not utter a word but as he paced up and down the hot platform, a noticeable change came over the multitude. The men whose set faces and unkempt appearance were suggestive of violence, assumed an attitude less fearful to the minds of the others. The silence hanging over the station was accentuated on the main streets. Crowds of women thronged the stores and were to be seen at every door and window and though they

conversed, it was in whispers.

On one corner, commanding a good view of the station, was a group of negroes, a black cloud on that town's sunshine. They huddled together like affrighted sheep, yet one could see the brows of some of the younger men were fiercely threatening, and though they talked freely among themselves, their voices instantly ceased at the approach of a white person. Against the lamp-post a woman, bent with years of toil, was leaning. Her withered old face worked convulsively and as she wrung her hands, she called piteously for her boy. A few women, of her own race, stood beside her, striving to quiet her sorrow, while the tears were pouring over their own black faces.

"I cannot stand it!" cried Mrs. Earle, throwing down her work, and looking with brimming eyes from one to the other of the three girls, striving, in that overcharged atmosphere to continue their sewing. "I cannot stand it! Aunt Tilly's cries are driving me mad! Is there no escape from them! I shall hear them to my dying day! Where is Harry Earle? That man must have a heart of marble not to go to his old 'Black Mammy' in this hour of need. She took him from his dead mother's arms and he never knew another love, in all his childhood years, except hers. Harry, Harry," she pleaded, as if her husband were with her, "won't you go and fetch Aunt Tilly here? Tell her, even if Peter is lost to her, she still has us."

Suddenly the loud cries of the negro woman ceased. Mrs. Earle went to the window and with a quick burst of tears called Judith to her side, and the girl, looking across the street, saw the tall, firm figure of the minister, bending over the aged woman, who, in her

woe, had fallen on her knees before him. She saw him raise her as gently as if she were his own mother, while he took the poor trembling black hands in his, as he spoke to her words of consolation. At that moment a long, shrill, sharp whistle rent the summer air and it was answered by a yell of terrible pain and fear from the mother.

"My boy! My boy!" she screamed "He's comin'! He's comin'! An' de white men er goin' to kill him!"

Judith could see from where she stood that the face of the preacher looked worn and haggard and almost ghastly in its whiteness. He threw an apprehensive glance around, for he thought that mother's cry must have turned those negroes into madmen. It had changed them, but not alarmingly. Generations of slavery cannot be forgotten in thirty years. He turned his sympathetic eyes back to the mother and held her hands in a stronger grasp. The other women were crouched on the ground, their faces buried in their aprons; and the picture he made standing among them, supporting the aged negress, whose strained wild eyes were fixed with terrible intensity on the wooden platform by which the panting engine stood, never faded from the mind of Judith. Southern born and raised, absorbing a careless contempt for the negro with the very air he breathed, perhaps having, with thousands of his countrymen, just reason to hate the black-skinned race, she well knew by making himself its champion now, he had invited an opinion that no other gentleman in the community had dared. She felt that apart from the impulse natural with him, to soothe sorrow, there lay in the act another motive, showing himself superior to every grade of prejudice.

The sound of many feet on the brick pavement announced the approach of the prisoner and his captors. The sheriff and his deputy headed the procession, with a negro boy, scarcely twenty years of age, walking, handcuffed, between them. An ashy hue overspread the brown-tinted face, and his eyes, blood-shot and wild, seemed starting out of their sockets. His poor clothes were covered with dust, and it could easily be seen fear and fatigue had almost exhausted him. He looked around for the glimpse of one friendly face; then, he saw his old mother on the corner, with the white man beside her. The benumbed mind could not grasp the meaning of the situation, but he opened his lips, and with his remaining strength, cried out to that one friend, "Mammy! Mammy! I niver done it!"

As if his grasp had been a child's, the mother freed herself from the detaining hands of the minister, and speeding down the wooden steps and across the street, unmindful of the officers, flung herself on the bosom of her son. The sheriffs looked on restlessly. It was affecting, and it is not the duty of officers to evince feelings; while from that rougher element, surging in behind them, came an ominous murmur of dissatisfaction. A second time the marshal appeared in their midst, and his eye and manner were more threatening. The men fell back of their own accord, for the crowd of blacks on the corner had gained in number, and the whites coming in behind on them were those who respect the claims of humanity. The minister turned to the negroes, who were trembling with excitement, and spoke to them a few words of counsel mixed with stern warning. It was a critical moment, as well he knew, and for one

incautious word or act, the streets of that town had streamed with blood. When it had passed, the marshal quietly disengaged the prisoner from his mother's embrace, assuring her no harm would come to her son while he had power to strike a blow in his defense.

"He is the law's now," said he, looking toward the sullen faces near him, "and until the law pronounces his sentence, he is as safe as if he were free. The citizens of this town," he continued, raising his voice, "will not tolerate the spirit that would wrench from the law its sacred rights!"

A murmur of approval came up from the rear as the words were uttered, and then the officers conducted their prisoner to the near-by jail. The mother followed, and, when all had departed, sat down by the door, closed for the first time between her and her only child, sobbing bitterly. Here, on his way home, the preacher found her an hour later. He assured her her fears, that the boy would be taken forcibly from the prison and hung, were groundless; for after the decisive words spoken by the marshal, it was noticed the crowd from the Blue Lick district had quietly dispersed. Calmed and comforted, the negress arose and went her sad way home.

As the evening approached, something of its serenity returned to the town. The people began to think there was no cause for alarm for the negro, since the fierce-looking friends of the dead man had raised no commotion, and after seeing the supposed murderer safely lodged in jail, had departed as silently as they had come. It was noticed, however, that Bill Sharkely still remained and that he was drinking heavily.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE HOLY SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

1. PROTECTION OF MARY. On July 16, 1251, the Blessed Virgin appearing to St. Simon Stock, made him this promise: *Those who die invested with the Scapular will be preserved from eternal fire.* Later, in a vision with which she honored Pope John XXII., she promised a new favor: *Those who have been invested with this holy livery will be delivered from Purgatory the first Saturday after their death.*

2. AFFILIATION to the Order of Carmel. Those who become members of Carmel by receiving the Holy Scapular, participate in all the good works of the Religious of this Order.

3. COMMUNICATION of merits and good works. The members of the Confraternity participate, moreover, in the merits and good works of all the associated members in the different Confraternities throughout the world.

4. PARTICIPATION in the graces and in the numerous Indulgences attached to the Holy Scapular.

5. PRIVILEGE of the Sabbatine Bull. This privilege consists in the deliverance from Purgatory the first Saturday after death.

Conditions for gaining the partial Indulgences. It suffices to be in a state of grace, to visit on the aforesaid days a Church of the Order of Carmel, to

pray there for the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the Church, the extirpation of heresy, and the union of Christian princes, and to recite before one or more altars five Paters and five Aves in memory of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.



"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

6. CONDITIONS for participating in the advantages of the Confraternity: I. To receive the Holy Scapular from a Carmelite Father or from a priest authorized to give it. II. To wear it continually. III. To have one's name inscribed on the register of Confraternity.

7. CONDITIONS for enjoying further more the privileges of the Sabbatine Bull. I. To preserve chastity according to one's state. II. Those who can read should recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin in Latin, as

it is found in the Roman Breviary. Persons who cannot read should observe the fasts of the Church and abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas falls on one of these days. In case of impediment, a commutation may be asked from a Carmelite Father or from a priest authorized to this effect.

AVE MARIA.

BY THE REV. ELISEUS RICK, O. C. C.

Who can express the charm these words contain? After the Our Father, the Hail Mary is the most beautiful prayer. The former is of divine composition; but the second derives its origin from an angel. The Hail Mary is the beginning, or rather the public announcement of the glories of our Blessed Mother. Therefore Lacordaire says: "Whenever a human mouth repeats the Hail Mary, then through Mary an unspeakable happiness thrills in the remembrance of a moment which has no equal, either in Heaven or on earth."

Ave Maria! This salutation is dear above all others to the Blessed Virgin. In the life of the Blessed Thomas a Kempis, the author of the "Imitation of Christ," we find the following trait: Thomas was a devout servant of Mary and used to salute her with a Hail Mary whenever he passed an image of his heavenly Mother. He greeted her with an Ave Maria, when he entered or left his room; he always said this prayer and by this means, he obtained great graces for his soul. But through the company of some school-mates, whom he did not distrust enough, he gave way to a certain tepidity. At this point he saw, in a dream, Mary, bestowing favors upon several of his friends. As he was waiting for his turn: "What are you waiting for?" said our Blessed Lady, "since you have ceased to greet me. What has become of the Ave you used to address to me so often? Begone!" Thomas awoke and resumed his usual prayer with more earnestness than ever.

All the saints loved the Ave Maria. A touching trait is related of the childhood of St. Thomas Aquinas. His mother, the countess Theodora, went every year to Naples to participate there in all the festivities. One morning, it is said, the little Thomas clenched in his hand a piece of paper; in vain his nurse tried to wrest it from him. When his mother came to sooth the crying child, he opened his hand and she read on the paper only these two words: "Ave Maria." As soon as the child got the paper again, he swallowed it; and when afterwards he appeared to cry, and they only gave him a paper with those words, he was immediately soothed and smiling he pressed the paper to his lips.

It is impossible to cite all the saints who loved to salute the Blessed Virgin with these words of the angel "Ave Maria!" But we must not omit St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, who by this prayer reached the highest degree of perfection. Whenever he heard the clock strike, he saluted Our Blessed Lady and by this practice he felt himself penetrated with a heavenly joy. St. Alphonse Liguori calls the Ave Maria, the language of the Saints and he never felt happier than when saying it.

Transported with enthusiasm St. Alanus exclaims: All, who love your name, may hear me! The Heavens rejoice and the earth is filled with amazement, when I say: "Ave Maria!" Sorrow is put to flight and joy again fill the heart, men I say: "Ave Maria!" Devotion increases

and the soul exults in heavenly delight; when there resounds "Ave Maria!" Yea the sweetness of this holy salutation is so agreeable, that it is impossible to explain it in words."

Even among heretics and infidels the Hail Mary has found its lovers. A Protestant theologian of the University of Halle has published a pamphlet bearing the title: "The Protestant Ave Maria," in which the author tries to re-establish the veneration of the Blessed Virgin among the Protestants. He deplores the prejudice of his brethren in the faith, who refuse to greet Mary with the salutation, which the angel used, when he announced unto her that she should be the mother of the Redeemer. "To all the other mortals," continues the author, who preceded us in the eternal home, we may forward the greatest; "Ave Pia Anima!" but to her, who is the Mother of Our Lord, and our Mother as well, we are not allowed to do it, because it would be Catholic."

Zacharias Werner, a Protestant and one of Germany's greatest tragedians, makes a beautiful paraphrase of the Ave Maria:

"Hail full of grace! He who hath created me and who hath taken away my sins, the God without defect, hath rested in thy womb!"

"The Lord is with thee! with thee, the Blessed among all women! who hath delivered them from the malediction. The salutation, which thou hast heard, destroyed the curse, that rested on Eve."

"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. In order to bring eternal fruit, the word hath come, hath taken flesh from thy flesh and changed the guilty into the innocent."

"O pray for us, poor sinners, whom the God of love has bequeathed to the

cross; pray that we may find grace and salvation in the hour of death!

Now if such is the predilection of Protestants for the Hail Mary, what shall we say of Catholics?

One of the most touching customs of Catholic Spain, is doubtless the song of the serenos, or night-watches. Fernan Caballero describes this beautiful usage as follows:

"The traveller through Spain finds everywhere the serenos, who watch in the streets during the night. But nowhere are they more numerous and better organized than in Seville. As soon as the first star appears in the skies, they assemble with their lanterns at the foot of the Ayuntamiento and from here they disperse in all directions. During the night they announce the hours and then with a sonorous voice sing in honor of God and His holy mother. The serenos are faithful and honest watches, of whom each has to guard a certain part of the city. They protect the late traveller, show him, if necessary, the right road and lead him to his destination; yea, the keys of the house are often entrusted to their care. As you see, nothing is more useful and more harmless than this small spear-armed power. The serenos always began their song with the pious salutation: "Ave Maria Purissima!" There was something solemn and poetical about this prayer, sung in the stillness of the night by deep but sonorous voices of these men which greatly pleased the pious disposition of the Catholic people.

"Women and children felt themselves more at ease and more safe, when they heard those men, putting their nightwatch under the protection of Spain's powerful patron. But it gave especially a great comfort to the

poor sick, reminding them, to invoke every hour the help of God and of her, who is the Health of the Sick."

The revolution of 1868 suppressed this pious custom, but on the instance of the people, it was restored in 1874. The universal emotion and rejoicing produced by hearing again the "Ave Maria Purissima!" was immense and altogether incomprehensible to a stranger," says Caballero, "The people ran out in the streets to congratulate the serenos. They embraced them, gave them money, cigars and wine. The enthusiasm was universal. Had it been known beforehand, they would have rung the bells of the Giralda, and all the churches, convents and houses of the city illuminated."

But not only the serenos sing that sweet salutation: "Ave Maria Purissima!" It is custom yet in many cities and villages of that Catholic country, to salute each other with these words. In a little town a missionary advised the children to say "Ave Maria Purissima," whenever they heard a person cursing. Soon after, a coach came through the place, whose driver was cursing terribly, as the horse did not go fast enough. The children immediately began to say aloud "Ave Maria Purissima!" The driver was moved, took his hat off, praised Our Lady with the others and did not curse ever since.

There is a lovely legend, about a little bird and the Ave Maria. In a small cell in the midst of the woods, there lived a pious hermit who loved our Blessed Lady very much, and who began every thing that he did and said with an "Ave Maria!" He had in a cage a little bird, which delighted him with its magnificent plumage and its beautiful singing. Hearing so often

the words: "Ave Maria," it repeated and sang them with a joyful voice. The cell was small and still smaller was the cage; outside golden liberty was seducing the poor little captive; the trees were just opening their buds and putting on a new dress of green. One day as the little prison happened to be open, it flew out and sat on a tree full of blossoms, and joyfully pealed forth its "Ave Maria!" as loud as it could. The hermit was very sorry for his loss and tried to catch the bird again; but it flew from branch to branch, from twig to twig singing full of happiness "Ave Maria!" Suddenly a big hawk darted upon it and caught it with its fangs. The little bird did not defend itself but only in a plaintive voice it sang: "Ave Maria!" Surprised the hawk opened its claws and the little bird flew away, warbling forth full of joyful gratitude: "Ave Maria!"

Let us conclude with another story: A poor woman passed several times a day through a street, far away from the place, where she was working, although the latter was not far away from her house. "Why do you make this useless journey?" she was asked.

"O!" she said in her simplicity, "there lies a sick person, who does not want to be reconciled with God; so I cast as often as possible, some 'Hail Marys' before his doors. I do not know whether I am right, but I think it is with the prayer as it is with drops of odorous water which, when sprinkled on the floor spreads its fragrance through the whole house. It always seems to me, as if my 'Hail Marys' were to convert that poor soul. During two months, I did the same before another house, and here the sick man received the last Sacraments and died reconciled with God."

These simple words contain a whole revelation. Yes, dear children of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, let us sow "Ave Marias" and we shall reap souls.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

"In Peril by Water."

(FROM THE GERMAN IN "ST. JOSEPH'S
BLATT," BY S. N. BLAKELY.)

The Chaudieres Falls! Those magnificent specimens of the Creator's handiwork! Whoever is acquainted with the geography of Canada is aware that they are situated near the beautiful city of Ottawa, and are looked upon as amongst the greatest wonders of nature which the world has ever known.

Between the steep banks of the Ottawa river, a solid mass of rock, placed there by the will of the Almighty, in the very midst of the current, forms the nucleus of the falls. Gathering fresh impetus as it comes ever and anon from the river's distant source, the seething, foaming water precipitates itself into those fathomless depths. Then it is thrown back in showers of spray, whose shifting hues rival the rainbow's tints, or in myriads of sparkling drops whose radiance outshines the diamond's dazzling gleam.

The noise of the element in its perpetual motion can be heard at a great distance, as the mighty mass of water in the gigantic caldron seems to put forth all its force against the unseen power which holds it there. This, together with the foam so constantly whirling upwards, gives the spectator, at first glance, the impression of an immense caldron resting upon an ocean of fire. The name by which the falls are generally known is certainly most appropriate, (Kettle Falls.)

Even now, as I, with my beloved wife, walk hand in hand down life's pathway, our little village fades away, and, as I seem to hear the voices of those distant waters, for the time I long to return to the Canadian forests, and live over the scenes of my youth. But it is not with agreeable episodes alone that my sojourn was associated.

It was at the Chaudieres Falls that the most terrible experience of my life befell me. Although thirty years have elapsed, the mere remembrance of that day causes an icy chill about my heart, and my hands fold involuntarily as I utter a prayer of inexpressible gratitude for my wonderful preservation from certain death. Yes! I was saved from an imminent peril, and I know well that my escape was owing to the ever blessed Mother of God, the powerful Queen of Carmel.

Scarcely eighteen years had passed over my head, when, with the restless disposition of youth, I determined to leave home and friends to try my fortune in America, that country of which I had heard such wonderful things. Gathering my possessions, I crossed the Atlantic, and for some time traversed the States, without, however, finding the fortune I had aimed at. Finally, at the suggestion of a young friend whom I had met in Chicago, I choose the life of a woodsman in the Canadian forests. After my recent wandering, this simple, peaceful life suited me exactly. From my earliest childhood I had loved the solemn grandeur of the forest, and now I was privileged to live there, from one year's

end to the other. The only variations of the monotony occurred in the autumn and spring, and they were very welcome when they came. Twice every year my comrades and I constructed a raft, which we, ourselves, propelled down the Ottawa river. I must confess that these excursions on the raft possessed a fascination for me, and that, as the seasons for setting out drew nearer, I grew more and more jubilant at the prospect. Then arose the recollections of my childhood, when I stood on the shores of the Rhine and gazed in wonder at the immense floats from the Black Forest, never once dreaming that I, myself, would one day be guiding one—although I wished it from the depths of my heart. But to my tale. It was early in spring, when my friend and countryman, the trusty Bruno, and little Charles, whose nationality was evidenced in his never-failing gayety, with your humble servant, prepared everything satisfactorily for the usual spring flitting. We “launched” our rafts and, with every hope of a successful trip, we were soon riding over the waters of the romantically beautiful Ottawa river, and admiring the picturesque wildness of its banks. No doubt they present a very different aspect to-day. The weather, which, when we set out, was perfect, soon, however, underwent a change, and, as we approached the city, it grew gradually more and more treacherous. Heavy rain turned to snow, and hail rattled about us, whilst with a thrill of apprehension I thought that we were nearing the Falls.

Happily, there was a slight cessation in the storm, and for a brief period the dark clouds parted and the sun looked out, as if to bid us keep up our courage. The wind would not give up the con-

flict, but with discordant shrieks seemed to warn us that danger lurked nigh.

And so we went on. I strove to think that there was no direct danger, and rejoiced that the sun still showed its shining face. To buoy us up, I called out “Cheer up,” to which Bruno at once responded, whilst little Charles merrily cried “Bon courage !”

Nearer and nearer came the rush and the roar of the Falls. Never had the noise sounded so unwelcome in my ears, and my hand grasped the Scapular which I wore, whilst I breathed a prayer to the Mother of God—our dear Mother. Close by the falls the current assumed a downward path, and as it rushed on with incredible swiftness it was looked upon as one of the most dangerous points. To pass it required a safe hand and a quick eye, but little Charles was at the helm, and none was more capable than he in the management of the raft. We had just reached the perilous place and I uttered a warning cry, when—I know not wherefore—our raft received a violent shock—and there we were in the midst of the current. Instantaneously, and with merciless grasp it held our float fast, and then sent it on to the falls. Two minutes—two little minutes’ more of this fearful danger, and not a vestige of hope would remain. Little Charles, with desperate courage, sprang into the flood. The raft, raising aloft, parted, with groans and shrieks it seemed of despair, whilst my friend Bruno and myself were hurled into the raging waters. I rose for an instant—with convulsive grasp I seized my Scapular, and fervently cried, “O ! Mother ! Help me !” I heard the cries of the men at the saw mill and the harbor, who looked upon us as doomed, like so many of our predecessors, to an untimely death. As I was about to sink

once more, my head came into violent concussion with a small buoy, fastened there as a warning of danger from the Falls. In a trice I put my left arm firmly around it, whilst my right hand never parted from the Scapular. Then followed a quarter of an hour which seemed like an eternity. In the very face of that gigantic caldron which seethed and boiled not one hundred steps away, its dismal tones sounding in my ears like the lamentations of a despairing soul!

At last—at last—I saw a boat with slow and careful progress coming towards me, and a rope was thrown out to me. With the last remnant of strength, I fastened it about me, and was drawn up into the boat more dead than alive. Little Charles, who happily had lighted in shallow waters, was in the boat. Help had come to him at once, as it had to my friend Bruno much sooner than to me. He was picked up, very much exhausted, but not in the most dangerous part, about a quarter of a mile from the point whence I was rescued.

There was not the slightest doubt that the Mother of God, whose Scapular I devoutly wore, had rescued us from death. Several Protestants on the boat declared that our escape was beyond explanation.

We lost no time in going to the nearest church, and there at the altar of Mary offered up our inexpressible gratitude. A priest appearing on the scene, friend Bruno, in his persuasive fashion, proposed that we should then and there cast off the burden of our sins, that we might the better offer our thanksgiving to heaven. We received Holy Communion together, and as we left the church next morning, the irrepressible little Charles said that we must surely commemorate our rescue.

We ordered a feast therefore, and invited the captain and crew of the boat. The old gray-beard was rather taciturn, and devoted his energies to the good things spread out before him. But, when a few glasses had loosened his tongue, he said to me, "Well, you certainly were more favored than I can understand. The Lord must surely love you for some reason or another." I showed him my Scapular, and before all the guests gave him a plain explanation, closing with the words: "The habit of our dear Mother saved our lives." "Well," said he, "if only I were not a Protestant I would assuredly wear it myself."

Having been thoroughly cured of my passion from rafting, with my friend Bruno, I accepted a place in a large lumber yard in Montreal—in which city I met my dear wife, also a German—and after a number of years' unremitting labor, we returned to our never - to - be - forgotten fatherland. Friend Bruno followed and plays the part of "Uncle" in our home. The narrow escape of little Charles did not change his love of the water, and he still guides a raft down the Ottawa.

In the lovely parish church of our little village over the altar of the Blessed Virgin there is, to-day, a perfectly executed picture.

In the midst of tumultuous billows may be seen three figures struggling with DEATH. One of these is represented as holding fast with his right hand the Scapular which he wears around his neck, whilst above, a brilliant light breaking through the storm clouds, reveals the Mother of God, encircled by stars. In letters of gold appears the inscriptions: "Ave Maris Stella! We greet thee, O! Star of the Sea!" In the corner is seen the following one: "EX VOTO, A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE TO THE QUEEN OF THE SCAPULAR."

II.

A True Incident.

To those who love the holy Rosary, every instance of its efficiency in drawing souls to God, must be of interest, therefore the following will not, we hope, be unacceptable to our readers :

Many years ago, a young Protestant girl lived as servant in a farm-house at Blessington, Co. Dublin. As in many happy Irish homes, the Rosary was said in common every night, and, through politeness, the girl, far from showing disrespect, joined in it. The family never spoke to her of religion, but the priest of that place, being anxious just then with regard to children preparing for Confirmation, asked this young servant to teach a little boy Catechism, as he had no one to do so, those among whom he lived could not read.

She consented, and, at the same time, learned it herself. The late Cardinal Cullen, when examining the children, was surprised at the intelligent answers of the little boy, and inquired who instructed him. The priest told him it was a Protestant, who was even then in the church, anxious to see her pupil confirmed. His Eminence called her up, and thanked her most gratefully; but greater still was the gratitude of our Lord's Sacred Heart to that poor soul who had not refused an act of kindness to His little one, and had not despised His Blessed Mother's Rosary. Some years passed, and at last the reward came, the golden light of Faith dawned, and she entered Holy Church. There was no difficulty, for the mysteries of Jesus and Mary were familiar through the Rosary, and the Christian Doctrine contained in the

Catechism deeply impressed in her mind.

Her after-life, poor and humble in the eyes of the world, was rich in those of God. He led her through kindly instincts of nature, to ways of grace and love of Mary, and thus onward towards the reward promised to those "who instruct others unto justice."—
E. D. M.

SIXTEEN SAINTLY SISTERS.

A GREAT FAVOR GRANTED THROUGH THE
INTERCESSION OF THE CARMELITES
OF COMPIEGNE.

A brief space of time has elapsed since the publication of a favor received at the Carmel of Hanoi, through the intercession of the Carmelites of Compiègne, and from that publication has arisen another favor, equally great, and coming through the same powerful source. We give below the exact relation, taken from the two letters of Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus, Prioress of the Carmel of New Orleans, La. :

"I am happy to tell you of the cure of our little white-veiled novice, Sr. Claire Joseph (who has been an invalid for five long years) which was obtained through the intercession of the sixteen Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne. The cure was effected in August, 1897, after a novena to those holy martyrs, which was begun after I had received the card upon which was fastened a spray of ivy taken from their tomb, and read the leaflet which detailed the wonderful effects of their intercession at Tonquin. After the perusal I knelt and implored from the martyrs a proof of their power, and promised to do all that I could towards the diffusion of their cultus, if they would obtain our dear invalid's cure. Sr. Claire Joseph was

thirty-one years of age, and her restoration had been entirely despaired of. My petition finished, I went to the Infirmary to tell her to begin a novena to our holy virginal martyrs. Slightly smiling, she replied: "I will do so, dear Mother, since it is your wish, but I have given up all thought of being cured, and am only awaiting our dear Lord's call." Sr. Claire Joseph was *very* ill at the time and had been confined to the infirmary since Easter Monday. She was thought to be dying on the eve of Corpus Christi, June 16 and on the following day the last Sacraments were administered. When the feast of the Sacred Heart came, June 25, she was extremely weak, and remained for several hours in an unconscious state, so prostrated that the physician expected her to die every moment. However, he injected strychnine into her arm, and I fervently implored the Sacred Heart to spare her to us. She seemed to rally somewhat, but in July and August new and most dangerous symptoms were developed.

Dr. S. L. Theard, who was in attendance, said to us repeatedly, as also her father, Mr. Patrick Everett, a resident of New Orleans, that the sick Sister could never recover. The doctor said all that he could accomplish was an amelioration of the pain she endured.

Her trouble during five years had been an ulcer of the stomach, which during the last year had become a cancer. The doctor who had attended her from the first said, "She is afflicted from her head to her feet,"—for all natural functions had for years ceased to be natural. During the novena, which was made by the entire community, there was no cessation of pain up to the seventh day, then there was a decided change for the better, and on the ninth day *every trace of the malady*

had left. There was no discharge, no vomiting, and the natural functions of the body were resumed. Sr. Claire could eat whatever was placed before her; she slept well, and two days later on she began her ten days' retreat, during which she took part in every exercise without the slightest feeling of fatigue. And up to this time her head pained her to such an extent that the least mental effort was insupportable.

Indeed her sufferings had so affected her that at times it was thought necessary to place her under the influence of morphine, and had not the doctor assured us that she could not possibly live beyond November, we would have placed her for treatment in a hospital. Now, all that is over. She is as well, both physically and mentally, as when she received the habit. May the name of our dear Lord be blessed! Will you not chant a "*Te Deum*" in thanksgiving to our merciful God?

Over and over has the doctor declared that the cure is due to prayer—to a power far more efficacious than science, and that he does not claim the least credit for its occurrence. Last week he read with deep interest the French brochure relative to the Carmelite martyrs, after which he declared that if he should be ill he would certainly ask Sr. Claire Joseph to make a novena for him to the sixteen Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne."—CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.

When the love and affection we give to the creature is purely spiritual and founded on God, the love of God grows with it; and the more we remember the earthly love, the more we also remember God and desire Him; the one grows apace with the other.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

How happy we all are because the glad May has come once more to rejoice the whole earth ?

It is the crown of the Spring, this laughing May of whom poets have sung in all ages, and its coming is hailed with joy by young and old alike.

To us, Catholics, the month of May is especially dear, because it is the month of Mary our Mother.

Each day is one of benediction, and heaven seems to have stooped down to earth, so lovely are the flower laden shrines of the Queen of angels and men.

To be a child of Mary is the highest ambition of every young girl, in whose heart the love of purity has been carefully guarded and cherished by a tender mother or Christian parents.

The holy Virgin of Nazareth has at all times been held up as the model of maidenhood, and the desire to be like her, to be one of her children is the ardent desire of every Catholic girl whose early training has led her to the altar of Mary.

Blessed children *they*, predestined for life eternal, and securing even in this world, a claim to every blessing. "No true child of Mary *can be lost*," says St. Alphonsus, and *he* knew if any one knew, great doctor of the Church as he was.

What will please our Blessed Mother during May days ? someone asks. Let me answer you in the words of St. John Berchmans, her devoted servant

and faithful child. He, too, was asked that question and his answer was "*anything, any little thing, only let it be constant.*" Dear children, there is a world of wisdom in that simple answer.

It is a repetition in kind of the words of our Blessed Lord : "He who perseveres to the end shall be saved."

It is so easy to set our will, with a glowing heart and every intention of keeping at it. Alas ! for poor human nature. We all get tired so soon, and worse than all, tired of ourselves. Yet long, long ago the prophet said that *each* day he would say, "*Now I begin.*" There is much comfort in that for those who have not the quality known in our day as "*Stick at it*ness."

Now for the month of May, with its delightful mornings, clear and warm and inviting. What better offering could we make to our Blessed Mother than a pilgrimage to daily Mass ? The best of us, dear children, are only beggars, paupers in the sight of God ; but when we attend Mass and offer to the Eternal Father His only begotten Son Jesus Christ, our brother, *then* are we rich indeed, and in the words of St. Ignatius, "in offering the Precious Blood, we are paying more than we really owe."

Oh ! if every Catholic could be persuaded that the *Mass* is the most important thing in the world. That beside it all the great affairs of a nation, the war with Spain, the freedom of a country, *all* sink into a mere nothing in the sight of God. Then would our churches be crowded not alone on Sun-

days, but every day in the week. Now during the month of Mary, her altars are decked with the choicest flowers until they are veritable bowers of beauty. "Crown her with flowers, she is the queen of flowers." Yes—but it seems to me that thirty-one Masses would be dearer to her heart than a wealth of earth's rarest flowers. The poor can not offer her a daily bouquet, but every one can, as a rule, go to daily Mass.

Try it, dear children, and be wise for eternity,—yes, and wise for time. A daily morning walk will help one to be in excellent health—better than a wheel every time. Again, when the world was Catholic, pilgrimages, journeys to holy places were very common among the people. To-day in Europe, and occasionally in our own country they take place, and much grace comes of them. It is in our power to make one daily. Every Catholic altar is in the Holy Land, and every tabernacle is the sepulchre of our Lord. Who would not love to go to Lourdes in Catholic France, where our Blessed Lady appeared to dear little Bernadette and said "I am the Immaculate Conception!" Well, I am sure our dear sweet Mother will look just as lovingly on every child of hers who sets out for daily Mass with the intention of making a pilgrimage in honor of our Lady of Lourds or any other title dear to her heart.

In Lent it was hard at times to get up in the cold and go off to Mass—but now in May it is a treat.

Do I think it easy to get up early? Indeed I do not, and just there lies the secret. It is hard to get up, but the little sacrifice will make the offering a thing of real worth. Set to work then, dear children. Show our Blessed Lady, dear sweet tender Mother and truest

friend, that you really love her by seeking her early and finding her.

The day *must* be sanctified which begins so near to Jesus and Mary as daily Mass brings the soul. Even if you don't feel like it, GO! Very often you sit beside your own dear mother and just look at her—too tired to talk, or even too lazy, or out of sorts. She understands. Oh! the wonderful wisdom of a mother's heart! She lets you alone many times when you are as ugly as ugly can be—you'll come round all right, she knows.

Well, now, go to our Blessed Lady too, and she will be satisfied to know you are there even if you do not say a word. She will bless you even if you do not ask for it, and she will love you and pray for you, and before long you won't know yourself, so changed will you be. All God asks of us is a good will—that we can give Him—all else is chaff. May you all be very happy during the sweet month of May, dear children. Pray for your

Devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN APRIL.

1. Christian II., of Norway.
2. The *Penn Packer*, in 1784.
3. Keats.
4. St. Pascal Baylon.
5. Pope Gregory X.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Which is the "City of magnificent distances"?
2. Where is the "Playground of Europe"?
3. Where is the "Roof of the world"?
4. What city first built good roads?
5. What city is called the "Town of the hundred towers"?

ANSWERS OF PUZZLERS IN APRIL.

1. The adder.
2. Moses, because they made a ruler out of him.
3. Forty-six, because *six* are Lent.
4. Saul.
5. VII-7. (Half XII = VII.)

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. RIDDLE :

I am only a simple letter,
My value in numbers ranks high ;
Double me, the whole is changed
A churchly title then am I.

2. To a word meaning to *free*, prefix
crazy or insane, and find a famous town
in Spain.

3. DIVIDED CITIES :

- 1—A man's name—a weight.
- 2—A harbor—to disembark.
- 3—A fruit—a form of the verb *to be*.
- 4—Found in the woods—domestic animal.
- 5—Drinking vessel—to advance.

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord,
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my
Saviour.—Magnificat !

2. Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.
—Phœbe Cary.

3. That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.
—Emerson.

4. May is here, the world rejoices.

5. Devotion to Mary is a sign of pre-
destination.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Six Years Old.

When I was one
I wore long dresses just for fun,
I couldn't walk or creep or run.

When I was two
I learned a language all brand new,
I only knew at first, "Boo-hoo!"

When I was three

I had a lovely Christmas tree,
And a little sister sent to me.

When I was four

I had some books, and wanted more,
But couldn't remember to shut the door.

When I was five

I went to the brook and tried to dive,
And papa took me out alive.

When I was six

I often got into a fix,
And did not like the crooks of sticks.

What comes next? I do not know,
But it's better and better the older I
grow,
Because my mamma told me so.

A Model Child.

Her temper's always sunny ; her hair
is ever neat ;
She doesn't care for candy—she says it
is too sweet !

She loves to study lessons—her sums
are always right,
And she gladly goes to bed at eight
every single night !

Her apron's never tumbled ; her hands
are always clean ;
With buttons missing from her shoe
she never has been seen.
She remembers to say, "Thank you,"
and "Yes ma'am, if you please,"
And she never cries, nor frets, nor
whines ; she's ne'er been known to
tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she
puts away her toys ;
She never slams the parlor door, nor
makes the slightest noise,
But she loves to run on errands and to
play with little brother,
And she's never in her life been known
to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
I long to grasp her hand !"
She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
And she lives in Nowhereland !

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Help of Christians."

During this month, devout associates of the Sacred Heart are asked to pray for devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary is much needed in our day," says the editor of the *Messenger*. "We need to lift our hearts out of the despair that grows upon us, at the sight of the iniquity that abounds everywhere, and fix a hopeful gaze upon the image of one so fair, that the thought of her brings blessings with it; we need to conceive a disgust for worldliness and pride by the sight of the simple and humble handmaid of the Lord, dwelling in the lowly estate at Nazareth; we need the purifying gaze from her virginal eyes to make us loathe the lust of a sensual age, and to keep our eyes averted from the obscenity that confronts us on all sides."

Religious Reception.

New Orleans seldom witnessed a more solemn scene in religious life, than that which occurred at the monastery of the Carmelite nuns in the week preceding Mardi Gras. On that occasion, three well-known Pittsburg ladies, members of Holy Trinity parish, received the brown habit from the hands of Archbishop Chapelle. To these good religious who have chosen the better part, we offer our prayerful wishes that they persevere until the end as true Carmelites.

"Quo Vadis."

A great deal has been said *pro* and *con* as regards this now famous novel. Although we have heard some remark that they felt themselves better Catholics after a careful perusal, and, on the other hand, some say that it was

dangerous from a moral standpoint; nevertheless, like the Archbishop of Cincinnati, we are not disposed to "take part in the discussion of how much, or how little, harm it may do to readers, young or old." However, we endorse the wish of the Archbishop, that Catholic institutions, schools, colleges, etc., "should not take on themselves the responsibility of favoring its being read by persons under their care; particularly, that they should not give it for premiums, nor have it in their libraries." The warning is timely, since vacation days are approaching.

Objects of Prayer.

During the last few weeks we have seen some prominent names among those returning to the true fold. There are others still standing on the threshold of the Church of God and they are, to quote the *Church Progress*, "peculiarly deserving of the prayers of the faithful and stand greatly in need of them. We commend these intentions to all our devout readers. Offer for them the Holy Sacrifice, give them a place in your morning and evening prayers, say for them the Rosary and the Litanies. Let us besiege Heaven in their behalf, not only for their own sakes, but for the thousands of souls to whom their example and influence would be a guiding star, conducting them like the Magi of the Gospels, to the Bethlehem where the Immaculate Virgin Mother holds up for adoration the Divine Child. May all of those whom we have named soon be able to call themselves, in very truth, children of Mary, brethren of Jesus, real and living members of the Mystical Body of Christ!"

For the Defence.

Worldlings, in many cases, fail to see the necessity of the contemplative Orders, and periodically indulge in a fling at these "useless" communities. Hence, it is in place that we bring forward such powerful apologists as Counselor Murphy, of Cork, who, writing on the convents of Great Britain and Ireland, says :

"There are men, who, uttering not one word of censure of those whose lives are an unceasing round of dissipation and who seldom or never pray, loudly inveigh against the contemplative Orders and object to nuns leading lives of 'barren holiness!' Have they not read in the Old Testament how the tide of the battle was turned, not by the prowess of the men engaged, or the genius of their leaders, but by the intercession of the patriarch, who prayed with his arms uplifted on the mountain. In an age of infidelity and worldliness and sin, it is well that there should be those who are constantly employed in praising God and praying to Him, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind, of every creed and every clime—for all His creatures. We are but too apt to overlook the *necessity* of intercessory prayer. We become familiar with, and therefore cease to tremble at the revelations of our divorce courts, and other indications of revolting crime that now and then come to the surface. And yet we have read in Holy Writ of how a city immersed in sin and doomed to immediate destruction would have been spared if ten just men could be found dwelling within its precincts. It may be that fire from heaven does not now fall on earth, as of old, but wars and famines and pestilence, at any time, may come upon us. Therefore, we can not too highly value, too carefully guard and cherish those whose whole lives, whose every thought and word and action are one unbroken propitiatory offering and intercessory prayer in our behalf, and we may well address them in the words of the Laureate :

'Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day.'"



Papal Benediction will be imparted in all our churches and chapels on the last day of this month.



In a very short time we hope to be able to announce the formal opening of the completed part of the new Hospice.



The Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls will be pleased to send one or more brown Scapulars, of the proper make and material, to those applying for them.



The form of blessing and enrolling with the Brown Scapular will be found elsewhere in these pages. It can be cut out and be of use to the reverend clergy.



We beg our pious readers to unite with our fathers in the novenas and devotions offered up for our friends and benefactors at the feet of our Immaculate Queen during May.



Doubtless large numbers of our Blessed Mother's clients will frequently visit her shrine here at Niagara Falls this month and invoke her under her lovely title of "Our Lady of Peace."



This month we celebrate the feasts of three great Carmelite saints, and on each of these days a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by the faithful—namely, on May 5th, St. Angelus, the martyr; May 16, St. Simon Stock, and May 25th, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi.

PUBLICATIONS.

Mariolatry: New phases of an old Fallacy, by Rev. H. G. Ganss, pp 300 paper cover. The Ave Maria Co., Notre Dame Ind. Price 25 cts.

This little book is reprinted from the numbers of the *Ave Maria*, where it appeared as a serial and gave delight and edification to a large number of readers. A Methodist doctor of divinity delivered in Carlisle, Pa., an invective against the Church of Rome for its unchristianity, etc., in paying devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The sermon was studiously circulated in pamphlet form and thus came under the notice of Father Ganss, the rector of St. Patrick's church, Carlisle. In order to make his answer more effective Father Ganss quotes for the most part Protestant authorities to repute the often mendacious, mostly illogical utterances of the pamphleteer. Thus in very beautiful English, with vigorous though gentle pen, Father Ganss dissects the sermon leaving one in doubt whether to admire more, the deep Catholic insight some of the writers quoted seemed to possess, or the large reading of the author, or the utter recklessness and short-sightedness of the preacher. It is a book for all our people; it does one good to read in a new style the glories of Mary—our Mother. It will refresh the spirit of a Catholic to learn how devotion to Mary has left its impress upon everything good and sublime, and it will give his faith and hope a tighter grip. Let us hope that Father Ganss, who wields so trenchant a power for truth by his manly and cultured pen, will favor us with more productions in the cause of truth and justice.

"Responses for Divine Services in the Catholic church (in different keys) compiled and arranged by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis." is a timely work. No organist can afford to do without it. It is published at the low price of \$2.00 by the well-known publisher, Joseph Flamer, 211-213-215 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

An interesting little book written—to inspire greater devotion to our Blessed Lady—has appeared descriptive of the "Shrine of our Lady of Perpetual Help in the Mission Church Boston, Mass."

"The Traveller's Daily Companion," published by Benziger Brothers is a tiny volume which anyone can conveniently carry in the vest pocket. It should be an indispensable companion.

The last quarterly installment of the "Leaflets from Loretto" is full of good things. Thirty or more articles—and clever ones—by the pupils themselves show talent and originality. The photographic reproductions are excellent.

"The Dutiful Child" from the German by Rev. F. X. Wetzel is a neat little volume deserving of a large reading patronage. It is in line with the other good books which the same house is adding to Catholic libraries. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is the publisher. Price only 40 cents.

The article on Evolution and Theology, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, a professor in Notre Dame college, Indiana, and more recently a functionary of one of the offices in the Roman Curia, published in the April number of Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, is of unusual significance and interest.

The time was ripe for the appearance of "Catholic Practice." It answers questions which are daily asked. Moreover, there would be little necessity of criticizing the conduct of Catholics during the divine service did they read and practise its contents. This practical little book should go hand and hand with the Catechism. It is printed by the Angel Guardian Press, 92 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass.

That prolific, hand-working and charming writer Eleanor C. Donnelly has lately brought out a lovely "Romance of Shell Beach" entitled "Storm-bound." We also have two companion books by the same author, viz: "Christian Carols of Love and Life" and "The Rhyme of Friar Stephen." These two latter are literary and typographical gems, and will gladden the eye of intending purchasers. Both the gifted author and Messrs. H. L. Kilner, & Co., the publishers are to be congratulated.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

[N. B.—Names for registration may be sent to Carmelite Monasteries in Pittsburg, Pa.; New Baltimore Pa.; Scipio, Kansas; Leavenworth, Kansas; Englewood, N. J.; and Niagara Falls, Ont.]

Names have been received at our Monastery, Niagara Falls, Ont., for the Scapular registry from Philadelphia, Pa.; Roslyn, L. I.; San Andreas, Cal.; Mt. St. Vincent Convent, Halifax, N. S.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, Nfld.; Swornville, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.; Crysler, Ont.; Guysborough, N. S.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, Nfld.; All Saint's Church, Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.

Names received at St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: St. Vincent's Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Denver, Col.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Fon du Lac, Wis.; St. Clement's Priory, Duluth, Minn.

Names received at Carmelite monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Peter's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg S.S. Pa.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, New York; Driftwood, Pa.; Osman, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, El Paw, Pierce Co., Wis.; St. Bridget's Church, River Falls, Wis.; St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, Ill.

Names for registration received at St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Church of Our Lady of the Sea, Atlantic City, N. J.; Holy Trinity Church, Dodon P. O., Md.; St. Mary's Church, Newark, N. J.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N. J.; St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury, Mass.; Alexandria, Va.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N. J.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.; St. Mary's Rectory, Rondout, N. Y.; Everet, Mass.; Holy Cross, Ky.; Holy Angel's Academy, Fort Lee, N. J.; Madonna Church, Fort Lee, N. J.; White Bear Lake, Minn.; St. Canisius' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Our Lady of Lourde's Church, Paterson, N. J.; St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, Ill.; SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Villa Nova College, Delaware Co., Pa.

PETITIONS,

"Pray one for another."—St. James, I, 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For vocations to religious life, 5.
For steady employment, 2.
For health of father, 1.
For satisfactory sale of property, 11.
For restoration of eyesight.
For a wayward son's conversion.
For spiritual favors, 1.
For seven students.
For twenty novices.
For four vocations to religious life.
For a long-suffering mother
For all our readers and benefactors.
For the recovery of a young man's health.
Union of prayer requested in a Novena to our Lady of Carmel.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job XIX, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

FRANCIS FUERTH, Woodslee, Ont.
MISS ELISA BONNEY, Paterson, N. Y.
WM. JOSEPH QUINLAN, Elizabeth, N. J.
PATRICK KERR, Toledo, O.
MOST EMINENT CARDINAL ELZEAR ALEXANDER TASCHEREAU.
MR. ARTHUR SAVAGE, Brantford, Ont., an earnest Christian, kind father and upright citizen, who died March 26.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Sister M. A., Pittsburg; Miss S. B., Granton, Ont.; Sr. M. E., Longue Pointe, Que.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N. J.; Miss F. C. K., Cleveland, O.; Miss L. C. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; Miss M. T. F., Kentville, N. S.; Miss J. C. K., Findlay, O.; Miss Z. K., Findlay, O.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss J. K., Paterson, N. J.; A. Z., Buffalo, N. Y.; J. W., LaPorte, Ind.; Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. M., Joliet, Ill.

Thanks to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

HAMILTON, ONT.

April 15, 1898.

DEAR FATHER,—I am sending you what I promised over a year ago, when my sister was sick with pneumonia, and the doctors said if she did get better she would have consumption. I then made a promise to the Blessed Virgin. I thank God and our Lady of Mount Carmel *she did get better* and has no consumption.

I remain your child,

M. E. B.

—, ONT.

March 5, 1898.

The Carmelite Fathers,

Niagara Falls :

REVEREND FATHERS,—I write to inform you of Mrs. R.'s death. As I was with her through sickness until her death, she asked me to look after her subscription to *THE REVIEW*. She had paid in advance. Mrs. R.'s sons will continue taking *THE REVIEW*, as they were warned to do by their mother. May she rest in peace!

I remain, yours obediently,

A. C. B.

In an interesting sketch of the "City of the Prophets," in the *Catholic Columbian*, Miss Anna C. Minogue gives us some clear glimpses of life and religious work in the Holy Land. We hope some day the same facile pen will lead us up the Mount of Carmel, and picture to us the first home of the Carmelites.

The Lenten addresses delivered at the Boston Carmel by Rev. Henry A. Barry were masterpieces, to judge from the portions quoted by the press. It would be well for us if we were convinced that the solution to the present sad and dismal condition of society is owing—as Father Barry truly said—to a voluntary resistance to grace.

A soul without a director is like a kindled coal, which, if left by itself, cools instead of burning.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Cardinal Taschereau.

Carmel in Canada deeply mourns the loss of the Dominion's first great Cardinal, who in his long and beneficent career shed glory on Church and Country.

Requiescat in Pace.

Do not shrink from trouble ; though it may seem to you more than you can bear. Let all men find you compassionate.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

No one merits love except for the virtue that he has ; and when love is so ordered, it is according to God and in great freedom.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

The greatest honor we can render unto God, is to serve Him in evangelical perfection : and whatever is beside this is of no value or advantage to man.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit, saith our Saviour in His Gospel. So the love which grows out of sensuality ends in sensuality ; that which is of the spirit ends in the Spirit of God, and makes it grow. This is the difference between these two loves, that men may distinguish between them.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Our Advertisers.

We can heartily recommend all our advertisers. We beg our readers to patronize them and also to mention *THE CARMELITE REVIEW*.

"Irish Tea" is just as represented. It is genuine, harmless and soothing. One pound packages will be sent to you by mail if you send fifty cents to The Lappin Tea Company, Paterson, N. J.



ST. VERONICA'S VEIL.

(After Painting of Ittenbach.)



PEACE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE is peace in the tranquil calmness
That glides o'er the boundless deep,
When the billows have ceased their moaning,
And sink, with a sigh to sleep.

There is peace in the shades of twilight,
When far in the radiant West
Fade the glances of golden sunbeams,
And soft chimes the hour for rest.

There is peace in the dream-land music,
That wafts in a sweet, low strain
Like the echo of Angel voices
Singing far o'er the earth again.

There is peace in a storm-tost spirit,
The calm and melodious thrill
Of His voice on the restless surging
That breathes, as of old, "Be still!"

And e'en in the deepest anguish
His grace can that peace impart,
If we drink of the bitter chalice
Through love for His Sacred Heart.

But more tranquil than ocean-calmness
Or twilight when fades the day,
Is that peace which awaits His loved ones,
When exile has passed away.

Oh! the eye hath not seen its beauty,
Nor ear heard that seraph-hymn;
And no heart can conceive the gladness
Afar o'er the shadows dim.

The day is far spent, my Jesus!
On thee, O most loving Guest,
Can our souls in their restless longing
Find peace and eternal rest.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PANEGYRIST OF CLEMENT VI.—LAST YEARS OF THE PONTIFF'S LIFE—HIS
OBSEQUIES—THE BLACK VIRGIN OF PUY—PAPAL MAUSOLEUM AT
CHAISE DIEU—1352-1353.



HE closing years of Pope Clement's life were marked by the noble efforts he made to behold peace—sweet peace—reign among his spiritual children. In Italy, active measures were

taken to produce an amicable spirit in the various republics to which was tendered the earnest advice to suppress their antagonism towards each other, and *not* to annihilate by quarrels the strength, of which Christianity had so much need, to combat against the bold attacks of Islamism.

Upon the French territory, urged on and instigated by the aggression across the channel, there was waged a perpetual conflict, capable of destroying the two first people of the world. To effect a reconciliation, Clement sent, in the month of September, 1352, a special embassy to the foes. But the Pontiff was not permitted to see the result of his negotiations. It became evident

that life was ebbing away. With the fall of the leaf a low fever attacked him, and on the fifth day of the last month he died. Then from the little cupola, which still adorns the most ancient part of the palace, came immediately the silvery tones of the bell, which, so runs the legend, never rings save at the election of a Pontiff, and when death bids him lay aside the cares and honors of his elevated position.

Some days later on the remains of the Pontiff were temporarily placed in the cathedral church of Avignon—where they remained until the following spring. Then, in accordance with his last will, they were removed for sepulture to the monastery of “la Chaise-Dieu, in Auvergne. Clement VI. had always felt the greatest affection for this religious house—for therein in his early years he had been enrolled among the sons of the great St. Benedict.

The funeral cortege of the illustrious Pontiff was a grand sight, solemn and imposing, a something not easily forgotten. His brother, the Count de

Beaufort, and five cardinals, near relatives, were in the train. Pope Innocent VI., his successor, volunteered to assume all the expenses attendant upon these magnificent obsequies. And to whom was given the honor of delivering the panegyric? To no other than the dear saint, Peter Thomas, who found the office an easy one from the blameless and noble life led by the deceased Chief of the Church, and Vicar of Christ. The dignified presence, the mild and beautiful countenance of Pope Clement VI. will ever leave an ineffable memory, as it stands forth with imposing serenity in the annals of the historian.

In regard to his mode of administration, one cannot fail to admire his wise and energetic course, his just appreciation of men and things, his spirit of leniency, and love of peace,—no less than the air of grandeur, the suspicion of majesty which pervaded his reign. Then, too, from the papal chair there emanated during this entire pontificate, through the astute diplomacy which Pope Clement practised towards the various sovereigns, the happiest influence of spiritual authority. If we consider his personal character, we are lost in admiration of that affability which attracted towards him the hearts of his subjects, by that ineffable goodness, which taught him the art of satisfying those even whom he had to refuse, by his virtuous amenity, in fine by his proverbial *clemency*, of which history relates such admirable traits. That he possessed the qualities befitting his rank is a willingly granted fact, and we give due praise to the universal verdict which has given him a high place among those pontiffs who have, with the most dignity, splendor and prosperity, wielded the sceptre of the Church.

We are not unaware that certain disciples of Voltaire, always eager for scandal, whose suspicions are universal, whose doubts are systematic, have maliciously enquired if there be no faint shadows obscuring the private life of the Holy Father, which would take away some gleams of the vaunted glory of his reign. For our reply, we ask what proofs ever existed for such base insinuations? None worthy of a moment's notice have ever been produced. The utterances which have given use to them were but the erroneous opinions of some few secular historians, rashly admitted by but *one* annalist of the fourteenth century, the Florentine Matteo Villani. Far otherwise, the contemporaries of Pope Clement VI., even *Petrarch*, who was so given to the vice of calumny, have found but little fault with his mode of life, and speak in the highest terms of his many virtues. The impartial critic should recognize that, if the Pontiff, accustomed as he was to the courtly manners and splendid festas of the French Court during his sojourn there when Chancellor, manifested a certain tolerance for the trend—frivolous as it may have been—of his environment—it arose from the sweetness of his disposition, and *not* from his concurrence therein. To condemn him because he was fond of elegant surroundings and refined society, is to act in a manner most disrespectful to religion and unworthy of those principles which should ever influence the truthful historian.

St. Peter Thomas was *anything* but a flatterer, nay, as has already been said, he even assumed the privilege, when he thought it beneficial, to express his disapproval of this—or that—action of the pontiff, and yet he venerated him as a most worthy Chief of our holy

Church, and esteemed him as one whose solid virtues far outweighed those minor failings which at times arose like spots upon the sun. Let us touch upon a more serious difficulty. Should the generous expenditures of the Pontiff be censured as unwise?

His residence and its environs, it was said, were magnificent as those of royalty; the stables for his horses were equal to those of a king. His palace was filled with noblemen and officers, whose salaries were paid from the apostolic treasury. Well! we do not deny it, but should not the double end he had in view—to surround the tiara with more splendor as befitting the high dignity of the pontificate, and to provide revenues for several unfortunate families of the nobility—be taken into consideration? He is reproached with having squandered the funds left in the treasury by John XXII. and Benedict XII., for one or two purposes. Either to defray the expense attendant upon a crusade, or to provide the requisite sum for the hoped-for transfer of the Holy See to Rome once more. But, with ecclesiastical belongings, the question of how to apply them to the greatest advantage, is one which often varies, and Pope Clement thought that the most essential object at the time deserved them most. He employed this money then to keep in pay the garrison of Smyrna, which sustained, it might well be said, one perpetual crusade, to aid and strengthen France, exhausted and discouraged by recent wars, while the remainder was divided between improvements for the benefit of the public, and assisting the poor and destitute. Could the Pontiff have made a more praiseworthy distribution of the funds?

The passage from Avignon to Chaise Dieu, across that portion of lower

Languedoc on the Rhone which leads to Viverrais and Velay, occupied twelve days. The funeral cortege stopped each evening at the principal points, the casket was placed in the most frequented church, and Father Peter Thomas addressed the waiting throng, for everywhere were assembled faithful children of the Church, eager to participate in the pious exercises. At the city of Puy, the solemn ceremonial took place in the Cathedral, which is one of the most celebrated shrines of the Blessed Virgin in the world—and the preacher, as ever, came forward to deliver his discourse. But, owing to the fatigue of the voyage, and his constant exertion during its continuance, Father Peter was so hoarse that he found himself unable to speak above his breath. The vast assemblage saw the lips of the Carmelite move, they saw his gestures, and, in their eagerness, leaned forward to listen. Vain effort! The paralysis of the vocal chords produced an aphony so entire that the utterance of a single word was impossible. Soon the concentrated attention began to merge into astonishment, then a scarcely suppressed murmur was audible in the church, and a perceptible agitation amongst the audience caused Father Peter to fear that their disappointment might give rise to scandal. He turned and knelt before the altar, his eyes fixed upon the world renowned "Black Virgin," and offered up a most fervent prayer to the Queen of heaven. He also invoked the aid of the blessed soul of Clement VI. The divine benefactress and the good Pontiff, in whom he had implicit faith, did not delay in coming to his aid. The orator resumed his position, and soon his rich full voice poured forth a strain of eloquence which could be heard at the very extremity of the

spacious building.

The ceremonies over, the preacher was surrounded by his friends and interrogated as to this singular incident. He satisfied their anxiety, and explained how deeply he was indebted to the Blessed Virgin and to their recently deceased Pontiff, Clement VI. The obsequies were terminated at "la Chaise Dieu," in the beautiful church which owed so much of its magnificence to Pope Clement. The remains were "deposited in peace" in the mausoleum which he had prepared for that purpose during life. It arose, in its elegance, in the centre of the choir of the abbatial church. The principal pieces had been sculptured under his supervision at Villeneuve-les-Avignon.

The abbot, Etienne d'Aigrefeuille, received the august charge with all possible veneration, and to ensure equal respect throughout all future time, he decreed that the anniversary of the Pontiff's death should be celebrated by a vigil and by the tolling of the great bells. Still more, after the daily conventual Mass, the celebrant, attended by a deacon, was to repair to the tomb and pronounce the absolution over him who reposed within. All this was faithfully observed until prevented by those sanguinary revolutions which scattered desolation and ruin over the land. It is scarcely one hundred years since, that upon the eve of their departure, the Benedictines might have been heard reciting those liturgical prayers for Clement VI., their illustrious confrere and noble benefactor.

But let us return to the fourteenth century. Master Peter, after having conscientiously acquitted himself of a well merited tribute towards him whose aid and encouragement he had experienced for ten years, renewed his connection with Avignon, and became

again devoted to his office of Preceptor, and deeply interested in the apostolate.

It was but for a brief space of time, however, for a new and unexpected ministry awaited him.

A religious is, by the very fact of his being one, vowed to accept whatever service the Holy See may require from him. Soon, therefore, will we behold the humble Carmelite, torn, through obedience, from the beloved solitude of the cloister, and taking his first step in the field of political life. No need to fear, however, that Father Peter Thomas will not be able to correspond with the ever-widening sphere of his existence. Fortified and sustained by his unbounded confidence in God, rather than relying upon his own powers, he handled the most intricate questions with wonderful astuteness. Appointed not less than fourteen times to different legations, he maintained through all the honor of his Master, the Sovereign Pontiff, and shed new lustre on the affairs of the Holy See. Do you think that this should be a source of wonder? Ah! No! Nothing in the wide world, not even long experience in dealing with the most difficult questions, could produce resources to be compared to the admirable tact, and supernatural light which Father Peter Thomas so superabundantly possessed.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST LEGATIONS — GENOA — MILAN —
NAPLES — QUEEN — JOANNA — EPISCO-
PATE — CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR
OF GERMANY — 1353-1354.

Before his elevation to the papal dignity, the Cardinal Etienne Aubert (Innocent VI.) a native of Beyssac in Limousin, was one of the warmest friends of the saint. With a thorough

appreciation of his ability and merit, the sovereign Pontiff, with an appeal to his zeal and devotedness, selected him to bear to the subjects, as well as to their kings, various communications from the apostolic court. Since the advent of the reigning Pontiff, a number of complications had arisen beyond the mountains. The states of the Church languished beneath the oppressive yoke of local tyrants, who had declared themselves independent in almost all the papal territory and the Romagna. To regain the pontifical domain was the mission entrusted to His Eminence Cardinal Albornoz. Genoa, through a fatal want of foresight, was on the point of losing her independence. Actuated by a spirit of revenge, for a naval defeat at the hands of the Venetians, (August 29, 1353), the mistaken people called to their aid a very dangerous ally. However jealous Genoa had hitherto been of her national liberty, she did not hesitate to confide her fate to the very doubtful mercies of the Duke of Milan. Fatal precipitation! The duke, profiting by the existing discord, had increased his own power to a scarcely to be conceived extent, and threatened thereby to hopelessly disturb the equilibrium of the Peninsula. To avert this peril, Peter Thomas, receiving his first political mission, was sent to the two states, Genoa and Milan.

At Genoa he was to depict in his most earnest way the dangers which would too surely follow from an obstinate perseverance in this fratricidal hatred, and strive with his best and most skillful diplomacy to prevent, at the very outset, the war between Genoa and Venice from dragging its weary length along forever.

At Milan he was to demonstrate how all Europe would look on with more

than disapproval if the duke would attempt to abuse the discretionary power with which he had so confidently been invested by the Genoese. Thus, as ever, the role of peacemaker was unhesitatingly adopted by the Church.

And did the result of these negotiations prove favorable enough to justify the opening of the legation? Was the first appearance of Father Peter as a diplomatist crowned with success? We may well believe it from the relative tranquillity which prevailed for some time in the north of Italy, and from the fact that Father Peter was entrusted almost immediately with another mission no less important than the first.

In the south of Italy, the kingdom of Naples, for at least a decade of years, had writhed beneath the iron rivets of a chain of public calamities, and thereby had become an object of the most tender solicitude to the Holy See.

Queen Joanna—a princess—who, unfortunately, was of a most inconstant and unstable disposition, had, whilst still quite young, accepted as her husband, Andrew, son of the King of Hungary. No two persons were more dissimilar, and this fact went far to increase the misunderstanding which, as was natural, already existed between the Hungarians, who composed the retinue of Andrew, and the Neapolitans, whose pride and boast was that they were officers of the Queen. Basely plotting the death of Andrew, the Neapolitans eventually succeeded in their dark design, and accomplished the crime in the palace of Aversa. No sooner did the sad tidings reach the brother of the victim—Louis, now King of Hungary—than he, at the head of a powerful army, took up the

line of march to Naples. Joanna, filled with terror at the news of his approach, hastened to seek, with Louis of Tarente, whom she had married shortly after the death of her first husband, a refuge in Provence, which formed part of her possessions. And she had also to submit to the investigation which Hungary demanded, and to the process instituted against her before the Pope. The young Queen then appeared in person on the trying occasion in the hall of the Consistory at Avignon.

She was there to defend her crown and, what was far more precious, her honor, compromised as it was by the suspicion of complicity in a most deplorable crime. She plead her own cause, and with such effect that her eloquence, and the tears which seemed to come directly from an overburdened heart, carried conviction to those whom she addressed. She was pronounced personally innocent of the assassination. Nevertheless, to obtain a favorable sentence, it would be necessary to dismiss—and that without delay—the foreign troops which occupied the principal fortresses in Italy. But the state of the finances was, from various causes, far from being such as to enable Joanna to sustain the expense of fitting out a new garrison.

To procure the funds necessary for that object, she, therefore, sold all her right and title to Avignon, for the sum of 80,000 florins (1,300,000 francs) to the sovereign Pontiff. The possession of this sum revived the courage which had well nigh died out in her heart. Joanna and Louis, returning to Naples, entered with more or less success into various military operations, but the latter, even after the final expulsion of the Hungarians (1352), never seemed to enjoy any real peace or happiness.

The "sword of Damocles" was ever suspended over his head, and he dreaded the punishment merited by one who, if not the prime mover in the regicide, had at least been the guilty cause of the fatal deed. During the decade of years, which was the limit of his life, misfortune seemed to pursue the king-

dom, and more than once inexplicable complications arose which impelled Pope Innocent VI. to place Naples under an interdict.

Peter Thomas was appointed to go thither in the spring of the year 1354. His biographers do not say anything definite in regard to the instructions with which he was entrusted, but they were probably similar to those given to his predecessors. They touched upon questions of grave import, and included matters which the sympathetic nature of the saint rendered him eminently qualified to deal with. Filled with the tenderest pity for the afflicted kingdom, whilst adoring with a holy fear the visible manifestation of divine justice, he endeavored to soften its severity by his wise counsels and fervent prayers. Otherwise his embassy to Naples was but an episode in his career, for autumn found him again at Avignon, ready to resume his ordinary rule of life.

Never once did he, in giving the account of his mission, even dream of aspiring to any ecclesiastical dignity as a reward for his efforts, but the creditable manner in which he had acquitted himself as nuncio increased the esteem—already so great—in which Peter Thomas was held. The Roman Curia was careful not to lose sight of a diplomatist whose first efforts had met with such happy results—and the occasion to again make use of his ability was not long in presenting itself.

The Emperor of Germany, Charles IV., whose accession to the throne took place in 1346, had gone through a long and hotly-contested struggle for undisputed possession of the imperial dignity. Up to this time, therefore, Italian interests had engaged but little of his attention—rather, he had never given them a thought. Now, however, more firmly secured by the death of his rival, the iron crown of the Lombard kings awakened his ambition, whilst in the Eternal City the golden diadem worn by the Roman emperors seemed a prize worth his mightiest effort.

Since his election—for which he was indebted to Elias de Talleyrand—Charles had always manifested a proper

respect and submission to pontifical authority, it is true. But was there not always danger that, when placed in contact with the readily-excited nature of the Italians, he would, like his predecessors, espouse the cause of the party inimical to the Holy Father? To guard against the machinations of which he might become the object then, Innocent VI. resolved to send a representative to salute the Emperor upon his arrival in Italy.

Almost at the same time, Avignon had beheld advancing from beyond the Adriatic—from the shores of the Danube—a deputation from the Chief of the Rasciens, a people who had declared their intention of uniting themselves with the Church. To encourage them in this resolution, it was decided that after having paid his respects to Charles IV., the Roman ambassador should extend his travels to the would-be converts, and become acquainted with their dispositions in their own domain.

To whom would this dual and difficult mission be given? In a period when the relations between the Holy See and the imperial throne were of that strained nature that an ill-advised step might prove disastrous, it required one who would be both astute and faithful, courteous and yet not easily influenced, politic, and yet full of zeal for him who had appointed him. To satisfy the demands of the Rascines, who up to that time were adherents of the schism of Constantinople, a nuncio would be required whose ability would be co-equal with his authority, who would be thoroughly versed in our controversy with the Greeks, and fully competent, when occasion required, to enter into disputations and sustain theological discussions. Blessed Peter Thomas was the one in whom the sovereign Pontiff plainly beheld combined all the qualifications he desired for the varied duties to be discharged. And that his new delegate might go forth vested with all possible dignity, Innocent VI. decided to confer upon him episcopal honors, and create him a Bishop. The See of Patti and Lipari, in the kingdom of Sicily, was, at that

time, through the death of Peter of Permes, of the Order of Friar Minors, without any occupant, and upon November 13, 1354, Peter Thomas was named as his successor. He alone was surprised at the selection, but obedience prompted him not to decline what seemed a heaven-sent gift. He was consecrated some days afterwards by Cardinal Guy of Bologna. Innocent VI., when he admitted him to the ranks of the Episcopate, formulated for the new prelate "the dispensation of residence," an exception very rarely made by that sovereign Pontiff.

Peter Thomas, now a bishop, could not, as yet, take possession, personally, of the See which he had been appointed to control. He fondly hoped, however, that, with the approval and authority of the sovereign Pontiff, he might, in the near future, take up his residence there. He did not know—he could not foresee—that the general welfare of the Church—to which he devoted himself daily more and more—would never sanction the realization of this desire.

For the present, however, his route lay towards the great Alps, whither he directed his steps in the depths of winter, regardless of the Ice King's sway. He assisted at the first coronation of Charles IV. at Milan, or, as some authors assert, at Monza.

The prince, touched by the signal marks of respect and deference, of which he was the object, manifested all proper veneration for the Holy See, and promised faithfully to protect its rights. And, indeed, breaking away more and more from the Teutonic traditions, he abandoned the Ghibellines unequivocally, and showed himself decidedly favorable to the Guelphs, who were ever devoted champions of the Papacy.

After the ceremony, Charles set out for Rome where, upon Easter day, he was to be crowned with all fitting solemnity. The Bishop of Patti, meanwhile, pursuing his journey, wended his way to those distant and little known territories where the tribes of the Rasciens dwelt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)



AFTER sending the poor distracted mother home, Mr. Gray returned to his cottage. On his desk lay his unfinished sermon, begun the Monday previous, and standing there, looking at it, his eye caught the text, that heroic text given by Christ: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me." Were ever words telling how perfection may be gained so plainly spoken? He sat down, and, as his eye followed his explanation of the precept, he smiled sadly. How easy it had appeared to him last Monday morning to take up his daily life for Christ! And now that he had found his cross, he was bending beneath it! And those were the words he had been wont to address to human hearts, crushed, perhaps, as was his own! He took the paper and tore it into pieces; then, reached out his hand for the well-worn Testament. It opened at the text he had chosen for his next sermon, and, sitting there in the evening hush, he re-read the words and understood them. He, who had uttered them, had known what human suffering is, had borne His daily cross, knowing the way led to Calvary's summit. Of the thousands who would essay to follow such a Master, how

many turn back when the first trial comes; how many faint and lose courage because the way is long and rugged! And was he to be one of those, one who would save his life to lose it, as Christ predicted? The past days had been filled with exquisite torture, outraged duty battling with the strong, last and best love of the man. He had looked at his love in its "local coloring," as Judith had bade him regard their acquaintance, and knew that one more vain, more hopeless, had never touched a human heart. The weakest wave that ever broke against the shore was more effectual; it had done its little part toward wearing earth away, but not all the ingenuity of love could give a Catholic wife to a Baptist minister. How slight a thing he had hitherto regarded difference; now, when it opposed him, he found it hard as steel. Admitting she returned his love, what then? That barrier would still exist until the faith of one would yield. Would it be hers, received through ancestors on the maternal side, bedewed with martyr blood freely spilled in vindication of its truth, when Henry and Elizabeth would turn their subjects to a contrary creed? He knew were such a conflict as he was now undergoing to be ever opened in her heart, love would be put to flight at the very first onset. The conviction, she, a woman, were stronger than he, a man and a minister, angered him and he smote love and thought it dead. But it returned,

sadly pleading. It showed him how lonely his life was. There were no brothers, sisters, no near relatives to whom he could turn for affection; all love that would cheer him through life, he must gather where he could in the cold, unthinking world. And was ever anything so sweet, so soothing, so completely filling his idea of perfection in the human, as the sentiment he entertained for Judith? Not alone was her face enthralling, but her mind, her soul, revealed to him rarely, it is true, but at those times, completely. A companion with whom it were pleasure to spend all the days of one's life, a friend, whose loyal heart would never fail, a wife, to love and cherish, to hold, his very own through all time and all eternity. To gain this at a sacrifice of a belief and the duty that belief demanded—he thrust the suggestion from him and strove to pray. But over the appeals for strength, came that sweet, alluring voice. Was it such an offense? Do not men, day after day, barter their convictions of truth and honesty and justice for ambition or place or power, with consciences apparently undisturbed? He sought none of those things, but a little happiness, the common dower of human souls. The voice grew bolder, at being listened to unrebuked, and asked if it might not be the workings of the all-loving Providence that he had been brought here to find this joy for which ever the heart seeks. Would he be less loyal to God and his fellowmen in accepting another form of a common belief? Is form not, after all, the shell; faith, animating all Christians, the pearl? So the voice went on, and spent, baffled, he listened. Who has not done so? Where is the heart that has not at some time been the scene of such a conflict? He had thus sat through the whole of

the first night, a victim to contending emotions, and when the morning broke he looked toward the east, knowing now his utter helplessness, with a last anguished cry to God for assistance. The spiritual weakness continued, but as he stood by the negro woman's side that afternoon, all his strength returned. He felt its power like a flood sweeping over his soul, and, as she broke from his grasp and sped to her son, he lifted his face to Heaven and there re-dedicated his life to his Saviour, more humbly than in the first flush of victorious youth, but not the less fervently. Sorrow had touched his soul with its wings of fire, hope had languished and faith seemed to wilt; but faith had now revived, and hope, more gentle, more patient, raised her drooping head. He did not now pray "In Thy time and way!" but "Let Thy way be also mine!" knowing now he had the strength to follow it, though it lead to his Calvary.

He continued to read from the Gospels, and marveled at the fresh beauty he found in their words. "Perhaps," he said to himself, laying down the little book at length, "I needed this to wash my soul and that I, too, shall come to see things clearly and unerringly, as does she. All things—yes," hesitatingly, "all things!" He leaned his arms on the desk, and with his eyes on the shelf of books above, began to look back and garner up the fruit yielded by the experience of the past few days; but the physical part was well-nigh spent, and, after a time, his head fell forward and the minister was fast asleep.

Hours later he awoke. The room lay in darkness, so soft and thick, it seemed he could feel it, and a nameless dread came in with the waking moment, taking on a degree of certainty

as there came to him, from afar, the sound of excited voices. He groped his way through that gloom to the door, and, as he opened it, a flood of moonlight poured in, while louder grew the disturbing tones. He ran down the steps, and, following the sounds, came to the jail, by whose battered doors a small crowd was standing. From them he heard how, a few minutes previous, a band of masked men had broken into the jail, surprising the guards, beating, and, perhaps, killing the brave marshal, and had dragged the wretched negro from his bed to wreak on him summary justice. There flashed through the listener's mind the promise he had made to the negro's old mother, and to keep which, he would have gone to instant death. Some one said the mob had gone in the direction of Sims' Bridge, and he remembered, afterwards, the sickness that came over his heart as he caught the words, for it was there he had said good-bye to love and Judith; then, he was at his own door, and in another minute, he, on his trusty wheel, was speeding down the white streets. Men told afterwards how he had ridden, one instant beside them, the next out of sight; and even in that time of dread, he marvelled at his speed. The steep hill tested his strength, but he regained himself on the slope. As he left the tree-lined streets behind, and the sky appeared he saw the moon, still holding its crescent shape, was hanging low in the west; and the foolish thought flashed through his mind an Indian had called it a bad hunting moon, lying on its back, with horns pointing directly upwards. The weird fading light filled him with an indefinable fear, it seemed as if the two gleaming points were hands uplifted, warning him back from his perilous endeavor.

He fully realized the danger attending this wild ride, knew the slight value a mob sets upon life, and if he attempted to thwart their work, which he had come to do, he would as surely fall a prey to their fury as the negro he would save. Half-way down the hill the great pillars of the bridge loomed up, gaunt and spectre-like in the silvery light, and at sight of the men and horses, blackening the white road, he caught his breath in a hard gasp, but he leaned lower over the handle-bar, every energy bent, every muscle strained, that a promise made to a trusting heart, might be redeemed, even though a thousand dangers threatened. So silent was his coming, no one was aware of his presence until he stood in their midst, and, in a tone of command, asked the meaning of such an unlawful action. The rope was around the negro's neck and the hangman, standing over the trembling wretch, was ordering him to say his last prayers. At the sound of the minister's voice, the man started back, while the negro threw himself on his knees, crying,

"Boss! Boss! save me! I swar 'foh God I nuver killed ole Mistah Sharkley!"

"Men," said the minister, turning to the crowd that had begun to edge in on him, "in the name of God, Whom we all reverence, and Who has given being to this negro as well as to you, I ask you to return him to the jail. The authority to dispose of human life belongs to the law, from whose hands none have right to wrest it. You have no positive proof this boy committed the deed for which you are about to hang him. The guilty one may be in this very crowd, seeking his own safety by the death of the innocent."

"I thout you cum hyar to pray,

pa'son, not to preach," said a sneering voice from the nearest group. Then it broke in, fiercely: "And pray you'd bettah, and durned quick, ur your nigger'll go to hell with white comp'ny pa't uf the way, at least!"

"I came here," said the minister, "to try to prevent the commission of a heinous crime. I believe the negro is innocent, for his life, which has been spent almost entirely in this town, has been a blameless one. He never possessed a firearm and the dead man's gun was found, unused, over his door. This negro knew no one in that neighborhood from whom he could obtain a weapon, and none were found on the premises, nor on his person, when captured. Mr. Sharkley was killed by a pistol shot; how could this be done by a boy who had no gun and had never used one in his life? Men, I appeal to you in the name of your God and your manhood, pause before you take on your souls this horrible crime! I beg of you to listen to me! God knows, my motive is as much to save you from sin, as this poor life to justice."

A part of the men fell back, but that voice that had before spoken, answered,

"Shet up! Now this I say to you, preacher, by that God you prate so much about, this nigger dies to-night, ef I hev fust to put a bullet through you, so these men kin do thar work. Git up from thar, you, nigger! We giv you time to pray, now, die 'thout pray'r. It's all the same to you, anyhow. Men," fiercely, to the wavering crowd, "what mercy did thet devil show ole Jakey Sharkely! Swing him off, an' let the world be rid of sech varmint!"

The hangman attempted to reach the negro, but the minister bravely

interposed, although his quick eye caught the gleam of a pistol in the speaker's right hand.

"Boy," he said, looking pityingly down at the cowering wretch at his feet, "it may be I cannot make these men hear reason, and that you must die; but, before you go, tell the truth to me. Tell the truth to me, Pete, even if you know before you had finished, they would send you to the other world."

Thus addressed, the negro rose. He was shaking from head to feet with fear, but as he looked from the masked crowd back to the face of the minister, pale but breathing of the dauntless courage of the soul, his situation lost some of its hopelessness, and he began in somewhat steady tones:

"Boss, I nuver done it; ole Mistah Sharkley, he hit me wif de hoe dat mawnin' 'cause de cattle bruk down de fence an' got inter de cawn. I got mad and run'd inter de house, an' tole Mis' Lucy I was gwian an' I took my close, an' went uver to de Springs. But 'long er 'bout noon, I wus uver my mad, an' I c'luded I'd a bettah go bac'. I sta'ted an' when I cum to de willow clump, I met a man. I'd nuver seed 'im in my life, as I 'member, but he sed to me, 'Pete, you'd bettah run fur your life! Sumbodys shot ole Sharkley an' dey'll say 'twas you, cos he hit you dis mawnin'. Ef de white men ketch you, dey'll hang you, shore!' I sta'ted to run——"

"Wait," interrupted the minister; "was the man white or black?"

"He hed a mighty bac' face, Boss, but he warn't no niggah, fur he hed yaller hair."

"Why did you run off when you had done nothing wrong?" questioned the minister.

"'Cos I was afeard uf the white men. I knowd ef dey kotched me, dey'd hang me; fur dey allus hang a niggah, whether he's done enythin' ur not! O Boss, Boss, won't you save me?"

The minister looked from the anguished face to the masked men around him.

"You hear that story," he began, but that now familiar voice cried, angrily:

"D—n you and his story! What do you think we care fur a nigger's lies? I tell you," and he now pushed his way through the crowd that closed up impatiently after him, "we didn't cum hyar fur nothin'. That nigger'll swing to-night, as shore as God!"

A murmur of assent ran over the masked crowd, and the minister realized the fatal moment had come. He knew from the start persuasion was useless, that he was only endangering his own life; but he had persisted, hoping to gain time. He began again, to be interrupted; it was then the voice said,

"Men, give thet thar pa'son a knock" (and the minister noticed his peculiar pronunciation of that last word, the silent "k" being broadly given) "in the head, ur shet him up sum way!" and, as he spoke, he advanced, while the negro clutched the minister, wildly calling on him to save him.

"Step back!" cried the minister, sternly. "If you will take the crime on yourselves, give this poor soul some time to prepare for its meeting with its Maker!"

The man paused, sullenly.

"Pete," he said, and his voice shook, "I cannot save you! They are determined you shall hang!" At the

words, the negro broke into wild, piteous pleading, and his despairing cries seemed to tear into the very heart of the summer night, until the minister wondered why all creation did not awake. He held the shrinking figure in his strong arms, endeavoring to soothe his fears. As the boy grew quiet, a breath's silence followed, and in it, the minister's fine ear caught a faint sound, the sound of hither hastening horses' feet. Help was coming! The town had been aroused by fears of his safety and was sending assistance, but it might prove too late, for once let the mob suspect it, they would hurl the boy into eternity without a second's warning. He wished the negro would scream again, but the boy had grown strangely quiet.

"Boss," he said, very low, "wasn't thet you what was stan'in' wif mammy to-day?"

"Yes," replied the minister.

"Den mebbe you'll be good to po'r ole mammy when I'm dead, an' say I tole her good-bye."

All this was said so calmly that the minister's heart began to quail. In another minute, he knew, the sounds, growing more distinct to him, would be heard by the infuriated mob.

"Pete," he called out, in his loudest tones, "do you know you must die to-night?"

"I suppose so, Boss," he answered, and the minister knew the stolidity of the negro race had now taken possession of the boy.

"Then kneel down," he commanded, "and let us pray. Stand back, men, and let us alone for these few last minutes!"

The crowd moved back several paces. The rope, tied to one of the projecting beams, its other end fast-

ened around the boy's neck, lay across the bridge, like a slender white snake, half-uncoiled in the swift-departing, weird light. The negro knelt erect, his black face lifted to the star-gemmed sky. He had ceased his violent trembling, a statue carved from ebony were not more still. His excitement had now passed to the white man. He sent a wild appeal to God to help him in this supreme moment; then bending his head began to pray aloud. The first words were scarcely uttered when over that silent multitude broke the clatter and noise made by the feet of innumerable galloping horses, bearing down on them from the hill. A wild oath went up, with the shout,

"The town-people are coming! Throw him over, boys, throw him over!"

A frantic rush followed; a dozen strong hands seized the startled negro, and pushed him, still kneeling, over the bridge's edge. In the excitement, they forgot the minister, now crouched against the pillar. As they caught the boy, his long, sharp knife gleamed

once in the moonlight, and when the black form was hurled from earth, the sudden splash in the water beneath told him how true and unerring had been that blade of steel. When the men saw the negro drop, they turned to flee, but the dashing of the water arrested them.

"By H—I! He cut the rope!" cried that one voice, and in the next instant, the tall, strong figure of the minister, standing alone on the bridge in the unearthly light cast by the setting moon, the two bright points of which now remained, like flaming hands raised to Heaven, from the brow of gently curved hill, swayed forward, and fell, with a heavy thud, while a pistol shot rent the summer air.

Then the mob sprang to their horses, reached the cross roads before the oncomers could intercept them, and, entering the wider pike, spurred their horses into a mad gallop for their homes in the fastness of the cedar-clad hills.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SYMPATHY.

AH! the plaintive sighs of sorrow,
 Cast their shadows over me,
 Waking mournfully the echoes
 Of responsive sympathy.
 But the golden rays of gladness
 Emanating from above,
 In my spirit find an echo
 From the sympathy of love.

—E. DE M.

CORPUS CHRISTI.



HOW different is the spirit of Holy Church on the feasts of Holy Thursday and Corpus Christi! The first is overshadowed by mournful Passion-thoughts, and, as Father Faber says, "our last effort to be joyful, dies away with the music of the 'Gloria.'" The lights and flowers with which loving hands have adorned His altar of repose, seem to fade away, as we kneel, in spirit, beside the agonizing Saviour of Gethsemane, sharing, by sympathy, in His loneliness and sorrow.

But the spirit of Corpus Christi is joyful, triumphant: . . . a glorious feast, when the Lamb is enthroned on the altar to receive thanksgiving, and praise, and adoration. During the entire Octave, Holy Church is illumined with His radiance, inflamed with His love, resounding melodiously with the strains of her Angelic Doctor's "Lauda Sion."

In thousands of her altars, this Divine Victim is offered in sacrifice, exposed for adoration — frequently borne in triumphal procession, amidst waving banners, and sweet-scented flowers, and wreaths of incense. Benedictions are softly falling, with untold graces, over human hearts — soothing their sorrows, lightening their burdens, and imparting that peace "which the world cannot give."

Countless souls are receiving this

"Bread of Angels," and what light, and strength, and virtue "goes out" from Him during His stay! Others, again, commune with Him in silent prayer, visiting this "Prisoner of love" who abides unceasingly in the Tabernacle.

Even "the valley of death" is illumined by Holy Viaticum, the last embrace of Jesus ere the soul sinks into her "sleep of peace." These are the seven rays of the Sacred Heart: Holy Mass, Communion, Exposition, Procession, Benediction, Visit, and Holy Viaticum. Truly, He is the Sun of Holy Church, flooding it with golden light, beautifying it with His own beauty, so that we exclaim of this "city of God," as St. John exclaims of the eternal city above: "The Lamb is the lamp thereof." Let us in these "acceptable days," endeavor to know Him more intimately, to love Him more ardently, to imitate more closely His example of sacrifice, love, humility, obedience and silence. Above all, let us implore that this Adorable Sacrament may be our treasure on earth, and "the pledge of future glory" in Heaven.

"O Sacrum convivium, in quo Christus sumitur,

"Recolitur memoria Passionis ejus :
Mens impletur

"Gratia, et futuræ gloriæ, nobis
pignus datur."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.

An Interesting Letter From an Esteemed Friend of Carmel.

ROME, ITALY,
May 1, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I will now tell you all about my stay in Rome. Rome had, they tell me, a charming winter, so that meant a great deal of rain in the Spring, and it indeed seemed so, for it poured incessantly for a week or more, making sight-seeing almost an impossibility and quite discouraging us for a time. The city was very much over-crowded, 1,200 Americans being here, attracted principally by Holy Week with its beautiful ceremonies.

Our first drive was to visit St. Paul's and the Three Fountains outside the walls. In the former, an elegant edifice, are mosaics of all the Popes, from St. Peter down to Leo XIII.; the frescoes and altar pieces are all very masterly, and the fine Confessio and beautiful cloister are really a dream. At the Three Fountains, a Trappist guided us to the spot so closely connected with the martyrdom of St. Paul. We saw his prison cell where he was held for three hours before execution, as well as the original pillar on which his head was laid. The three fountains which sprung up so miraculously after his decapitation were then pointed out to us.

The palaces of historic value are almost without number. I am sure that we did not see a third of them, but those we did see appeared very advantageously to our minds. The three I cared the most for were the Roman Forum, the Coliseum and the Palace of the Cæsars, each of which has a history in itself.

The grandest manner in which the

Coliseum presented itself to me was one by moonlight, when every nook and corner was shrouded in a death-like whiteness, adding much to the magnificence of the place, and reminding me so much more forcibly of the martyrs, whose lives had been given up in so worthy a cause.

The Pantheon is another place which appealed to me. I had always desired to see that above any other sight in Rome. It is a wonderful edifice, both in point of architecture and preservation. There is a difference of opinion, so I know I feel at liberty to say that I do not like the idea of turning it into a church. It seems as though it should be left as other marks of history. If any place should be turned into a place of worship it should be the Coliseum. Over twenty-eight wagon loads of the bones of martyrs were brought to the Pantheon from the Catacombs in A.D. 609, and thus it was dedicated to all the saints, under the title of *Sancta Maria ad Martyres*. The tombs of Victor Emmanuel and Raphael are here, as well as of many poets of Italian fame.

The art galleries were of course very interesting to us. I have not seen a gallery in Florence that I admire so much as that of the Vatican. There is the Hall of Modern Pictures, many and wonderful, but the one of which I am fondest is the "Martyrdom of St. Alexandria," given to Pope Leo XIII, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee. In the Hall of the Immaculate Conception are frescoes pertaining to the divine dogma. A magnificent cabinet in the centre was presented to Pius IX., in 1878, by the French

clergy, and contains the text of the dogma translated into many languages.

I must defer mentioning the many famous paintings and frescoes by the great masters. They are innumerable. In the Sistine Chapel is depicted Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, so mighty and glorious that hours would seem insufficient to satisfy you in studying its different points. Other artists have also contributed to the decoration of this chapel.

Of St. Peter's Church, I can never say enough. The oftener I went to visit it, the better I liked it, and how unwilling I was to leave it! Unlike the other churches in Rome, its exterior appearance is grand and imposing. Two large fountains grace either side of the spacious piazza, and on the facade are over two hundred statues by Beruni. Of the five doors of the church, that on the extreme right is called "Porta Santa" and is opened only every twenty-five years. The interior is really so beautiful and of such exquisite workmanship and architecture that no words can adequately describe it.

Near the centre of St. Peter's Church is the statue of the Prince of the Apostles, whose foot is worn smooth from the kisses of devotees, counting myself, of course. The magnificently decorated dome rests on four piers 234 feet in circumference in the niches of which are statues by famous artists. The finest, that of St. Veronica, was sculptured by Mocchi, above which are kept the sacred relics. The grand Confessio is surrounded by 95 ever-burning lamps. The descent is by marble steps to doors of gilded bronze, dating from the earlier church. Here is the Sarcophagus of St. Peter. There are many fine altar pieces and numberless tombs of Popes and Cardinals. Over the main altar, encased in bronze, is the original chain of St.

Peter. The Sacristy is very fine, being chiefly in marble and inlaid wood.

On the first pleasant day afforded us, we called on the Father General of the Carmelites. He was out, so we journeyed over to the Vatican to see Mgr. Merry del Val, who has been exceedingly kind to us. Our next visit, however, found the General at home. He only spoke Italian, but a young student, Mr. Larkin, proved a fine interpreter. Father Galli greeted us most cordially, and promised to do all he could for us, which he most assuredly did. The Holy Father gives no more audiences except on business, so assisting at his Mass has taken its place, and is equally hard to hear. Father General was very willing for us to visit the different Carmelite convents in and about Rome, and even made an engagement to go with us himself. He also gave us a letter to the Prior in Florence, enabling us to visit the monastery there containing the preserved body of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

The Holy Week ceremonies in Rome were most impressive and beautiful. Through Mgr. Merry del Val we secured reserved seats. Such a crush! The people were packed as close as sardines. We were present at the singing of the "Tenebrae" and the "Miserere." Of the last named, everybody has heard, and, indeed, it cannot be exaggerated. Such beauty of phrasing and sympathy! The voices would rise and fall, moan and cry, and then be broken for a while, while the clergy chanted a stanza in monotone, only to be again taken up in a shriek and then a cry and then a softness of so consoling a nature that you indeed realized that in the psalm there was more than a mere lamentation.

About five times the true relics of the Cross, Lance and Holy Face were venerated and extended in blessing from the balcony of St. Veronica, which I took advantage of every time,

you may be sure. The Blessing of the Oils and other ceremonies of Holy Thursday and Good Friday were of the most gorgeous character. On Holy Saturday, the services were very lovely but long, lasting from 8 o'clock to half-past twelve. In the afternoon, one of the Cardinals gave what they call the Penitentiary Blessing from his throne in the church. It looked rather odd at first. He held a long pointer, which he held at the end, and everyone who approached him knelt down, upon which the Cardinal tapped him on the head. It is an old custom, by which criminals were absolved by the prelates.

On Easter Sunday we attended the Pope's Mass in the Sistine Chapel. I can never tell you what happiness I felt at first beholding that divine countenance. The Pope did not seem to be of life, but all soul and intellect, and as he raised himself from his already

elevated position in blessing, his face was aglow with love and eagerness. We were indeed very fortunate in even assisting a second time at the Holy Father's Mass, since thousands were less fortunate. For this we must thank Father Galli, the General of the Carmelites. You are indeed gifted in having such an extraordinary man as he is for your General Superior.

We saw so many churches that I do not know which one to mention. First of all, we saw St. John Lateran's, the parish church of Pope Leo, wherein is the real table of the Last Supper, which is exposed to view on every Holy Thursday.

The Sacred Heart Convent of Trinita di Monti was visited many times; being Sacred Heart pupils, we were of course interested in every convent, especially the one which contains the miraculous picture of *Mater Admirabilis*.

J. C.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

WE lift our sinful hearts to thee,
In gratitude and praise;
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
To thee our songs we raise.

II.

For all thy kind and loving care,
In sorrow and in pain,
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
We chant a grateful strain.

III.

To soothe our ills, and share our toil,
Be with us evermore;
Our Lady of the Sacred heart,
Oh, listen, we implore!

IV.

Sweet Virgin, pure as lily fair,
And whiter than the snow,
Look down on us with eyes of love—
Thy children here below.

V.

Be thou a star in life's dark night
A light that shall not fail;
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Hail, thou sweet Virgin, hail!

THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY FACE.



THE devotion to the Holy Face began on the road to Calvary at the sixth station, when the noble Roman Matron Veronica, braved the impious Jewish rabble to bring comfort to her suffering Lord. She was the first reparer of the insults heaped upon His sacred countenance, and her spirit still lives in thousands of souls united in the bonds of charity and the spirit of reparation, to atone for the outrages committed on the Calvary of to-day.

The veil of Veronica, with the impression of the suffering Face of the Redeemer, is one of the most precious relics of the Vatican, and devotion to it had already existed in the Church for ages, but without special form, when in 1816 was born a little Bretonne, Pierrine Eluere, afterwards known as Sister Saint-Pierre, the holy Carmelite of Tours, to whom God was pleased to reveal His wish, that a special *Cultus* of the Holy Face should have place in His Church. The Sister suffered and prayed for many years, she was tested and tried in every way, as her wonderful Life shows, but it was not until after her death that her mission was fully accomplished. M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, was chosen by God to aid in spreading the devotion; he brought it to the knowledge of the outside world, while the humble Religious received the secret inspiration of Heaven. The life of Sister Saint-Pierre is the key and necessary harbinger of that of M. Dupont. These two beautiful lives uphold, explain and mutually complete each other, both being intimately

united in the same work,—“The Reparation of Blasphemy and of the Profanation of the Sunday, by the worship of the Holy Face.”

Sister Saint Pierre died in July, 1848. In January, 1849, Pius IX., then exiled at Gaeta, ordered public prayers to be offered before the most precious relics of the Vatican. The wood of the true Cross and the Veil of Veronica were then exposed, and the devotions were begun, when it was noticed that the image of the Holy Face impressed on the Veil, appeared distinctly through its covering of silk; on the third day of the exposition, the veil became suffused with color and the Face of our Lord showed itself in full relief and with the eyes animated and with a profound expression of severity. The Canons who were on guard immediately sent information to the Clergy of the Basilica, the great bells were rung, the people assembled, and for three hours the miracle was witnessed by an immense multitude. A Notary was summoned, an act drawn up and sent to the Holy Father at Gaeta. For several days nothing was spoken of at Rome but this astonishing miracle. In the evening, some veils of white silk bearing copies of the true effigy, were touched to the original and sent to France. A few of these veils went to Tours, to the Carmelite Monastery, and the Mother Prioress gave two to M. Dupont; one he gave to one of the Lazarist Fathers at Tours, the other he kept for his own devotion. For twenty-five years he honored it in his oratory, kept a light always before it, and obtained through it most extraordinary miracles of grace and bodily cures. M. Dupont looked upon

the miracle of the Vatican as a presage in favor of the revelations made to Sister St. Pierre, which were still under Episcopal seal. After the death of M. Dupont, the Prioress of the Carmel of Tours immediately bought his house, that it might be transformed into an Oratory. This was done with the approbation of the Bishop. The devotion to the Holy Face increased daily more and more. In the pious Oratory, pilgrimages became more numerous and M. l'Abbe Janvier, Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter of Tours, was of opinion that the time had arrived for the canonical establishment of a Confraternity of Reparation in the Oratory of M. Dupont. The petition was made and favorably answered. The Archbishop of Tours signed the Ordinance Oct. 25, 1884, and Leo XIII. granted many indulgences to the members. Scarcely had the Confraternity been established, when it spread rapidly, not only in France, but throughout the world. Everywhere desires were expressed to participate in the treasures of the City and Diocese of St. Martin. Pressing solicitations were made to M. Janvier, and at length he addressed a petition to Leo XIII. to obtain the elevation of the Confraternity to the dignity of an Arch-Confraternity. The petition was signed by fifty-seven Cardinals, Archbishops and prelates of distinction, and among the names were those of Cardinal McCloskey; Archbishop, now Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati; Bishop Keane of Richmond, and the late Bishop Jansens, so that America was nobly represented.

According to the custom of the Court of Rome, the favor could only be granted by degrees, for instance, first for France, then for the neighboring countries, and after a certain time for the remainder of the world, so a prolonged waiting of years was expected.

Sept. 15th, 1885, the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites was present at the audience of the Holy Father, and his Eminence, wishing to obtain a great favor, asked that the title of Arch-Confraternity should be given there and then for the whole of France (*pro Gallia*). The Holy Father listened and reflected, and what was passing in his heart is known only to God. Had he an intimation of the good the worship of the Holy Face was destined to effect, or did the Holy Man of Tours, whose cause of canonization had commenced, exercise some secret influence? or was Sister St. Pierre to have her reward in Heaven for her years of doubt and suffering on earth? Whatever may have been the cause, the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff was immediate, absolutely and distinctly formulated. Leo XIII. wrote with his own blessed hand, "*Non tam pro Gallia, quam ubique*" — "not only for France, but for the whole world." The devotion spread with astonishing rapidity, and pilgrimages were so numerous that the Archbishop instituted a Society of Regular clergy under the title of "Priests of the Holy Face." They now live in the house formerly occupied by M. Dupont, follow his footsteps and under his auspices devote themselves to all the Reparative works of the period. The oratory of the Holy Face has grown to be a centre of prayer and expiation for all Christendom. Other Confraternities have been established, and it would be impossible to calculate the number of pictures of the Holy Face exposed in private houses, oratories, hospitals, Religious communities, public chapels, parochial Churches and Cathedrals. The Oratory of the Holy Face at Tours is a distinct organization from the Carmel of Tours, but Carmel is intimately associated with the work in spirit, and every Carmelite Convent may be regarded as a centre of devotion. The oil burned in the lamps before the sacred pictures that have touched the original, has worked many astonishing cures, and is much sought for by the sick and suffering.—From "*Carmel—its History and Spirit.*"

LIST OF THE INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE HOLY SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

List of Plenary Indulgences.

There is a Plenary Indulgence. 1st. On the day of admittance into the Confraternity; 2d. At the hour of death; 3d. On the following feasts: Christmas, Holy Thursday, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, All Saints, Patron or Titulary of the Churches of the Order of Carmel.

February 2.—Purification B. V. Mary.

February 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, of the Order of Carmel.

March 19.—St. Joseph, Spouse of Mary.

March 25.—Annunciation B. V. Mary.

May 5.—St. Angelus, of the Order of Carmel.

May 16.—St. Simon Stock, of the Order of Carmel.

May 25.—St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, of the Order of Carmel.

June 24.—Nativity of St. John, Baptist.

June 29.—The Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul.

July 2.—Visitation B. V. Mary.

July 19.—Solemn Commemoration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and during the Octave.

July 20.—St. Elias, Prophet, Founder and Father of Carmel.

July 26.—St. Anne, Mother of B. V. Mary.

August 7.—St. Albert, of the Order of Carmel.

August 15.—Assumption B. V. Mary.

August 27.—Transverberation of the heart of St. Teresa.

September 8.—Nativity B. V. Mary.

September 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

October 15.—St. Teresa, and during the Octave.

November 21.—Presentation B. V. Mary.

November 24.—St. John of the Cross, and and during the Octave.

December 8.—Immaculate Conception B. V. Mary.

Third Sunday after Easter. Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and during the Octave. Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption. Feast of St. Joachim, Father of B. V. Mary. Forty Hours' Devotion.

All these indulgences are applicable to the Souls in Purgatory. (Clement X, January 2nd, 1672.)

CONDITIONS. To gain these plenary indulgences, it is necessary to confess, communicate, to visit a Church of the Order of Carmel, or the parish Church in places where there is no Church of this Order, and pray there for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

List of Partial Indulgences.

INDULGENCE OF 10 YEARS AND 10 QUARANTINES ON THE FOLLOWING DAYS: First, second and fourth Sundays of Advent. The Ember Days in Advent. Every day during Lent, except those mentioned below. The Vigil of Pentecost. The Ember Days in September.

INDULGENCE OF 15 YEARS AND 15 QUARANTINES. Third Sunday of Advent. Vigil of Christmas. Christmas Day at Midnight Mass and at that of daybreak. Ash Wednesday. Fourth Sunday of Lent.

INDULGENCE OF 25 YEARS AND 25 QUARANTINES: Palm Sunday.

INDULGENCE OF 25 YEARS AND 25 QUARANTINES: Feast of St. Stephen, first martyr; St. John, Apostle; Holy Innocents; Circumcision; Epiphany; Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima Sunday; Good Friday; Holy Saturday. Each day of the Octave of Easter. St. Mark and the three Rogation days. Each day of the Octave of Pentecost.



"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire: behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE CLIENTS OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

A Flower of Carmel.

Hermine, daughter of the late Dr. Fremont, professor in Laval University of Quebec, was born in that city on Christmas Eve 1857. She grew up full of innocence and piety. While at school she showed in many ways her love for the poor, and at home she was regarded as the angel of the household. Being delicate in health, she was obliged to travel; and once with her mother she paid a visit to the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. Mdme. Fremont, as well as her daughter, was much impressed with the reign of holy poverty in the monastery, with the unbroken silence of the cloister, the simple and sincere piety of the cheerful sisters, and their generous ideas of self-immolation. Their ardent love of Jesus Christ, joined to a lively zeal for the salvation of souls, completely won the admiration of our pious Hermine. An interior voice whispered to her: "God calls you to Mount Carmel," and "In Carmel you will find repose and happiness." She thanked God devoutly for thus answering her many longings for a religious vocation, and tasted the happiness produced by certainty on so important a point.

Her decision being approved by her confessor, she applied to the Carmelites of Rheims, France, for admission to their house, as no convent of the Order existed then in Canada. Notwithstanding her very delicate health, she was accepted; and after a favorable voyage, arrived at the Rheims Carmel in the middle of June, 1873.

"Teresa of Jesus" was no stranger to the good Carmelites of Rheims. Her

continuous correspondence with the Reverend Prioress and Mother Seraphine, the Mistress of Novices, had led them to appreciate her piety, modesty, meekness, humility, and also her ardent love of her vocation. All of those lovable qualifications, so artlessly exhibited, had captivated the affection of the whole community. Prayers and novenas had been offered for her safe voyage, as well as for the removal of any obstacle to her arrival which might delay the wished-for meeting. The world does not understand that spiritual and supernatural love which links together hearts that live only for the Heavenly Spouse of souls, and devote themselves unreservedly to Him, in order to promote His glory and save those whom He has ransomed at so great a price.

Once at Carmel, the postulant sought to imbibe its spirit; but the Sisterhood found that she already possessed the practices of silence, humility and religious poverty. The kind nuns found her so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of their holy foundress, that they delighted in imagining that they saw her forming souls to the life of Carmel, and thus becoming as well the spiritual as the material cornerstone of the projected convent in Canada, for the founding of which Hermine had given her ample dowry. The dear child seemed to become stronger, and she declared that her health was actually better than it had been before.

The ceremony of her religious investiture was appointed for the 13th of October. The bishop, who took marked interest in her, had promised to pre-

side, but he was hindered by a severe cold taken after preaching in the open air. He kindly blessed the novice's garments which were taken for that purpose to his residence. The superioress used a material care in providing for the ceremony, inviting her own sister Mme. E—to represent Hermine's absent mother. This lady displayed the most generous enthusiasm on her part, providing *un gâteau de circonstance* (the "wedding-cake"), loveliest flowers and all; for the postulant at Carmel is valued for her reception and treated like a bride. Several dignitaries, with a number of secular Priests and three Jesuit Fathers, were amongst the select company invited to see our little Canadian give herself to Jesus. After the ceremony, which took place in an exterior chapel, they escorted her to the convent door.

A deep impression was left on the soul of the fervent novice. She wrote to her mother: "I am so happy that I can find no words to express my joy and my gratitude to Almighty God. Thank Him for me, beloved mother! I can hardly believe that I, whom you wished anxiously to see more pious in my childhood, am accepted by St. Teresa as a daughter and by our dear Lord as His Spouse."

Hermine had always loved her mother, but no sooner had she taken the veil, than she thought that she had never truly loved her. All genuine affection is indeed inseparable from divine love, and increases only in proportion as it receives the touch of perfection by complete detachment.

The new novice contemplated her habit and Scapular with more delight than a bride in the world admires her wedding costumes. She was delighted also with the privileges that her title

of novice gave her, seeking the lowest employment, and trying to avoid the few dispensations which the Mother thought it prudent for her to accept. Her health and her want of knowledge in house-work was a real cross to her. But she was consoled when the ringing of the bell was entrusted to her, and she was allowed to aid the sacristan in cleaning the lamps and chandeliers. Always occupied, she never lost a moment; and was extremely anxious to practice all the mortifications adopted, although one would have thought that the privations of home and its luxuries would suffice for a common soul. Like all who had taken up their cross to follow Jesus, Hermine had interior trials, but her frankness with her superiors and her lively faith helped her to triumph in the combat with nature.

All seemed to favor the hope that she would be able to invite her mother to France for her solemn profession. But about the middle of December the Sisters were much surprised to notice that she was becoming emaciated without any apparent cause, and, as she declared, without suffering any pain.

The physician who was summoned, while admitting that Sister Teresa's constitution was very delicate, saw nothing in her case to excite anxiety. On the 20th the doctor was again called, as the patient was troubled with a little cough and a slight pain in the chest; but there was no fever or other alarming symptom. Again the medical man prescribed, declaring that there was nothing to fear. She was allowed to rest; but without suffering any pain she grew weaker and weaker so rapidly that it was determined to have the last Sacraments of the Church administered. When an altar was ar-

ranged she said: "The green leaves speak of hope, and white is the coloring of espousals." Her heart overflowed as she added: "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" After a last earthly Communion, after Extreme Unction, and a blessing from her venerated spiritual guide, she wished the nuns to sing the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving. When asked what message should be given to her mother and brothers, she replied: "Tell them I do not regret my sacrifice!" After kissing her crucifix with fervor, and calling on the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, at the dawn of December 26th, 1883, Sister Teresa of Jesus passed to the Divine Heart, at the age of twenty-two.

Thus, that delicate flower, transplanted from its natal soil into the splendid garden of Carmel, although too promptly withered, had time to become impregnated with the delicious perfume of that mysterious mountain of the Promised Land—a fragrance which, far from evanescent, spreads itself abroad in all ages of the Church and in every part of Christendom.

Like the humble violet, Hermine Fremont embalmed the hearts of the home circle; like a delicate lily, she lived amongst earthly angels. May her beautiful piety invite many souls dear to Jesus Christ, to imitate her stainless life!—*Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart: Translated by E. V. N., from UNE FLEUR DE CARMEL, by Father Braun, S. J.*

ONLY A DREAM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

IT was only a dreamland vision,
A star-gleam of silent night,
But it silvered the mystic shadows,
And filled me with pure delight.

It was only a dreamland vision,
A ray of His presence fair,
And I knelt at His feet to kiss them,
How blissful my soul felt there!

And that glimpse of our Saviour's beauty
Enkindled such ardent love,
Such a longing to be for ever
With Him in the land above!

There was kindness my dearest Jesus,
In that dreamland glance of Thine,
And thy Heart, ever sweet and tender,
Seemed touched with the love of mine.

It was only a dreamland vision,
It glided too swift away,
But it steals o'er my spirit gently
And shines e'en in sun-bright day.

Oh! when shall I see His beauty?
How long does the pathway seem?
It will *then* be unclouded vision,
But *now* it is still a dream!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The sweet month of Mary is over, and its happy hours laden with graces have led us with longing hearts to the queen month of the year—June, the month of the Sacred Heart. Its happy feast falls this year on June 17, and each day that precedes it will be full of tenderest love, and eager desire for its coming.

Let Eleanor C. Donnelly, our own sweet singer, tell us of June's precious feast :

"O dear, dear feast! We have
watched thy coming,
Through the long, glad days of this
golden June,
While the birds sang dear, and the bees
were humming,
Over the flower-beds morn and noon,
From the 'sunrise glow till the stars
were burning,
Like glittering lamps, in the summer
skies,
Our hearts to the great Heart ever
turning,
Longed for its *festa* with prayers and
sighs!"

That tells the whole sweet story, and it tells us, too, the secret of the Christian life. What is it? Longing! From the days of early childhood we are always looking forward to the future, and very few are they who live each day, satisfied with the present, without looking longingly and wistfully ahead.

Think of our Blessed Lady after the Ascension of her Divine Son. For fifteen years she yearned for the happy

day which would reunite her to Him, and yet no saint ever lived so completely in the present day of the will of God as she.

Acts of desire are very pleasing to the Sacred Heart, and we can fill the days of June with a multitude of them, each of which can be an act of perfect love.

What more pleasing to the Sacred Heart than a desire to become like unto It in Its meekness and humility? What greater act of praise than to say many many times each day the aspiration of the League, "Thy kingdom come!" Little things are these, but a world of sanctity lies in them, and safe sanctity at that, because they are secrets between the Sacred Heart and ourselves. Prayers, to be efficacious, must go hand in hand with duty. They are like a projectible force which propels us through each day, and their effect is plainly seen in our lives. During June, the *meekness* of the Sacred Heart will be the example which we will most gladly follow. Every day is full, often to overflowing, of opportunities for the exercise of meekness. Most of us are so easily ruffled, so prone to flaring up when the least provocation arises, and so *invariably* sorry when the little tempest is over.

Now, there are two test stones of virtue which are almost infallible. A charitable tongue and a temper under control. Sometimes they are the outcome of nature—but not often—nearly always they are the result of self-conquest aided by grace.

Even the world admires amiability

of temper, and it can not be blind to the charms of a charitable tongue. Suppose we try to acquire a little of each during this month, so rich in graces. The Sacred Heart of our Lord is a perfect treasure-house, with an ever-open door, and we have but to respond to His gracious invitation this June, "Come unto Me all ye who labor and are heavy burdened!" All the world may respond to that gracious invitation, and very few are they who have not some burden to carry to the Sacred Heart during the days of June. That Divine Heart will gladly take the burdens that are brought to Him, and even though He but take it to ease the load and return it to each sorrowing heart, yet will the return be fraught with sweetness and rest. Such is his promise—"I will give you rest."

Prayer for others who are suffering, sympathy, and kindness, and forgetfulness of self, these are the things that will rich graces for us all during the month of the Sacred Heart.

On the feast, dear children, pray for a strong personal love of our Lord. Not the abstract thing that so much of our love is, but a *personal* devotion, such as we offer those who are nearest and dearest to us now on earth. The human heart of the God-man *longs* for the love of His creatures, even as they in turn yearn for the affection of their kind. So let June find us growing in tender love and sympathy for the Sacred Heart. Let the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament be the proof of our devotion, and a meekness of spirit under humiliations and reproof be the *practical result* of that devotion. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will be our best teacher in the study of the Sacred Heart. Go to her, dear children, and learn what she can so well teach.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MAY.

1. D. D.
2. Madrid.
3. 1, Charleston; 2, Portland; 3, Paris; 4, Moscow; 5, Glasgow.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MAY.

1. Washington, D.C.
2. The Alps.
3. The Highlands of the Thibet in Asia.
4. Rome.
5. Prague, in Bohemia.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is justly called the "Father of the Atlantic Cable"?
2. Who was the inventor of Volapuk?
3. Who is called the Julius Cæsar of the Roman Catholic Church?
4. Who was the Augustus of the Church?
5. What city in Europe is called the "White City"?

MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. To say "Live Jesus!" on Thabor, St. Peter, rough as he was, had easily the courage; but to say "Live Jesus!" on Calvary belongs only to the Mother, and to the Beloved Disciple who was left to her as son.—St. Francis of Sales.
2. It is the office of kindness to make life more bearable.—Faber.
3. O love! O sovereign love of the Heart of Jesus!
What heart can praise and bless Thee as Thou dost deserve?
—S. Francis of Sales.
4. They are slaves who would not be
In the right with two or three.
—J. R. Lowell.
5. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
—Faber.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Grandma's Angel.

Mamma said : " Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to
tea."

I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gentle along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake ;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call ;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying back in her old arm chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little
smile,
That means she is loving you all the
while.

I didn't make a speck of noise ;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me
so.

I went up close, and didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper and then said this :
" Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."
She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said : " Why, Pet, I have just
now dreamed

Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
I never told her 'twas only me ;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.

The Senses.

Two bright little eyes,
To see beau-ti-ful things ;
Two quick little ears,
To hear Dick when he sings.
One queer little nose,
To smell flowers, so sweet ;
And one little tongue,
To taste good things to eat.

Ten fingers, quite small,
To touch Pussy's hair ;
And all of these things
God has put in my care.

And I must take care
To use all aright,
And keep them all clean,
And useful, and bright.

Three Little Kittens.

Three little kittens, in coats so gray,
Went out with the old mother cat one
day.

Said the first little kitten, " I wish we
might see
A great big rat ; what fun it would
be ! "

Said the next little puss, " I'd take
hold of his head
And bite him and squeeze him until he
was dead."

Said the third little kitten, " Should I
see a rat,
I'd eat him all up in less time than
that."

Just then something gray jumped out
of the wood,
And the kittens ran home as fast as
they could.

They never once stopped till they came
to their house,
Yet it wasn't a rat, but a wee baby
mouse.

It was caught, it was eaten by old
mother cat,
Said the three little kittens, " Now,
just think of that ! "

Charity is so beautiful ! It is a tribu-
tary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which
is all love. The only happiness we
have on earth is to love God, to know
that He loves us.—CURE D' ARS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Indifference.

One can scarce forbear thinking at times that we are approaching the great apostacy, when our Lord predicted that there would be scarcely found any faith on earth. Everyday experience seems to bring home such reflections to any thinking Catholic. Take the case of the present war. Every man feels competent to discuss every feature of it. How few though look at it from the stand-point of faith. How few would insist in their conversation that Providence plays a great part in the affairs of nations. And so can we say of other things. We will not say *we do not* believe—but how many times, and in how many ways do we not show our want of faith and indifference to religion? It is sad, indeed, nowadays, to see how little men make of religion and religious practices. They are so taken up with the things and interests of the world, that after a while they forget the *real* business of life, and finally try to make themselves believe that, after all, a set form of worship is not necessary for salvation. This, indeed, is the great wound of society to-day, and it will eventually bring ruin to innumerable souls. This is the bad, dangerous and poisonous spirit which is to-day eating into society, and lessening the chances of salvation. God grant us a renewal of the faith held and practised by our forefathers. For this should we daily beg of our Lord through our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Heart and Head.

This month the schools close, and with Commencement day large numbers bid farewell to their Alma Mater and

commence the battle of life. Parents have a practical way nowadays of showing an interest in their children, by securing for them a thorough education which will enable them to become good citizens of earth and of heaven. The best education consists in the education of the heart. This can only be done by teaching the child Christian doctrine and infusing into its soul the fundamental principles of morality. It must be taught to be God-fearing, reliable and honest, and ready for every obstacle in the passage to heaven. The child must know the difference between right and wrong, and taught to follow his, or her, conscience. Conscience indeed, is above all worth. Money or fame cannot be compared to it. The son or daughter of the pauper, with a conscience, is far wealthier than the son or daughter of the millionaire. As to learning and worldly accomplishment, it is after all but secondary. Religion and morality come first in the order of importance. Goodness, not learning, brings the child real happiness here, and the assurance of salvation hereafter.

The Church of To-morrow.

In an address before a prominent society in Buffalo, a few days since, a well-known minister complained bitterly of the present condition of the "church." He told his large audience that it was very doubtful if there would be any church of to-morrow. There was no gain in membership, and no regard for Sunday observance or the Holy Scriptures. And how is it all to be remedied? There is but one remedy, and that consists in returning to the true Church, whose faithful

children attend divine service and respect the Sunday as a matter of conscience. They know it is a serious offence to miss holy Mass, and moreover they know that they are bound to hear and obey the Church, who has the right to command or forbid. There *will* be a church of to-morrow—the true Church founded on the rock of Peter. To-morrow may witness the desolation of the church fashioned by human hands, but the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church shall remain, because we have God's word for it, when He promised to abide with her until the consummation of the world.

Archbishop Corrigan.

The great works he has accomplished during a quarter of a century, are the best tribute to the worth of the beloved Archbishop of New York. When we come to praise this pious, learned and unassuming prelate, we find that figures speak more than words. In 1873, when he was raised to the See of Newark, that diocese claimed 109 churches, 12 stations, 116 priests and 66 academies and schools. In 1880, when he was appointed co-adjutor to Cardinal McCloskey, Newark comprised 150 churches, 40 stations, 150 priests and about 100 academies and schools. In 1885 when he succeeded to the See of New York, he found 176 churches, 60 chapels, 38 stations, 402 priests, 152 academies and schools, 1,910 Sisters of various congregations, and about 70 seminarians. In this his jubilee year, thirteen years after his elevation, he has under his charge 242 churches, 120 chapels, 37 stations, 551 priests, 2,846 Sisters, 182 schools, 69 academies, and over 100 ecclesiastical students. In charitable work also he has made remarkable progress, having now under his fatherly care 6

orphanage schools, an Asylum for the Blind, 4 Homes for Immigrants, 19 Homes for Destitute Children, 11 hospitals, 3 Homes for the Aged, 1 Insane Asylum, 4 Day Nurseries and 3 Foundling Asylums.

To Archbishop Corrigan, the Carmelite Fathers of America offer their heart-felt felicitations, nor can they forget all the kind interest he has taken in our convents within his archdiocese, and the encouragement given by him to all the works undertaken by our fathers in and beyond Greater New York. May our Blessed Mother of Carmel long protect the great Archbishop of New York!

Our Lord in the Tabernacle.

One of our great sins of omission is our want of love and devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament. Especially culpable are we when we have opportunities to frequently visit our divine Lord in the Tabernacle. We know of pious souls, living at a great distance from a Catholic church, who would consider it the height of happiness to be near our Lord. On the other hand, many pass and re-pass the abode of Holiness without a reverent thought, raising of the hat or bowing of the head, as a mark of respect and expression of faith. Another neglect is with regard to Benediction. Too often do we excuse ourselves from that holy act of worship. Benediction is not a mere expression of an earnest wish, but—to quote the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*—"an actual imparting of peace and calm, of joy and zeal, of hope and confidence. Some even have received the gift of faith when the Eucharistic Christ gave His benediction. Several instances of such marvellous and instantaneous conversions suggest themselves; per-

haps the best known is that of the celebrated musician Hermann. Asked by a friend to direct the music in a Catholic Church at Benediction one day in May, the Jew consented. When the monstrance was uplifted by the priest, the maestro felt impelled to kneel. The blessing was given; for Hermann it was faith. He corresponded to the grace, became a Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and died a martyr of charity in the Franco-Prussian war."

On former occasions we had the pleasure, through the kind interest of the reverend Chaplain of the ill-fated "Maine," of doing a little to foster devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, among the United States marines. This was in the peaceful days of the "White Squadron." Now, when the gallant sailor is in greater peril, we have had the opportunity afforded us of sending to the front a small consignment of Scapulars, and whilst doing so, our fervent prayer was, and is, that Mary, the "Star of the Sea," may be mindful of her promise, namely, that her livery be a real "safeguard in danger."

During our Lady's month, one of our energetic agents—a devotee of the Queen of Carmel—met with a hearty welcome in some of the counties of Pennsylvania, particularly in Latrobe and adjacent places. Now, duty suddenly calls this agent away to Camp Hastings. Therefore, we beg our friends to send in their names and addresses and we shall promptly send them our magazine with the accompanying receipts. In the meantime, we shall pray that, after he has laid down his arms our agent will live to be long engaged in the more peaceful and

pleasant occupation of procuring friends and readers for our Lady's own publication.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that all the intentions forwarded to us each month are made the object of a special memento at holy Mass by all our fathers. This month will be no exception, and we shall fervently beg the divine and compassionate Heart of our Blessed Lord through the Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Mother to hear the many petitions now before us. Nor should we forget to say that the Carmelite Sisters throughout the continent join their prayers with us for the same intentions.

Preparations are in progress for the great annual pilgrimage to the shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel here at Niagara Falls. It is hardly necessary to state the now well-known privilege granted to Carmelite churches and chapels on July 16th. Special announcements referring to the forthcoming event will be duly published in the July number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

This month we bring to the attention of our pious readers another Carmelite devotion—namely, that of the Holy Face. The prayers of those given to this devotion are offered to our divine Lord in reparation for blasphemy and the profanation of the Sunday. In all our convents special services are held in honor of the Holy Face. Not to speak of the Carmelite Sisters throughout the world, much is being done in America, especially in Baltimore, Md., to spread this beautiful devotion by many zealous priests, first among whom stands the good and pious Chaplain of the Baltimore Carmel.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Many questions of public interest are put to us every month by our Correspondents. To save repetition and private Correspondence of too voluminous a character, we will select a few of these questions each month and answer them here.—A. J. Kreidl, O. C. C.

The following letter from Rev. Fr. M. — is so important, that we give it in full :

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—You will find enclosed a Scapular, which has been extensively sold in Montreal, and which, I believe, is still sold by dealers. On examining it to-day, with another priest, we came to the conclusion, that it is not made of wool but of felt, or some such material. In any case, it is not woven. Now, a number of persons enrolled here last year had just such a Scapular, and the question arises: Were they really enrolled?

If it is not wool, they have not been enrolled with a Scapular fulfilling the conditions, and my opinion is that they should be enrolled again. However, we would like your decision in the matter. I am not the only priest concerned, for a number of others have used the same Scapular without noticing particularly the stuff of which it was made, taking it for granted that, as the dealers were Catholics, they supplied the proper article.

In other cases, children buy Scapulars in which the cloth is black, but having the same pictures as those on the enclosed. Such Scapulars cannot be used, can they?

If both those are to be condemned, I think it would be well to do so in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and request other Catholic journals and papers to publish it, so that the abuse may be stopped. And it should be stopped, as the promises to those enrolled and wearing the Scapular are too precious to be lost so easily. I do not know where the Scapulars are made, but I know the pack-peddlers through the country offer them for sale.

Another question which I should like to have answered, from the fact that several priests have been talking to me recently about the matter, and they have doubts concerning it, is the following: Have bishops, from the fact that they are bishops, faculties for life to enroll in the Brown Scapular, and power to delegate said faculties, and for how long a period of time?

An answer to these questions will greatly oblige a number of priests in our diocese, and I think an article in your REVIEW upon this subject would be interesting and instructive to a large number of priests in other dioceses as well, especially where priests receive their faculties by word of mouth, instead of in writing. Hoping, etc.

Answer :

1. The Scapular enclosed in the above letter was a flimsy, shabby thing made of a reddish brown felt. According to different decisions

of the Sac. Cong. of Ind., Scapulars must be made of *woven* wool. The latest decision on this subject is dated May 6, 1895. (Vide Ann. Eccl. Rev. Vol. XIII, p. 68.)

2. The very name of the *Brown* Scapular indicates the color to be used. In missionary countries, where it was frequently impossible to obtain brown woollen goods, black has been allowed, but there is certainly no need of this exception in our country.

3. Those invested with an invalid Scapular must be enrolled again, as in matters of indulgences, conditions must be fulfilled, as prescribed. However, the Holy See has granted a *sanatio* to all those who had received the Brown Scapular invalidly, or whose names had not been inscribed previous to June 20, 1893.

4. Bishops in all missionary countries receive their faculties from the Propaganda, usually for a limited time. They must know what these faculties are, and when they delegate them to a priest, even by word of mouth, the priest can most assuredly exercise them. Regarding the Scapular, the faculties granted our bishops usually give them the right to erect the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, *and* to bless and impose the Scapular, as one faculty does not include the other. We have been repeatedly asked by bishops to send these faculties to their priests, as they were not mentioned in the latest formulas received from Rome. We have supplied several dioceses with the faculties for the Scapular, at the request of their bishops. The spiritual benefits derived from affiliation with the Carmelite Order, such as the communion of merits and suffrages for the departed, are not given by faculties from the Propaganda, as the Holy See claims no right over them, but only over indulgences and favors granted by the Holy Father.

Rev. F. P. R. — submits the following questions :

1. Is it necessary, in order to gain indulgences attached to the Scapular, to have one's name inscribed in any register?

2. What prayers must be said daily to gain these indulgences?

3. What is required in order to gain the Sabbatine Indulgence?

4. Is the recitation of the Canonical Office sufficient for this purpose, or must the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin be said also by those who recite the former?

5. Is fasting necessary?

Answer : 1. Yes, one's name must be inscribed in the register of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, kept either in the nearest Carmelite Monastery, or the nearest church in which the Confraternity is canonically established.

2. None whatever.

3. Wear the Scapular; observe chastity according to state of life and say the Little Office daily.

4. The Canonical Office recited by clerics, or in religious communities, is sufficient without the additional recitation of the Little Office.

5. No.

Rev. J. O'M.—asks: "Must a person invested in good faith by a priest not having faculties, be enrolled again? Or is this a case of 'Ecclesia supplet'?"

Answer : The person must be enrolled again. The maxim: "Ecclesia supplet" does not apply in matters of indulgences. The Holy See could give a *sanatio*, as has been done for similar cases, previous to June 20, 1893.

"It is lawful for the Carmelite Fathers to preach that Christians may piously believe that the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be assisted by the continual intercession, suffrages, merits, and special protection of the Blessed Virgin after death, and principally on the Saturday, the day consecrated to her by the Church, if they have died in the grace of God, worn her habit (the Scapular) during life, observed chastity according to their state, recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or if they did not know how to read, have kept the fasts of the Church and have observed abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas Day falls on one of these days"—[*Decree of the Holy Office, Feb. 15, 1813.*]

Priests wishing to establish a Confraternity in their churches must present a petition, approved by their Ordinary, to the General of our Order in, or about, the following form: "N. N. rector ecclesie ad S. . . . humiliter petit a Paternitate Vestra canonicam erectionem Confraternitatis Scapularis B. V. Mariæ de Monte Carmelo, et institutionem suam qua Directorem hujus Confraternitatis. Qua gratia, etc."

Datum 189

N. N.

Visum et approbatum,

. 189

N. N.

Episcopus

PUBLICATIONS.

"A Guide for Girls in the Journey of Life," from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. This little work—cheap at 40 cents—should make many a girl happy and wise.

"Maron—The Christian Youth of Lebanon"—translated by Miss Long—formed another interesting link in the series of foreign tales collected by the Jesuit Father, Rev. J. Spillmann. Price, 45 cents.

"Beyond the Grave," by the Rev. E. Hamon, S. J., is the latest of Miss Sadlier's translations. This book is a treasury of spiritual truths—the most consoling ones. A few moments given to the reading of the work would lighten our crosses considerably. Price, \$1.00.

"Light and Peace" is an English translation of instructions for pious souls, written in 1795 by the illustrious and saintly Barnabite Padre Quadrupani. The whole is a summary of spiritual guidance for earnest Christians in the ordinary duties of life in the world. This author's teaching is decidedly practical, and appeals in every way to the common-sense of the average American Catholic. Price, 50 cents. All the above mentioned four books will be promptly sent for the price by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

A neat and handy publication—a boon to priest and people—is just out, under the title of "Lord, Behold He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick." It includes prayers and meditations—in fact it is complete. It is a necessity in the sick chamber. This publication will be mailed to any address for the price, 50 cents. A liberal discount is allowed to stationers and book-dealers. Address: Catholic Publishing Company, Huntingdon, Indiana.

"How to Make the Mission"—an invaluable little book. Useful and instructive during the mission, before the mission and after the mission. Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay street, New York.

"The Beauties of Mary—Queen of Literature" appeals at once to every client of our divine Queen. This publication publishes the choicest verses dedicated to Mary. From a printer's view-point, it is very artistic. The publisher tells us in a late number that his only capital is a little spare time and the

printer's trade,—and his “only object a labor of love,—a debt of gratitude and hope to pay,—to fill up every idle moment, for fear of evil tendencies of mind and body.” This is the language of a true child of Mary, and we are sure she will repay this labor of love for her honor. Any of our readers can obtain a copy by sending five cents to Mr. John T. Reily, Main and Church streets, McSherrystown, Pennsylvania.

In a late issue of the *Niagara Index*, M.C.D. gives the knock-out blow to one Professor Schurman, a “scientist,” who with professorial pride—so prolific outside of the Church—dared to rush in “where angels fear to tread.” Such essays as M.C.D.’s, if put into pamphlet form and widely circulated, would do good work in sections where the yellow journals pollute the air. It is in the columns of these latter morbid sheets that the modern false prophets belch forth their blasphemous lies. M.C.D. is only one of many. There are plenty of other rapid-firing intellectual guns in the *Index*’s big magazine of grey-matter. The Varsity boys know how to “sling ink” as well to pound the leather sphere away beyond the fence.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

“Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.”—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

[N. B.—Names for registration may be sent to Carmelite Monasteries in Pittsburg, Pa.; New Baltimore Pa.; Scipio, Kansas; Leavenworth, Kansas; Englewood, N. J.; and Niagara Falls, Ont.]

Names for registration have been received at St. Joseph’s Priory, Leavenworth, Kansas, from: St. Mary’s Church, Kansas City, Kan.; St. Margaret’s Hospital, Kansas City, Kan.; St. Mary’s College, Kansas City, Kansas; Catholic Rectory, Richland Centre, Wisconsin, and St. Scholastica’s Academy, Canon City, Colorado.

Names received at Monastery of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, from: St. Finnan’s Rectory, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Joseph’s Convent, Ashtabula, O.; St. Paul’s Church, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Finnan’s Church, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Bernard’s Seminary, Rochester, N.Y.; St. John’s Church, Amherstburg, Ont.; Georgetown College, Washington, D.C.; St. Pat-

rick’s Church, Queenston, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Walkerton, Ont.; St. Augustine’s Church, Dundas, Ont.; St. Patrick’s Church, Maindrew, Ont.; St. Patrick’s Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Mary’s Church, Lisimore, N.S.; Immaculate Conception, Sandy Point, Newfoundland; St. John’s Church, Oswego, N.Y.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y.; Our Lady of the Lake, Walkerville, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N.Y.; St. Anthony’s Church, San Antonio, Fla.; Stratford, Ont.

Names for registration received last month at our Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: Whitelaw, Wis.; Moline, Ill.; New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Clement’s, Minn.; Lehigh, Ind. Ter.; and University of St. Louis, Mo.

PETITIONS,

“Pray one for another.”—St. James, 1, 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

- Spiritual and temporal favors, 1.
- Recovery of health, 2.
- Employment, 1.
- For conversion of W.E., M.H. and E.G.
- For success in a business undertaking.
- For steady employment, 3.
- For success in studies, 3.
- For cure of sore eye.
- For wayward boy to return to God, 2.
- For a happy death, 5.
- For special intention, 9.
- For temporal blessings, 7.
- For spiritual blessings, 13.
- For successful sale of property, 2.
- For sick friend.
- For restoration of health, 7.
- Cure of internal trouble.
- Cure of pain in head and arm.
- Success in purchasing land.
- Good health for many.
- Success in business for many.
- That a brother may cease persecuting his two orphan sisters.
- Health for a priest.
- Peace and harmony in families.
- To hear of the whereabouts of an absent brother.
- Cure of nervousness for many.
- Speedily and rightful settlement of a money matter.
- Means to buy and build.
- Speedy and successful sale of property.
- That two women may make atonement.
- That a large sum of money be refunded.
- That a lady may be successful in building.
- That several ladies may succeed in getting good servants.

That two brothers also two husbands may give over liquor and drugs, obtain good positions, pay their debts and support themselves and families.

For the success of several nurses.

That a heavy cross may be removed from two motherless children.

That a lady may have a successful interview with her lawyer.

Means to pay debts.

Good health for many.

That heavy crosses may be removed from several.

Strength in temptations.

For several deceased persons.

Conversion of sinners.

Souls in Purgatory.

More devotion in receiving the Sacraments.

Many spiritual and temporal favors.

Grace of perseverance.

That a lady may succeed in obtaining a suitable house.

Return thanks for favors received :

A lady returns thanks for the removal of a growth in her throat without an operation.

Good situations for many.

Prayers are asked in honor of the holy Infant of Prague for special intentions.

O.P., San Francisco, Cal., promises to burn a lamp before the Holy Face altar, if a favor is granted.

Prayers to the Carmelite Martyrs of Compiègne are asked for particular intentions.

For several who neglect their Easter duty.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job XIX, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following :

MOTHER IGNATIUS PIGOTT, of the Order of St. Joseph, who died a holy death at Hamilton, Ont., on April 21st.

REV. F. J. KELLY, of the Society of Jesus, in Ireland, who lately went to receive the reward of a holy and well-spent life.

MRS. MARY STAFFORD, (Hanover) March 22, Almonte, Ont.

MISS MAMIE O'CALLAGHAN, March 30, Jersey City, N.J.

JAMES S. BUTLER, May 5, Quebec, Q.

WINIFRED AGNES PEER, March 18, Rochester, N.Y.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss A.M.L., Kingston, Ont.; Miss D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. T.S., Paterson, N.J.; Miss M.F., Beverly, N.J.; Mrs. B.L., New York City; Mrs. Wm. M., Paterson, N.J.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss I.G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Ven. Sr. M.C., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss M.T.K., Baltimore, Md.

THANKSGIVING.

BUFFALO, April 17, 1898.

CARMELITE FATHERS,—Please offer a holy Mass for the poor souls in thanksgiving for favors received through the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Anthony.

Mrs. D.

DEAR FATHERS,—Enclosed please find donation in thanksgiving for favors received through St. Joseph and St. Anthony, for employment received, after being idle for a long time. I promised to have it published in THE REVIEW.

M. H.

FROM OUR FRIENDS.

FREEPORT, PA., May 2, 1898.

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,—I received sample copies of CARMELITE REVIEW, enclose one dollar for the year. I am delighted to get it at such trifling cost, besides helping your Hospice. I intend, after reading each number, to send it out into the country to some friends whose children can read its edifying and instructive pages, thus doing a bit of missionary duty.

K. M. A. S.

One dollar enclosed in an envelope addressed to The Lappin Tea Company, Paterson, New Jersey, will bring to your address two pounds of the genuine Irish Tea.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Those of our friends wishing to remain any length of time at the Hospice this summer, are kindly requested to send notice of their intended visit *before July 1st* next, to the Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.



OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR.

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."



Flos Carmeli.

[An English version, by *Enfant de Marie*, of the beautiful Latin paraphrase of the miraculous prayer "Flos Carmeli" (Flower of Carmel) which appears in Father Otts' great work, the *Marianum*.]



I.

ARMEL'S flow'ret, thou of tints the fairest !
Vine luxuriant ! sweet the fruit thou bearest !
In celestial splendor still thou wearest
 Aureole of mother and of maid.
Yes ! a virgin robed in garment snow-white,
Yet thy heart maternal glows with love-light,
Brightening up the shades of earthly twilight
 When Mount Carmel's children seek thine aid.

II.

Gently is thy loving care repelling
Dangers from their steps—and e'er dispelling
Mourning cloudlets swiftly, darkly swelling
 Round their pathway to the mountain's brow.
Hark ! resounds a clear and joyful chorus
From earth, sky and sea, for beaming o'er us
See that star with guiding ray before us
 Shining with a mystic fairness now.

III.

Happy hour to our love appealing
When o'er Carmel's mount fair dawn was stealing
Blessed harbinger ! let grateful feeling
 Celebrate her coming from above.
Holy garments for her children bearing,
Choice the blessings promised for their wearing ;
Our best interests she is ever caring,
 And our shield is Mary's tender love.

IV.

Ne'er shall wily serpent ever roaming
 Like a wild beast in the shady gloaming,
 With undying hatred for us foaming,
 E'er mislead our Lady's chosen band.
 Vain his stratagems of deadly seeming,
 Weak his satellites before her gleaming,
 Swift they fly like clouds in sunlight beaming,
 Low they writhe beneath our Queen's command.

V.

O let Mary's clients still remember
 All the favors of her goodness tender;
 Songs of praise, and sighs of longing send her *
 With unfailing ardor day by day.
 See her gently soothe the sick and dying,
 Calm the wild winds to a soft low sighing,
 Still the crested waves when onward flying
 By her mild voice murmured far away.

VI.

Angry flames that rise with deadly seething,
 By our Lady's spirit o'er them breathing,
 Sink to soft light in their cheerful wreathing;
 Ne'er to Carmel shall they hurtful be.
 Mother of our Lord and Saviour holy!
 Blessed Virgin, spotless, meek and lowly!
 Let harmonious voices, (not *mine* solely,)
 Render thanks and heart-felt love to thee.

VII.

May these gifts—sweet themes of joyful singing—
 Be received from thee, like angels winging
 From the King, His gracious pardon bringing
 To our contrite hearts that need the grace.
 Mother! to our humble prayers inclining,
 (See how trustfully they're round thee twining)
 In His Paradise, so calmly shining,
 Show to us thy Jesus' Sacred Face! †

* "Ad te suspiramus." Salve.

† "Nobis post hoc exilium ostende."

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

By MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RASCIENS—ENCOUNTER WITH PIRATES—A VIOLENT TEMPEST MIRACULOUSLY
STILLED UPON THE DEEP BLUE WATERS OF THE ADRIATIC SEA—AUDIENCE
WITH STEPHANOS—PERSECUTIONS ON THE PART OF THE
SCHISMATICS—AND THOROUGH RE-AWAKENING OF
CATHOLIC FAITH—1355.



THE belligerent and courageous race of the Slaves occupy a large portion of the eastern and central part of Europe. They are divided into numerous tribes each one of which, besides the designation of their common origin, has its own special name.

Baptized in the ninth century by St. Cyril, St. Methodius and St. Adalbert, they at one period formed a numerous and glorious band in the vast army of the militant Church. But, unfortunately, they permitted themselves, later on, to be led astray and many of them embraced the errors of the Greek Schismatics.

Those of their provinces along which flows the river formerly called "Rasca," a southern tributary of the Danube, were known collectively as "Rascia."

Stratimir, called also Stephanos, a name which seems to be dynastic, having subjugated the Servians and Bulgarians, had a short time previously arrogated to himself the title of "Emperor of Bulgaria." He had, at the same period, shaken off his allegiance to Hungary, whose vassal he had formerly acknowledged himself to be. Apprehensive, nevertheless, of experiencing the vengeance of Hungary's king, the usurper laid his plans for securing what allies he could, and having this in view he directed his efforts towards the then reigning Pontiff, whose influence was alike powerful and widely extended. The more readily to secure the desired result, he had artfully sought the good offices of the Sovereign Pontiff against the alleged machinations of Constantinople, whence, Stephanos maintained, the churches which still remained in communion with the true fold, suffered constant and serious annoyance. The ambassadors also insinuated that their master and the majority of the people,

who had permitted themselves to be surprised into accepting doctrine so contrary to the principles of Catholic unity, were very much inclined to make their submission to the Prince of the Apostles. How often does not divine grace turn to good account some circumstance which bears upon its face no impress of religion, and thereby bring back to the faith not only those who have wandered away, but those who are absolutely inimical to its teachings! The Sacred College, filled with the spirit of charity, thought it a duty to seek for and nurture the germs of conversion which might still lie hidden in the land. But as the members felt but a feeble confidence in an embassy whose vague promises scarcely disguised the tortuous windings of a crooked political course, and Innocent VI. foresaw difficulties of every kind, the Sovereign Pontiff thought proper to send a specially selected embassy to Bulgaria. Two bishops were placed at the head: Peter Thomas and William Barthelemy. The latter was of the Order of Friars Minor, and Bishop of Tragurium in Dalmatia. To these two prelates were entrusted various letters from the Pontiff. The first epistle was addressed to Stephanos, the second to the Queen Helena, and to their son Orosis.

The third was destined collectively to the patriarch Joannic, to his secretary Gaic, to the first dean Savascotatore, to the despot Oliviero, governor of Servia, to Cesar Prebulus, to the chamberlain Guilbert de Cattaro, to the commander in chief Palmanion, and to all the magnates in the country. The Sovereign Pontiff earnestly exhorted these noble personages to take an active interest in the re-establishment of the faith, and specially recommended to their protection the two

nuncios whom he was sending in their midst. He spoke in the most glowing terms of their unswerving devotion to religion, of the resplendent purity of their morals, and of the edifying lives which they led. Prudence and policy, however, required that, at this juncture, due regard must be observed towards Hungary. There faith still burned with steady lustre, and there the two legates were directed, that they might present a letter from the Sovereign Pontiff to the King.

Hungary had long maintained the right of tenure upon all the territory extending along the right shores of the Danube, and nothing was more remote from its sovereign than to renounce this claim. What were the contents of the epistle which the Holy Father sent to Louis I.? In all probability they explicitly stated that the political question of the independence of Stephanos was absolutely foreign to the powers vested in the legates. In order not to awaken the malevolent suspicions of the Rascians, the embassy had orders not to go amongst them by way of the Hungarian frontiers. After having made their obeisance to the king, they were to return to Venice, and there embarking for Albania, proceed by land across that province and through Montenegro until they reached the centre of Servia. Letters had been despatched to the Doge of Venice, praying him to expedite the voyage. The response to this request—even though it emanated from the Holy See—was neither speedy nor cordial. The embassy could not procure a galley, and had to resign themselves to the necessity of hiring a vessel of such unpretentious dimensions that their modest suite, a few passengers and the crew filled it to its utmost capacity. Meanwhile a light

breeze sprang up and they set out with swelling sails. The deep blue waters of the charming (but treacherous) Adriatic spread out before them and they fondly hoped and prayed for a happy passage. Alas! a few brief days of "fair winds and placid waters" were enjoyed by our mariners and then a new and serious misfortune arose.

It was a lovely morning—the deep azure of the sky blended harmoniously with the blue and sparkling waters over which it hung in its majestic beauty, and the members of the embassy felt their courage re-animated and renewed. Suddenly was descried coming rapidly, full sail, towards their little bark a large and peculiar-looking vessel—which gained upon them so speedily that it soon became evident, unless something miraculous interposed, what the fate of the Christians would be. They recognized the futility of having recourse to the small supply of arms on board—not only small, but rusty from misuse—knowing well that to attempt to combat with a formidable pirate ship would be folly.

Fortunately during the voyage the captain had observed the great fervor of Bishop Peter Thomas, and frequently had the conviction forced itself upon him that he had the happiness of bearing a saint upon his vessel. Amid the general consternation, therefore, he knelt before the object of his veneration and begged him to intercede in their behalf. Moved by his terror and animated by a spirit of charity, the devout client of Mary prayed earnestly towards his august protectress who had so frequently assisted him—and her miraculous intervention manifested itself before long, and that in a wonderful way. Whilst a number of pirates, from an elevated

point of their vessel, prepared to grapple the trembling little bark, the miscreants were, without a moment's warning, almost blinded by an impenetrable fog which enveloped their vessel and permeated it to the most remote crevice. Nearer and nearer came the densest of black clouds. Plunged in an obscurity which rivalled the midnight darkness of a starless sky, the pirates vainly tried to steer their course in spite of this unexpected calamity. And all the while the children of the Church, released from anxiety, joyously rode upon the waves, under the clear blue heavens, happy in the protection of the "Star of the Sea."

And this was not the only danger from which they were delivered through the miraculous interposition of their Mother and Queen.

Upon one occasion the term "wild waves" proved such a fitting epithet that the pilot, seeing his best efforts prove of no avail, actually left his place at the helm. But our saint was far from accepting, without effort to avert it, so perilous a situation. He had ever one unfailing resource at command—fervent prayer inspired by unquestioning faith. Whilst his suppliant voice, as he directed it to heaven, seemed lost in the hurricane's terrific roar, a wave, high as a mountain, raised the vessel and bore it upon its crest to a place of safety. A lagoon, which none of the sailors had ever seen in that part of the sea, was visible and the peril was passed.

After making their heartfelt thanksgiving, the passengers and crew were favored with a cessation of the storm, and by force of much exertion with the aid of machinery, they had to pass over a long stretch of sandy soil in order to regain the high sea.

The voyage over, new perils awaited

them, although of a different kind. Not a day passed upon which their life was free from danger, but the Bishop of Patti encouraged them by his fortitude and his unwavering confidence in God. The welcome thought of co-operating in the diffusion of the Church, cast an atmosphere of joy whithersoever he was—making his companionship engaging and fascinating. Love, which giveth wings, enabled him to overcome all obstacles as if by enchantment. Never did he see the slightest cause for dread in frightful precipices, deep and dark mountain gorges, or raging tempests. He did not even shudder when the fiery eyes and gleaming teeth of a ferocious wild beast crossed his path, and prayer was the constant weapon with which he met the threatened attack of a brigand. So true it is that to one of *living faith* life or death, prosperity or affliction, opposition or ultimate success—everything is accepted as a gift from the same kind Father, as special favors from his paternal hand. This proved to be the consolation of Blessed Peter and his friends for their heroic efforts which, we would be inclined to say, fully merited the conversion of the Rasciens did not accomplish the desired result. From the moment of their arrival, the legates were harrassed in every imaginable manner. Stratimir was soon recognized as a treacherous personage, and that too of the most dangerous kind. It became evident that his project of returning to the Church was merely a pretence, for at heart he was more of a schismatic than were the emissaries of the Patriarch of Constantinople, whose course he had denounced. His principal object in seeking to deceive the Holy Father was that he might secure his mediation for

a favorable issue with Hungary.

He cherished an unutterable disdain for all around him, and maintained that he alone was entitled to the exercise of free-will, all others were in his eyes the most abject slaves. He obliged all who came into his presence to prostrate themselves, to kiss his feet and to observe certain rules which, even in the Orient, went beyond the limits of all marks of respect. To infringe upon this law, was to risk one's life. He had imbibed a sanguinary ferocity from the Huns, who had pitched their tents here and there in this country, and added to it the arrogance of absolute despotism.

His stature was that of a giant. According to the ancient chronicles, he was the tallest man living, and of prodigious strength. Picture to yourselves such a creature and you will have an idea of the personality of the Rascien king. His subjects bowed before him in abject submission and trembled at his very glance.

But Peter Thomas was absolutely incapable of the slightest feeling of intimidation. Bishop of the holy Church, and representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, he appreciated to the utmost the sublime dignity of his position. When informed of the prevailing code of etiquette, he refused with all the indignation of an elevated soul to kiss the despot's foot. This incident delayed the audience for several days. Finally admitted to the presence of the giant king, his lordship (Blessed Peter Thomas) who as we know was of a diminutive stature, stood there as unmoved as was David before the giant of olden times, Goliath. Then he respectfully advanced, making a profound inclination, such as, in civilized communities, one is accustomed to make use of in

greeting a civilian of very high rank. The descendant "of all the Stephanos," a dynasty so omnipotent in *his* estimation, for once perceived that he had met his master, but furiously enraged as he was he did not betray his feelings. His vanity sought compensation in a long discourse in which he set forth his own royal virtues and the might of his kingdom. Scarcely permitting the visitor to utter a word, he monopolized the conversation until the close of the interview.

A second audience was granted, and the saint succeeded in disclosing the object of the embassy, but he obtained only the most evasive and contradictory statements from the King. And at one time this caricature of a monarch, unable any longer to play the role of moderation, cast aside his mask and so clearly manifested the cruelty of his nature that the drama threatened to change to a sanguinary tragedy. Eight days were required to calm the raging creature. Other interviews took place, in which the King constantly retracted what he had promised before. One day he would propose certain concessions as the basis of an agreement, and upon the next his given words would be scattered to the winds.

During all this time of trouble, the Legate never desisted from prayer, whether public or private, and every day he celebrated the holy mysteries either in the town or the suburbs, or even in the midst of the army. The Catholics hastened to be present and it was a touching sight to witness their fervor; the schismatics came through curiosity, but remained perfectly quiet and reverential. The true faith began to extend its roots, and there were hopes of this arid soil so long deprived of the good seed becoming fructified

and vivified once again.

But the principal promoter of the schism, the tyrant abused the divine grace now offered to him, and hardened his already obdurate heart more and more. Enraged at the success which crowned the efforts of Blessed Peter, he forbade any one to attend Mass, or listen to his sermons under pain of having their eyes burned out, and this cruel edict was proclaimed at the sound of the trumpet throughout the land.

This violent opposition had the effect only of animating the zeal of the fervent monk. Assembling his faithful children, he addressed them in the most impressive language. He demonstrated to them that it was the honor and glory of their holy faith which was menaced, and that they had now the most sublime opportunity to prove to the world that the strength of soul possessed by Catholics is so great as to enable them to meet a martyr's death without a moment's hesitation. In conclusion he announced that he would celebrate Mass upon the following day at the usual hour with all possible solemnity. He invited all to be present, without, however, making it incumbent upon them to comply.

The omission to do so would be, perhaps, a mark of weakness, but not of apostacy, nor even an act of disobedience, for no law of the Church commanded one to assist at the Mass of a nuncio. At the same time, to brave an extreme danger through a spirit of fervent piety would be a glory and a triumph for the faith. Let each one choose for himself. It was, eventually, a question of zeal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When God makes a particular revelation to a soul, He also inclines that soul to make it known to the minister of His Church who stands in His place.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



T that fierce onrush of infuriated men, the negro had closed his eyes and set his teeth, an instinctive preparation against the next instant's mortal agony; but as he felt himself plunged headlong into the water, he realized their foul scheme had, some way, miscarried, and the desire for life flashed back into being. The pistol shot following warned him that danger had not passed with his almost miraculous escape and struggling to his feet he waded through the shallow water into the shadow cast by the clumsily builded butment of the bridge. In such moments of imminent danger, the sense became preternaturally sharp, the mind clear, and quick to grasp the situation—a last merciful protection of Nature. The sound of the departing crowd and of that approaching, he comprehended, while the groan on the wooden floor above him, explained itself. The white preacher had been wounded, killed, perhaps, but he was free, while the men who had dragged him hither were flying before the indignant citizens of the town. Yet, while the latter were more just, the only mercy he could expect was a safe return to jail. In all the wide world, but one place rose before him as a haven of safety, his mother's cabin.

Amid the many dangers besetting his path, her love shone out, a promise of refuge. As he stood that one instant to regain breath, the horsemen came pouring down the narrow road, and a cry of horror arose, as their glances fell on the still figure on the bridge. He knew that moment's confusion offered him escape. Noiselessly, as only a negro can, he stole through the water, until he reached the point where the shrub-fringed bank gave support to the outside pillars. Clutching one of the young saplings, he swung himself out of the creek and still following the water-course, started in a hard run. But after a few paces he was brought to a sudden stop by a jerk that threw him off his feet. Turning his wild eyes, expecting to find one of the masked faces over him, he saw, instead, the long white rope, the trailing end of which was securely caught in one of the many shrubs. He sprang to his feet, disengaged the rope, wound it around his neck, and again started. The negro settlement, where his mother lived, lay north of the town, and that guiding instinct, ever so keenly alive, forbade his attempting to reach it by the customary way; so at a point where the bush had been cleared, he left the creek, and broke through the open field, in full view of the few houses marking the outskirts of the town. He then crossed the road, up which there came to his affrighted ears the clatter of a galloping horse's feet, darted

through other yards and garden plots, until he came to the low stone wall surrounding the grave yard. He made a sudden pause, for strong, almost, as the desire to live, is ghostly fear in the negro heart. The sight of the still, white monuments, standing sentinel over each narrow green mound, made him shiver, so firm was his belief within their shadows stood innumerable spirits, waiting to do him evil, should he venture within their domain. The galloping horse was coming on behind and the graveyard was before. Great beads of perspiration hung on his forehead, and it is probable fear and the terrible strain of the night had overcome the weakened frame, had not, at that moment a friendly rooster sent out his clear, cheery announcement of the midnight hour. A human voice could not have been more reassuring to the half crazed wretch, who, at the first welcomed sound, sprang over the wall, and sped through the fearful place, crossing graves in his flight, and passing the bench where, a few days previous, his white deliverer had spent such long hours of bitterness. But as he proceeded, his breath came shorter, attended with intense pain in his chest, while a violent trembling seized his frame. He clutched at the rope, which now seemed choking him, as exertion had swollen the veins of his neck; but he flagged not in his mad run, until, the long way covered, his bare feet pierced and bleeding, his eyes dimmed, he fell against his mother's door.

"Who's dar?" she asked, waking from her light sleep."

"Me, Mammy!" he answered, his voice sounding like a trumpet in his ears, though falling only as a broken whisper on the air.

"Who's dar?" repeated the woman. The voice came to him as from a great

distance. Was he going to die here, with that bolted door between them! He tried to reply again but the parched tongue and lips refused utterance to his words. He drew back, and gathering his remaining strength, flung himself against the door. The pretense of a latch gave way, the door flew open, and he fell forward, almost at his mother's feet. She sprang back, horrified, but raising himself, he turned toward her, muttering, "Mammy!"

"My Gawd! It's Pete!" she cried, clapping her black hands over her head; then, flinging herself by his side, she strained him to her bosom, and he rested there, without any fear. When she recovered from her first transport and her sense returned, she became conscious of the brisk night breeze, blowing in through the open door. She released her clasp on her son, but the figure swayed and fell, for at last, the physical had triumphed over the will and strong desire that had sustained him. She cautiously closed the door before lighting her small lamp. The first object to greet her eyes was the rope wound around the neck of her child, and at the sight she turned dizzy. She knelt down and peering into the face saw the mask it wore was only death's semblance. Her simple remedies to restore him to consciousness were attended with partial success, for, at length, he unclosed his eyes and recognizing the tear-wet face bending over him, whispered,

"Mammy, Ise so tired!"

At the words, she began to weep aloud. Again he looked up, fully conscious now, and with all the night's horror breaking fresh upon him; but he said weakly to her:

"Doan yeh cry, Mammy!" Then, he repeated: "Ise so tired, Mammy!"

She helped him to his feet, supported

him to the bed, upon which he threw himself, and with the consciousness of his mother's hands drawing the covering over him, he fell into a heavy slumber.

When that little party of horsemen paused on the edge of the bridge, at the sight of the stiff figure of the minister, lying there, with white face turned to the star-gemmed sky, they uttered a cry of horror. Harry Earle flung himself from his saddle, and kneeling in the pool of blood that pointed the path of the treacherous bullet, lifted the wounded man's head on his arm. As he viewed the face, by the feeble light of the stars, he said, with a suspicious tremor in his voice, "Gentlemen, he's dead!" and a silence, more eloquent of grief than any words, followed. But from the outer edge, one man began to push his way, and the group divided for the doctor, who returning from a sick call, had encountered the party and followed. He made a brief examination and said, quietly,

"Not dead, yet; but dying, I think." He drew a flask from his pocket and directing one of the men to force a few drops between the set teeth, he endeavored to stop the flow of blood, meanwhile, ordering some one to bring a litter and lanterns. After a while, the minister opened his eyes inquiringly on the faces bending anxiously over him, but the sharp pain in his side made him groan. Yet he remembered all, and forced the word "Pete?" between his white lips.

"D——n Pete!" replied Harry Earle, with more force than elegance.

"Pete's all right," said the doctor, soothingly, while another of the men held up before his dim eyes the short, severed rope, still tied to the pier; and with the shadow of a smile on the pain-

distorted features, the minister fell back into unconsciousness.

Tender, strong hands lifted him to the litter and bore him slowly to his home, and Harry Earle, following in that sad procession, leading a friend's horse and his own, while the other hand guided the bicycle, which he had found on the side of the road, could scarcely distinguish the faces around, for the mist filling his eyes. On that slow walk back to town many remembrances and thoughts came to him. He recalled the hue and cry the busy tongues of the town had raised when it was known the minister had purchased a bicycle, and how he, himself, by his silence, had agreed with their caviling. He remembered, with bitterness of soul, the certain contempt he had entertained for the dying man, in common what he felt toward ministers as a class, the contempt of the sceptic for the believer. Last Sunday those still lips had told his hearers, of whom, to please his wife, he was one of the Christian's love, which is strong enough to make a man give up his life, if required for another; and he, Harry Earle, had smiled to himself at the eloquent words, questioning what part had that love in the workings of a world, where the aim of each is to get his hand at his brother's throat; and lo! the expounder of the text had proven it in his own person, for a poor negro, whose existence was of no more account than that of a worm's turned up with a spadeful of earth. His contempt turned in on himself and lashed him furiously. It took all the self-estimation out of him and forced down before the superior moral courage of the follower of a Master he had long ago deserted. The emotions thus awakened sent him, after seeing the horses stabled and the bicycle in a

place of safety, through the deserted street that led in an irregular fashion from the main part of the town to Henryville, where a hundred or more rude board houses, represented the homes of the colored portion of the community. The shaft of light slipping out under the door, directed him to Pete's home, and in answer to her sharp "Who's dar!" he answered, in kinder tones than was his wont in addressing his inferiors:

"It's Harry Earle."

"Has Pete come here?" he asked her, closing the door behind him.

She made no answer, but led the way to the bed, and drew back the old quilt from the sleeper's face. The rest and quiet slumber of the past half hour had reduced the enlarged veins on forehead and neck, and the flesh falling back showed the ravages the torturing fears of the past few days and the fearful agony of the night's experience, had wrought. Twenty years of hard work and deprivations, such as the negro knows most fully, had not so aged the boy. The rope was still around his neck, and at sight of it, the mother shivered and quickly folded the covering about the unconscious sleeper. There was a tragic expression on her old face as she then looked from the black child she had borne, to the white man she had nursed, and in that moment Harry Earle felt shame that the color of those who had brought her such anguish and his were the same. Trembling, she sank on the rude stool by the bed and covered her face, for a moment, with her hands. The man's heart was touched.

"Don't cry, Aunt!" he said to her, kindly.

"O Marse Harry," she cried, "my ole heart's 'mos' broke! Ise had trouble in my time, heaps uf it, sence

de day dat bressed angel was cyar'd up to Heaben, an' yoh an' poh Marse was lef' des'late; but dar yaint no trouble what's eber 'fallen me like dis. De white men's gwian to kill my boy, my las' chile, de only liben creature what's lef' fur me to lub an' keer fur. An' dar's been so many, white and blac', what Ise lubbed; but dey's dead ur 'stranged frum me. Dat's de way uf de wurl, Marse Harry, when you's young an' handy, an' kin gib all yoh time to dem, yoh's liked and made heaps uf; but when yoh's old, yoh fin' yoh bes' friends is de dead uns, fur de liben' doan need yoh any moh. But de good Lawd was min'ful uf dis time fur me, an' sen' me one las' little baby an' I lubed him moh nor all de res', fur 'fore he wus a week ole, his poh pappy wus felled undah by a tree an' killed. But I didn't mohn, but jus bressed de good Lawd ebervy day 'cause he'd sen' dat las' chile. An' now dey's gwian to kill him!"

She buried her face again in her hands and began to sob wildly, and manlike, in the presence of such grief, her one listener looked at her helplessly.

"I did tink," she continued, after a time, "dar wus sum hope an' dat my poh boy wus safe, 'cause de white preacher said h'd die hisself soon'or hahm should cum to Pete"—

"And the white preacher kept his word," said Harry Earle, warmly. "Didn't Pete tell you?"

"Marse Harry, Pete bruk in de dooh an' draped like a dead pussen on de flooh. All he said tu me was dat he wus so tired."

In a few words he told her of the night's occurrence, but when he related the fate of her boy's deliverer, she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands over her head, cried:

"Shot de white preacher! O, my Gawd! O, Marse Harry, doan say dey shot him dead!"

"He was not quite dead when I left him at his own door; but the doctor thinks him mortally wounded."

She fell back on her stool and hid her face in her lap, too overpowered to give an audible expression to the great sorrow that anew surged over the grateful, devoted old heart.

"Thus far," continued Mr. Earle, "Pete has been saved, but," and his voice grew hard, "saved with a bitter cost, for two good men may pay for it with their lives. I thought Pete would come to you, so I came here to see him. If he is innocent,"—the expressed conviction marked the victory the usually indifferent man had gained over deeply rooted un-Christian sentiments—"to save him is worth any sacrifice. And Pete will tell me all and the truth; for what he would attempt to hide from his Maker he will confess to me. And if Pete is innocent, I promise you he will not die, and I'll keep my word, if need be, as the white preacher kept his."

The mother dropped on her knees, and before he could prevent her, caught his hand and covered it with kisses.

"I knowd," she cried, a wealth of love and unquestioning faith in her broken voice, "ef eber his ole blac' mammy needed a frien', young Marse wouldn't furgit. Dey ust to try to make me b'lieve yoh'd furgit me, but I knowd yoh couldn't do it! My bressed angel giv hur life fur yoh, but her las' words cha'ged me to tak keer uf yoh; an' she promised yoh'd take hur place, whenever I needed hur. Nevah, nevah, did I call on hur to cum frum hur heabenly abode till dis awful day; an' she heerd me, an' fust sen'

me de preacher an' now, yoh!"

In that moment Harry Earle experienced the stings of remorse, for in his careless life, he had forgotten his black nurse, or had left the assistance of her to his warm-hearted wife. He suppose it was necessity made her still a daily toiler, but until now, he had not dreamed all that necessity meant. The poverty of the one miserable room smote him, for in his father's home, as its trusted and faithful superintendent, she had ever been surrounded with the comforts of life. It was true the changes that had followed his untroubled youth, had made him a toiler as well as her; but he could have made the road smoother for her. He had not thought to do so, and he was forced to admit he had not remembered to come to her even in this hour, had it not been for the heroic example of the minister.

A quick step on the one plank that served as a sidewalk for the negroes. broke across his reflections, and answering a sharp knock sounding the next instant on the door, he admitted the sheriff.

"He's here," said Mr. Earle, answering the other's unspoken question. The two men went to the bed, and at the sight of the rope around the sleeping lad's neck, the sheriff turned away.

"Poor devil! he had a close call, didn't he?" he said to Mr. Earle. "I say, Earle," he began, after a moment's thought, "that boy's been through too much to wake him up and hurry him back to jail!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Earle. "It will soon be day. Let him sleep and I'll keep watch with you."

So they took the two old chairs the room boasted of to the open door and there the two humane men sat through the waning hours, while the prisoner

slept, and his old mother kept untiring watch by his side. At daybreak, they aroused him and quietly conducted him back to his cell.

The town was wild with excitement the next day, and the news of the dastardly work of the night before spread over the country. Too long had mob law held sway, too long had justice been thus forcibly deprived of her sacred rights, and the indignation of the people over the horrible results in Carlisle found vent in the Governor's prompt denunciation and the offer of a large reward for any information leading to the conviction of any or all participants. Copies of the proclamation were posted in prominent places throughout the county. The day following their appearance in the Blue Lick district, readers noted these significant words, scrawled under the rude drawing of a skull: "Death to the traitor!" and were disloyalty to each other characteristic of these people, that menace had put a curb on it in this case.

The brave marshal, who had defied death to do his duty, and the minister who had braved the anger of half a hundred men to prevent a crime, were the heroes of the hour. The marshal's wound proved a slight one, for he had been more stunned by a blow than injured by the shot, and his recovery was rapid; but the minister was beside death's door, and the gloom of universal sorrow hung over the com-

munity. The deacons of the church called a meeting and adopted resolutions expressive of their admiration of his bravery and grief over the sad results it had brought to him; nor was one voice heard against the proceeding. The gossips grew still, or praised where before they had blamed, while honest men and women everywhere freely spoke his praises. The court, which opened a few days later, before proceeding to business, paid its respects to his brave conduct; in the several churches prayers were offered up for his recovery, while the press of the State poured on him laudation after laudation. But unconscious of it all the minister lay in his darkened room fighting his first battle with the grim Destroyer. High fever had set in, and in the delirium that followed, his attendants heard oft-repeated, the particulars of that wild ride and the scene that followed. Sometimes, after frantic appeals for mercy for the negro, he would grow very quiet, and his watchers would then catch broken words about green graves, with sunlight playing on them, and the song of a blue bird, concluding with the sad question why ever life's mysterious windings lead us from our heart's desires. But the name of the woman he loved never passed his lips. Even when the will had deserted her post, the loyal heart did not betray his sacred sorrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is a glory and an ornament to the Church.

It is the life of the living, and the Christ of the holy dead.

It is the song of the angels.

It was the light of all Mary's darkness, and the jubilee of all her woes.

It was the device of the Holy Ghost, and the devotion of His love.

It was the devotion and singular possession of Jesus Himself.

It was the devotion, the choice, the complacency of the Eternal Father.

The whole of Mary, and all the benignity of her queendom, and all the glory of her exaltation—are because of the Precious Blood. No part of creation has been made so white by its redness, as her unspotted heart. She is the creature of the Precious Blood, its daughter, its mother, its spouse, and its queen."—FABER.

Echoes of Carmel.



I.

TOUCH the harp-strings, Holy Spirit !
Silently they wait for thee ;
Ah ! my soul would gladly echo
Each celestial melody.
Sweeping, with ecstatic gladness,
Through the white-robed choirs above,
And, in endless variations,
Breathing of our Lady's love.

II.

Lovely Flower of Mount Carmel !
Many hearts rejoice to-day,
Gazing upward, through the sun-light,
To the bright land far away.
Many weary ones are restful
Praying at thy sacred feet ;
Many mourners thou art soothing
With thy consolations sweet.

III.

Whiter than the snow-flake's whiteness,
Is that virgin-heart of thine !
Fairer than all earthly fairness,
Sweetly fragrant like the vine.
God's own love is turning round thee,
Gentle Mother, glorious Queen !
And He wills each soul to glisten,
In thy crown of starry sheen.*

IV.

With a silvery ray of gladness
Light us o'er life's restless sea,
Till we rest, O mother Mary !
Safe "*in Patria*," with thee.
Thou art waiting with glad welcomes
On the everlasting shore,
There to show the Face of Jesus,
To our gaze for evermore.

* Each of us is called to be a star in Mary's crown. Let us not disappoint her of the jewel for which she has paid so great a price.—REV. G. TYRRELL, S. J. " *Nova et Vetera*."

THE FEAST OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY THE REV. THEODORE JOHN McDONALD, O.C.C.



ON the sixteenth of this month the Church will celebrate the Feast of the Solemn Commemoration of the Brown Scapular. This auspicious event occurred on the 16th of July, 1251, when the Blessed Virgin placed it in the hands of St. Simon Stock. As there is no confraternity in our holy religion so widely extended, we deem it of importance to devote an article to the consideration of the origin of the Scapular, its authenticity, and the advantages that accrue to those who have the happiness of being invested in it.

In order that the circumstances, which attended the origin of the Brown Scapular, may be more intelligently understood, it is necessary to go back to the dawn of Christianity, and even before that time, and direct our attention to a mountain in Judea, known as Mt. Carmel and celebrated in Holy Scriptures as the favorite resting place of the great prophet Elias and his successor, the prophet Eliseus. It was on the summit of this mountain that Elias confounded the priests of Baal, by calling down fire from heaven to consume the holocaust he was offering to the true and living God. It was from there he saw a figure of the Blessed Virgin, rising in the form of a cloud from the sea. "Behold a cloud rose out of the sea like a man's foot." This was after a drought of three years

and a half, when the earth being parched did not give its fruit, and a great famine brooded over the land. But the little cloud extending and increasing as it arose, sending down torrents of rain, fertilizing the earth and producing abundance of fruit was a true emblem of the Blessed Virgin. Before her coming, the earth, in a religious sense, was truly sterile, a spiritual famine hung over the whole world, but through her mankind received the Redeemer who fertilized the world with His blood. The cloud is also an emblem of Mary, looking down upon her dear children whom she has clothed with the garments of salvation, and who with outstretched hands pours into their thirsting hearts the waters of grace which she obtained from her beloved Son.

It is not intended, in this article, to prove the antiquity of the Carmelite Order, leaving that subject for a future paper. Suffice it to say for the present that there were holy men living on Mount Carmel before Christianity, called the sons of the prophets, who fled from the cares and turmoils of the world to devote themselves entirely to God. As a religious body they are known as Carmelites, taking their name from the historic mountain on which they dwelt, and among the first to embrace the Christian religion were these same holy men—a fact that was naturally to be expected, since the sanctity of their lives admirably coincided with the pure and elevating doctrines of the new religion. Tradition again informs us that from the

days of the Apostles, the special characteristic of their institute was a deep and abiding love for the blessed Mother of God, through all the alterations of fortune, down through the ages, as well in persecution as in peace. Indeed, they might say of our Blessed Lady that neither life nor death, neither persecution nor the sword could separate them from the love they bore her.

Many times from the seventh century to the opening of the Crusades, the Carmelites were driven from their beloved retreat, and it was not once but often the scimeter in the hand of the brutal Saracen flashed above their devoted heads as they poured forth their blood for the religion of Christ. About the year 1095, a poor monk of France, named Peter and surnamed the Hermit, on account of his retired life, inspired with a desire of seeing the holy places consecrated by the footprints of his Divine Master, braved all dangers and betook himself to Jerusalem. Upon his return to Europe, he poured out, in burning words, his indignation, whilst reciting the atrocities he had seen inflicted on the native Christians, and on the pilgrims, who had come from other countries. Carrying his tale of woe to Pope Urban II., he told him of the enormities he had seen perpetrated by Arabs and Turks. The holy Pontiff listened to him in deep sympathy, for he was not ignorant of the galling yoke under which Christians were laboring and, while commending his zeal and charity, he commissioned him to preach the first Crusade. The nations of Europe soon caught up the spirit of the Hermit, and engaged in those holy wars against the Turks that have given such glorious testimony to their genuine faith and piety. These Crusaders coming in contact with the

pious inhabitants of Mt. Carmel, and admiring their austere mode of life, prevailed upon the holy monks to accompany them on returning to Europe. About the early part of the 13th century, arriving in England, they built a monastery in Kent. Thus were the Carmelites first established in the West.

At that time there was a recluse buried in the heart of a deep forest not far from Oxford, who when only twelve years was called by the spirit of God to this holy retreat. Illustrious by his birth, he soon became still more illustrious by the sanctity of his life. Spending twenty-two years in solitude, communing with God alone, where he renewed all the austerities of the ancient anchorite of the desert, his love for God and his neighbor daily increased. This holy man was St. Simon Stock. From childhood, penetrated with a deep devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the saint was much affected by the piety shown towards the august Queen of Heaven by the new religious and humbly sought admission into the Order. Edified and encouraged by the penitential life of his new brethren, he soon became a shining light and outstripped all others in the austerity and regularity of his conduct. Upon his election to the high office of Superior General, St. Simon proposed to himself as his principal end, the more exact cultivation of all the virtues practised by that holy institute and especially an increased devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. But the arch-enemy of Mary puts forth all his strength and makes use of every available means he can command to thwart the propagation of devotion of any kind to the Blessed Virgin, hence at that time and at various other periods in the history of Carmel, these dear clients of Mary

were the special victims of satan's most savage persecutions. This we can readily understand, since Mary is his greatest enemy. She triumphed over and crushed him, and, though her the evil he brought on mankind was repaired, consequently any honor paid her gives him intense pain. Again, the Evil One has an undying hatred for God, and were it possible to inflict injury on Him, nothing could give him greater pleasure. Failing in this, he concentrates his hatred on God's image—man, and pours out upon him all the evil he possibly can. Now, theologians assure us that a sincere and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a mark of predestination—thus it at once becomes clear, that anything which can benefit man and save him from hell and his enemy's clutches, must bear the brunt of the evil one's unutterable hate.

Saint Simon and his brother Carmelites, endeavoring to establish their Order in England, found themselves surrounded with difficulties of various kinds. Persecutions, frequently from sources from which they should least expect them, thwarted them in the noble work they had undertaken. But no adverse circumstances were capable of dampening the ardor of St. Simon, and in these straits he turned to his Blessed Mother for aid. His prayers were not immediately answered, but the former recluse of the desert was not easily disconcerted, and his love for Mary, deep and abiding, engendered in his soul a confidence that was not to be shaken by temporary disappointment. For years he persevered, with tears, in beseeching an outward or a sensible sign of his dear Mother's protection for himself and his Carmelites. It was, beyond doubt, an extraordinary petition, but the inspiration to

ask such a gift, like the gift itself, came from heaven. But if we consider the unbounded love of the Blessed Virgin for her devoted children, and the love of Saint Simon and his unbounded confidence, we need not wonder that the Scapular was an answer to his fidelity and perseverance. At length the time came when his abiding love and confidence were to be rewarded. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him surrounded by a great number of blessed spirits, holding in her hand the holy Scapular, saying: My beloved son, receive this habit as the livery of my confraternity. It is a privilege for you and for all Carmelites, a mark of predestination, a safe-guard in danger, a pledge of salvation and an eternal alliance. Whosoever shall have the happiness to die wearing this garment shall never suffer the flames of hell."

We have stated above the reasons that induced the saint to seek a visible sign of Mary's protection. On account of the elements that constitute man's composition, our Divine Lord thought it necessary to establish outward signs or Sacraments. But we will leave the Sacraments out, as they are visible signs instituted by Christ to give grace to the soul, and always act *ex opere operato*, which no visible sign instituted by the Church can do. But besides the sacraments instituted by Christ, there have been always visible signs instituted by the Church called sacramentals, which are efficacious through the prayers and blessings of the Church to excite in those who piously use them, dispositions that are calculated to prepare them for the more effectual reception of grace. So the Scapular is not the only visible sign in the Church outside of the Sacraments.

But apart from all this, we find in the book of Judges, that God had

chosen a man to deliver his people from the oppression of their enemies the Madeanites. That God commissioned him to the high office was announced by an angel, nevertheless he besought a visible sign of God as a visible approbation of his mission. "And Gideon said to God, if Thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as Thou has said, I will put this fleece of wool on the floor, if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry on all the ground beside, I shall know that by my hand, as Thou hast said, Thou wilt deliver Israel. And it was so. And rising before day, wringing the fleece he filled a vessel with the dew. He asked even another sign, that whilst the fleece would remain dry the earth would be wet with dew. And it was so." Here we see the chosen one of God seeking two visible signs, and by his confidence bringing down the dew of heaven on the fleece, an emblem of the grace and strength of God upon himself. And in the second sign bringing down the dew of heaven on the parched earth, an emblem of the grace and strength of God upon His people, and in the strength of these two signs Gideon went forth and slew the enemies of God and saved his people. It was thus that Saint Simon Stock sought a visible sign of Mary's protection, like the dew of heaven falling on the fleece of Gideon and falling on and fertilizing the parched earth. The Scapular is not only a sign of Mary's protection, but also a sign of the heavenly graces, that she pours down upon her dear children who are distinguished by wearing her livery.

Let us now see what may be said of the authenticity of the Scapular, of its tradition to Saint Simon, and the promises annexed to it. John XXII. being consulted on this matter, issued

a bull in the year one thousand three hundred and sixteen, declaring that it had been examined by the weights of the Sanctuary, and found most true. The same holy Pontiff issued another bull in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty-two, in which he renewed the previous one, declaring that in an apparition, the Blessed Virgin told him that she would deliver the wearers of the Scapular from Purgatory, the first Saturday after their death. The words of the bull are: "*Ego Mater gloriosa descendam sabbato post eorum mortem, et quos invenero in purgatorio, liberabo, et eos in montem, sanctum vite eterne reducam.*" "I, their glorious mother will descend into purgatory the first Saturday after their death, and those whom I find there, I will liberate, and bring them to the holy mountain of eternal life." This is called the Sabbatine Bull. Some writers took objection to its authenticity, on the diversity of style in which it is written, and because the original is not extant. But it is written in the Bullarium of the Carmelites and in several other works. This doubt is settled by an authority that cannot be called in question, by Prospero Lambertini, the most illustrious scholar of his age, one of the greatest theologians that ever sat in the chair of Peter. A man on whom it was impossible to impose in questions of this or any other kind, afterwards seated on the throne of the Holy See, Benedict XIV., accepted the above mentioned bull as genuine. But to return to the tradition of the Scapular and the promises annexed, besides the two bulls of John XXII., we find twenty-three popes, his successors, who either by bulls or indulgences or in one form or another, gave their solemn approbation to the confraternity of the Scapular. If any more proofs are

needed, we call the attention of our readers to the annual Festival that is celebrated with the Holy Mass and divine office throughout the whole extent of the Catholic Church, to glorify the Blessed Virgin, and in solemn commemoration of the giving of the Brown Scapular. Thus far we have spoken of the authority of the Church as approving of the devotion to the confraternity of the Scapular, and, as all Catholics know, the approbation of the Church is the approbation of God. But God Himself left no doubt on the authenticity of the Scapular. With regard to the matter, we would ask a few questions. Is a lie contrary to the Divine Essence? Is God Infinite Truth? Can God for any reason approve a lie by miracles? The answer to the two first questions is in the affirmative, to the last question in the negative. A lie is bad in itself and God never can approve of it. But God has wrought miracles through the Scapular. Their number for the last seven hundred years, who can enumerate? On account of the vast numbers in different ages and in various circumstances, that were publicly wrought in the

presence of respectable witnesses, in the presence of men of learning and position, whose integrity was above suspicion, it would be a virtual repudiation of all facts of history to deny or even to throw suspicion on them.

The advantages of wearing the Scapular, that we promised in the beginning of this article to bring forward, we must leave for another time, as space does not permit us to speak of them at present. But there is one indulgence that must be mentioned here, as it refers to the sixteenth of this month. Our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., has enriched the Brown Scapular with an extraordinary indulgence. This indulgence is generally called *Toties Quoties*, from the fact that all those wearing the Scapular, and having confessed and communicated, who enter a Carmelite church and pray for the intention of our Holy Father, will gain a plenary indulgence on the sixteenth of July, the Feast of the Scapular. And not only once on that day, but as many times as they enter with the intention of gaining the indulgence, provided they pray each time for the intention of our Holy Father.

LOST TREASURES.

"He is calling us away, and sending on our treasures."—CARDINAL MANNING.

SOFTLY is the voice of Jesus calling

Like to wavelets on the silvery shore,
Where we stand in exile, sadly watching,

For He sends our treasures on before,
To that fair and ever restful light-land

To our Father's home beyond the skies.

Ah! they bloom with beauty in that bright land

Where no flower from the earth e'er dies,

And they wait for us with joyful welcomes,

Lovingly they watch o'er us and pray,

List! *their* voices too are ever calling

Till we glide in peace to Heaven away.

—E. DE M.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The Scapular as a Safeguard in Danger.

The following translation from a Parisian journal will be of interest, especially now when so many devout clients of our Lady of Carmel seek her protection whilst engaged in the hazardous work of a soldier:

Whilst on service in Africa, being then only colonel of a regiment of the line, Pelissier, Marshal of France, commander-in-chief and Grand Cordon, was one day waited upon by the doctor of the regiment to consult with him what had best be done to stop the moral epidemic which had been raging amongst the men, and which was leading them by scores to the hospital, and thence to the grave, without any perceptible disease.

"I have found out the cause," said the doctor, "from a young conscript who died this morning. You have been suffering their imaginations to be tampered with by a fellow from Brittany, who pretends to sorcery, and who for a few sous will show them their home, and call up before them the best forms of the dead or absent among those they love best on earth. The feelings of our soldiers cannot stand this; nostalgia and marasm are killing them. You must put a stop to this, colonel, or you will lose them all."

Pelissier, in alarm at the idea of the effect, but without the least dread of the cause, immediately sent for the culprit—a sober, grave, and serious young man, from Brittany, named Coetquen, who had formerly been a shepherd, and had fallen to the conscription, and had been unwilling to leave his aged mother, of whom he was the favorite son. The colonel was

resolved to be stern with the culprit.

"What is this I hear?" said he. "What are those lies thou art propagating in the regiment?"

"Of what am I accused, *mon colonel*?" said Coetquen, respectfully. "Have I failed in my duty with the regiment?—have I once omitted to fulfil my service or disobeyed an order?"

"'Tis not of that thou art accused," replied Pelissier, somewhat embarrassed, "but of a graver crime; in short, 'tis said thou art a sorcerer."

"I *am*!" replied Coetquen, calmly.

"Pshaw; seek not to impose upon me—'tis said thou hast made foolish lads believe in ghosts and spirits."

"They have seen them," answered Coetquen, still unmoved. "I have but one motive for thus displaying the power I inherited from my fathers—that of buying a substitute; and returning to my beloved home. The money I obtain from my comrades is hoarded for this purpose."

The colonel scratched his head in perplexity. "Well, then, if that is the case, here is a bargain; show me the spirit I wish to have called up, and thou shalt have this piece of gold; but if thou shouldst fail in the attempt, by all the powers of darkness, so surely will I blow thy brains out."

The colonel suited the action to the word by drawing the pistol from his belt with one hand, while he pulled forth with the other the piece of gold. Coetquen gazed wistfully at the latter, and said, with great cheerfulness—

"The bargain is struck, *mon colonel*; to-night, at the entrance of the little wood at the bottom of your garden, at midnight, fear not, I will be there."

"Once more," said Pelissier, owning now, without shame, that he was beginning to feel rather excited, "remember it is time to retreat. I have no wish to see spirits; therefore confess that the boys have been deluded, the influence will be withdrawn, and you shall have the piece of gold all the same."

"Never," exclaimed the sorcerer, the first time roused to emotion; you have defied me, *mon colonel* and must take the consequences."

Midnight arrived, the colonel was true to his rendezvous, and found the sorcerer awaiting him. Once more did he give the latter the opportunity of withdrawing from the bargain; and once more was he refused. The soldier stripped off his jacket and stood in his shirt-sleeves; he placed his sword and belt, his shako and jacket, together with his boots, against a tree, and drew a circle with a forked stick, and placed himself in the midst. Presently he was like one inspired, and the light of the lantern which the colonel had brought fell upon his distorted countenance, which seemed more like that of a demon than of a human being. Suddenly, in the very midst of this violent emotion, he turned to Pelissier—

"Colonel, one thing I forgot to mention; have you no sacred object about you?"

"None in the world," replied Pelissier; "dost thou take me for a Jesuit?"

"But your watch. Sometimes a mother or sister manages to slide a token or medal amongst the seals and *breloques*—some ring or other trifle which they have got blessed by the priest. It is most dangerous; for mercy's sake, think!

The man was evidently serious—and Pelissier, took off his watch, and put

it down at a distance. The incantation then began—all was silence for a few moments, excepting for the heavy breathing of the man. Not a single word was uttered—not a single movement made, but suddenly a loud terrific shriek, a sound not of this earth for its power and the agony it conveyed, burst upon the stricken ear of the colonel. "*Ah colonel, vous m'avez trahi!*" ("Ah, colonel, you have betrayed me!") These were the words he heard, and then all was silent once more. After waiting a few moments he called aloud; no answer was returned—he waited in vain; the man had disappeared. His shako and clothes had remained against the tree—and Pelissier returned to the camp the same night to give orders for a strict search being made. No trace of the man was ever discovered.

On undressing at dawn, Pelissier remembered the Scapular he had worn for years, the gift of his mother on his first joining the army, and which he had forgotten.

"This had condemned," says the paper quoted, "the sorcerer to his fate, and was the means of bringing Marshal Pelissier into the road of piety and salvation."

Efficacy of the Scapular.

The great fire which occurred in the latter part of July, 1864, at Quissac, a canton of a Livernon, threatened to grow beyond control and utterly to destroy three of the most extensive mills in the vicinity. From all points eager groups hastened to the scene of disaster, as the deep toned bell sounded the tocsin for aid. It seemed as though all hope had vanished, when happily some fervent clients of Mary began to implore her assistance, and proposed that a Scapular be cast into the flames. After a momentary hesitation one of the teachers present offered the one which she wore, and a by-stander tendered his services to throw it into the fire. As he afterwards admitted he had not much faith in the experiment, and had fully expected to see the instant destruction of the two little pieces of brown stuff.

The very reverse happened, to the

joy of the faithful and the honor of Mary. It is true the flames were not instantly extinguished, but it was regarded as miraculous that their fury abated as the little brown badge was lowered into their midst, and contrary to all expectations, the greater part of the buildings were saved.

It was wonderful too that the residence of the owner, Mr. Murat, was saved, as well as the barn, which being covered with thatch was especially liable to burn, and was besides exposed to a constant shower of sparks.

Finally it was indeed miraculous that the Scapular which had been thrown into the midst of a raging fire was taken from the debris, intact—not the slightest scorch marred its surface, and nothing gave token of its perilous journey save the faint odor of smoke which clung to the cloth. I saw the Scapular myself and could corroborate the veracity of those who had told me the tale.

The above remarkable event was a powerful incentive to an awakening of devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel amongst the citizens of Quissac, and those of the adjacent parishes, and there could scarcely be found one who had not hastened to be invested with the Scapular, if that duty had been hitherto neglected. And be assured dear reader that such occurrences are of by no means infrequent occurrence.

It is scarcely a year that I gave a retreat, in preparation for the great feast of Christmas, in the parish of Bousquet, near Dehors. Men as well as the "devout female sex" came forward with an ardor most touching to see, to receive the holy Scapular. This impetus of zeal was owing in part to the narration of a most marvelous instance of assistance sent by the efficacy of the brown Scapular. It was told by an old soldier before a numerous assemblage of which I formed a part. It was somewhat similar to that which occurred at Quissac. It took place while he was in garrison at Orleans. The old brave there took the holy habit himself, and both by word and example induced a great

number to do likewise. Without wishing to attribute to the above mentioned facts any exaggerated importance, we may surely look upon them as striking examples of the protection which the Queen of Carmel loves to accord to the members of the confraternity. Of course the miracles of goodness and power performed by the Mother of God, in secret, towards those to whom she vouchsafes her maternal protection are frequent, but often too she is pleased to manifest her power *openly* towards those who devoutly wear the little brown badge. No one can doubt that to DEVOUTLY wear that insignia of our love for Mary is one of the most speedy means to insure her patronage, and to induce her, when occasion requires, to overwhelm us with the treasures of mercy and tenderness which she can always command.—From Propagateur de Saint Joseph.—By S. X. B.

Thanks to the Holy Infant of Prague.

The following account of a remarkable cure which is vouched for by responsible witnesses, is published :

A lady, (whose name was gladly given for publication,) converted to the faith about seven years ago, a former resident of Chicago, but now living in New York, was suffering from an internal abscess for several years. One serious operation had been performed with no assurance of permanent relief, but rather the prediction that the abscess would return yearly, and that the patient could not last more than five years. The abscess returned with great malignity late in the year 1897, and as the sufferer was in great agony, unable to eat or sleep, she was advised to begin a novena to the Divine Infant of Prague, asking to be spared for the sake of her little son of six years old. A positive miracle was the outcome of the novena. The lady is entirely cured and, according to promise she wishes to have this signal favor granted her, published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, for the greater honor and glory of the Little Infant of Prague, and to awaken and encourage the growing devotion to Him.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

For some weeks past many of you have been longing very earnestly for vacation, and thinking of the time when you would have nothing to do.

Now, the working days are over, and you can, and may do, your own sweet will. To many, doing just as they please is the height of their happiness, and doing just nothing is a sort of earthly heaven for others. The trouble is, that some people do *not* know the real meaning of rest, which is not idleness, pure and simple, but a change of work. This is the reason that there is so much dissatisfaction in vacation days, particularly for the young. They are so long and so hot, and everything is a bore, and so one tires of everyone, and even of one's self.

The great secret of the happiness of many people is to be found in a regular life, in having set times for doing things, and set things to do. Frittering away whole hours in "sweet doing nothing," is only delightful in books, and the older we grow the more convinced we are that work is a blessing from God.

Idleness is the mother of mischief, may be a homely old proverb, but there is much truth in it. Sin? I had no time to commit sin, said a busy young girl, who had spent three long months in nursing a sick brother. Yes, work is a safeguard against many evils, and so the vacation days should have some portion set aside for real work.

The girls who have a mother, and so still know the greatest earthly joy, should not find it hard to fill their happy vacation days with loving labor for her who is the very shadow of God upon earth.

How many tired mothers there are

throughout the length and breadth of our land, to whom the vacation time only means more work and less comfort. It should not be so. Vacation should mean a rest for the mothers, because of the unselfishness of their children.

System is the source of success and happiness in every station in life. "Order is heaven's first law," and it is the law of every well-regulated life. So if every girl who reads THE CARMELITE REVIEW would make up her mind to be systematic in taking her vacation, there would be few "blue" days, and very few regrets in September.

I know when school is closed it is very delightful to shake one's self free of restraint; to lie in bed late in the morning, to rock and rock away by the hour, to read lots of novels, and at last to vote all things a bore and to be as hateful and cranky as possible. That's what comes of the "sweet doing nothing."

Now, let us all make a new start this vacation.

What shall we do? You'll laugh when I sing my old song, go to daily Mass. That's No. 1.

It needn't be an early one. No—I think it *wouldn't* be vacation if the boys and girls *couldn't* have a longer sleep in the mornings. But, oh! if you would only learn to love the week day Mass, how much joy and peace and blessing it would bring into your daily lives.

You are young and happy now, but when you are older and sorrow comes into your life, making the brightest days dark and the whole world a desert, then, dear children, if you begin your sad days with holy Mass, you will bear your sorrows, not with a glad heart—oh! no—only the saints did that, but at least you will not grow bitter and unloving because God has

sent you some splinters of the true cross in sending you sorrow.

Yes, go to daily Mass—begin on July 2, the feast of the Visitation, the sweet feast which comes like a benediction at the beginning of vacation days. Our Blessed Lady went to the mountains and remained there three months with her dear cousin St. Elizabeth. Can you imagine those two holy souls idling away their time? Surely not. I know our Blessed Lady helped St. Elizabeth with the housework and took care of the dear baby saint, John the Baptist, who was born on June 24, and made herself so beloved of the household that their hearts were full of thanksgiving to God for sending them such a summer visitor.

Now, dear children, I don't want to preach to you, but do try to be sweet tempered during vacation. It is such a trial to live with some people—little people too. Do try to be good natured. What does Fr. Faber say, something about angels swarming around a good-natured person like flies around honey. I forget just his words, but he makes good nature a virtue, and so it is.

Read something helpful in vacation. Novels? Yes, why not? There are plenty of 'sweet clean ones—but don't feed on them all summer. Read a chapter of the Imitation every day and THINK as you read. Walk out in the open air, and if you are fortunate enough to go to the country, do *not* stay indoors except to eat and sleep.

Learn to sew this summer, you girls who have yet to be introduced to the needle, and take a friend's advice—don't let your mother do *all* the sewing for you. Dear sweet darling mothers, how they do spoil their girls; but a day comes when *mamma* is not around any longer, and then, oh! the pity of it if one "cannot even thread a needle."

Short prayers if you like, but fervent ones; frequent thoughts of God and our Blessed Lady through the day which will make you send up a loving aspiration—a five minutes to the Blessed Sacrament when our Blessed Lord is so lonely in the summer, when all the world seems on a holiday;

loving thoughtful care of your mother and the dear ones at home; *unselfishness*, which in itself is enough to make saints of the worst of us, if only a pure intention be mixed with it. All this will help to make a happy holiday, and will prepare us for heaven, where after the school of life we hope to go and rest—yes, and work throughout all eternity singing the praises of God. Begin now—learn to sing, even if you only have a crow's voice—train it. Sing for yourself—cranks do not sing for themselves, and the crank at home and abroad is the pest of the summer.

Sweet tempered people are a perfect boon in the world, where even at best there is so much to suffer.

Dear children, don't add to the suffering. Be apostles of a sweet temper and you will do more good than you ever dreamed of.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JUNE.

1. Rt. Rev. J. T. Mullock, Bishop of Newfoundland. 30 years ago.
2. Rev. Johann Martin Schleyer. Catholic priest of Constance, Germany.
3. Pope Gregory VII.
4. Pope Urban II.
5. Cadiz, in Spain.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Subtractions.

1. Take fifty from a girdle and leave a wager.
2. Subtract five hundred from to pull and leave uncooked.
3. Subtract fifty from a product of barley and leave a rug.
4. Subtract one thousand from something always used at dinner and leave to corrode.
5. Subtract fifty from a handle and leave to strike.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Mention the greatest painters in the world of art.

2. What are the Elgin marbles?
3. What ruler is called "Son of the Sun?"
4. First Christian convert in Europe?
5. Who said: Take things always by the smooth handle?

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.
2. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Dr. S. Johnson.
3. Sweet is the memory of distant friends.—Washington Irving.
4. When anger rises think of the consequence.—Confucius.
5. My soul doth magnify the Lord!

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Which General?

Sometimes mamma calls me "general;"
 I wish I knew which one;
 But I always try to tell the truth,
 So I *hope* it's Washington.
 But when I tell my papa that,
 He laughs loud as he can,
 And says if she calls me "general"
 She must mean Sheridan;

Because whenever she wants me,
 And I am out at play,
 I nearly always seem to be
 'Bout "twenty miles away."

The Modern Way.

I went in the school-room, one morning
 My two little girls were there,
 And over their atlas bending,
 Each with a puzzled air.
 Mary glanced up as I entered,
 And said, with an anxious look:
 "Mamma, perhaps you can help us:
 It says here, in this book,
 "That we bought Louisiana
 From the French. Now that seems
 queer!
 For Nellie and I don't understand
 How they could send it here.
 "Whoever brought the land over
 Must have taken so many trips.
 Nell says they put it in baskets;
 But I think it must have been ships."

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand.
 Says "Good-night" to the big folks all
 Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
 Laughs with glee through the lighted
 hall,
 Then, in his own crib, warm and deep,
 Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.
 Gentle mother, with fond caress,
 Slips her hand through his soft, brown
 hair,
 Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
 Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer
 "Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
 God's holy angels, my baby guard!"
 "Mamma, what is an angel like?"
 Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
 "How will they look if they come here,
 Watching me when I'm all alone?"
 Half with shrinking fear spoke he;
 Answered the mother, tenderly:
 "Prettiest faces ever were known;
 Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
 Robin, waiting for nothing more,
 Cried, and looked, with a pleased
 surprised;
 Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
 "I know, mamma; they are just like
 you."

A Queer Hole.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago,
 For such boys are not found nowadays,
 you know—
 Whose friends were as troubled as they
 could be,
 Because of a hole in his memory.
 A charge from his mother went in one
 day,
 And the boy said: "Yes," and then
 hurried away;
 But he met a man with a musical top,
 And his mother's words through that
 hole did drop.
 A lesson went in, but, ah, me! ah, me!
 For a boy with a hole in his memory!
 When he arose to recite, he was all in
 doubt,
 Every word of that lesson had fallen out.
 And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—
 He could speak only two words: "I
 forgot."
 Would it not be sad indeed to be
 A boy with a hole in his memory?

Editorial Notes.

"We have full confidence that God will finish His own good work by inspiring the hearts that love Him and His Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel to contribute to the erection of a church and monastery."—Archbishop Lynch.

An Artist Saint.

In one of her works just published, Eleanor C. Donnelly brings to light the fact that our own St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi was of a family which was not only associated with some of the choicest pages of saintly lore, but also with Art. This holy nun, we are told, threw the ardor and energy of her noble soul into the works of her brush and pencil, which are still to be seen in the Carmelite cloisters in Italy. "This same Carmelite Order has been in our own century a protectress to a branch of art which may well stir the enthusiasm of the lovers of our holy place. Of all the mediums of celestial vision, none is more suited to their expression than stained glass windows, to which the sun lends ineffable glories." Thus Miss Donnelly, who further tells us that glass is designed and treated by the Carmelites of Le Mans, in France. One superb specimen of the work of those nuns is to be seen in the church of the University of Notre Dame. It seems fitting that our dear saint of Pazzi should be enthroned in the glories of art, and it is a matter of gratitude to know that one of the beautiful stained windows in the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls is devoted to the image of the same blessed Carmelite who justly deserves to be named the patroness of that art which raises our thoughts to the celestial glory that will burst on our vision at the end of our earthly pilgrimage.

Virgin Victims.

As we devoutly sing the glories of our Lady of Mount Carmel this month,

our thoughts go back to that bloody July, in the year 1794, when, for the mere crime of embroidering and distributing blessed Scapulars, clients of Mary went to the guillotine. Those dark days have passed over France, but they are not forgotten. How we love to read and re-read—it makes our heart burn—of those "victims of salvation with the fragrance of virginity"—the Carmelites of Compiegne. We reluctantly defer sketching for our dear readers the martyr-record of these heroic virgins. Next month we hope to print as our frontispiece, a small picture of these holy nuns as they go to execution. We can well imagine them as they kneel, clothed in brown and white. With a foresight of their martyrdom, they had robed themselves in their white choir-mantles, thus being adorned (during the octave of the beautiful Scapular feast)—on this day of their eternal nuptials—with the symbolic garment which the nun of Carmel wears on solemn festivals, and each time she approaches her divine Spouse at the eucharistic banquet of love. Let us pray that the day may soon appear when for the glory of God, and of the glorious Order of our Blessed Lady of Carmel, holy Church shall officially declare blessed these valiant religious who were put to death through hatred of the Catholic faith, of their religious vocation and of their devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Peace and Prayer.

There have been many delays and disappointments, but at last we are to see realized the dream of the late venerable Archbishop of Toronto, Dr.

Lynch. We love to recall these words of the beloved prelate—especially in the month of the annual pilgrimage to our Lady of Peace: “At the commencement of the American civil war, our heart was moved with sorrow at the loss of so many souls going before God in judgment, some, it is to be feared, but ill prepared. The beautiful rainbow that spanned the cataract, the sign of peace between God and the sinner, suggested prayers and hopes to see the war soon ended and we called the Church—our Lady of Victories—or of Peace. Our holy Father, Pius IX., has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church a Plenary Indulgence and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world.” And we know that in these days our holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has granted a *Plenary Indulgence to be gained at every visit to our Lady’s shrine from two o’clock July 15 to sundown on July 16, every year.* It is significant that the holy Father in his letter, granting this great privilege, admonishes those who visit the shrine to pray among other things for *peace between Christian sovereigns.* Peace, indeed, is what all devout Christians are praying for in these troubled times, and it is well to recall Archbishop Lynch’s reference to the last bloody strife. Again, many of our readers have fathers, brothers and dear ones now standing at the post of duty and danger. They all need our Lady’s protection, so let us intercede for them at the most appropriate place—at the feet of our blessed Lady of Peace!

The Initiative.

Some years ago, Archbishop Lynch, of happy memory, wrote of the Carmelites: “The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive prelates and clergy of the

Church, as well as laity, to make retreats.” And now what was probable is possible. This year we are able to accommodate a goodly number, and it seems very fitting that the first retreat should be inaugurated by the reverend and esteemed clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. It is well to repeat here, as published elsewhere, that the laity of the United States and Canada are heartily welcome by our fathers. That no one be disappointed, and that ample arrangements be made, we have made it a condition that all intending visitors notify us at least fifteen days in advance.

Words of Wisdom.

The venerable Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, before administering the holy sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of Our Lady of Peace lately, gave his hearers some very sound and wholesome instruction. Amongst the good things we heard from the lips of this learned and zealous prelate, we were edified at His Grace’s remarks on the necessity of prayer which was “as necessary,” he said, “to the Christian, as water is to the fish.” Moreover, speaking of those careless Catholics, who run such awful risks by neglecting their all-important duty—His Grace remarked that he knew men who had no fear in meeting an armed foe, but became cowards when it was a mere question of going to Confession.

Annual Pilgrimage.

July 16th is a date now well known to those who are interested in the Order of Carmel. Arrangements have been made to make our annual pilgrimage a success. Indeed, we are confident that this shall be a red-letter year. Help to swell the number—tell your friends of the feast, and tell them

in turn to tell it to their friends. It will be good news to all who love the Scapular, and a grand opportunity to manifest devotion to our Lady of Carmel and gain all the rich Indulgences for yourself and the poor suffering souls.

July Sixteenth.

The above date—the Scapular feast, occurs this year on a Saturday—which will be a boon to all who look forward to the half-holiday usual on that day. This year, then, has opportunities which do not occur annually. There are plenty shade trees and pleasant nooks in the neighborhood of the shrine, and overlooking the great cataract, where families can refresh and recreate themselves. It is the grand chance of a year to escape the warmth, dust and bustle of the crowded city. The railway fare is put at a very low rate—fifty cents from Buffalo and return—in order to make it possible for those of limited means to take part in the pilgrimage.

Make a Note of It.

The pilgrimage train (Michigan Central) for Falls View leaves Buffalo—Central station—on the morning of July 16th, at 7:15, arriving about 8:30. Services at the shrine commence immediately upon the arrival of the pilgrims. There will be a solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock and sermon appropriate to the occasion by a well-known and eminent preacher. In the afternoon, our German friends will have an opportunity of hearing a discourse in their own tongue on "Unsere Liebe Frau vom Berge Karmel." Remember that the train, which arrives in front of the Hospice, leaves from the same place for Buffalo at 6 p.m.

Trains connecting with boats from Toronto arrive at Falls View before 10 a.m.

Cars of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway connect with boats at Queenston and stop at the Monastery crossing on Cedar Isle.

Persons coming from Buffalo by the trolley can find the electric cars at the Canadian end of the new arch bridge.

The Canadian Pacific express leaving Hamilton at 8:15 a.m., stops at Welland and arrives at Falls View before 10 a.m.

Papal Privilege.

In 1892 our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. enriched all Carmelite churches and chapels with a most precious privilege for the great festival—July 16. The letter of the Holy Father, which is reprinted in this number, is self-explanatory. This papal privilege is similar to the Indulgence called the Portiuncula granted to Franciscan churches on August 2nd. By virtue of the same a Plenary Indulgence can be gained by the faithful (after they have confessed and communicated) as often as they visit a church of the Carmelites during the time before the closing of the first vespers of the feast, on July 15 (from about 2 p.m.) until sun-down of July 16. Whilst making these visits, the visitor should pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. Five *Our Fathers*, *Hail Marys* and *Glorias* will suffice. You can offer it for the poor souls.

The Brown Badge.

Each recurring commemoration of our Blessed Mother, under her glorious title of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," should warm our love towards our Immaculate Queen, increase our confidence in her and remind us of our obligations. We know that every day witnesses wonders wrought by the Brown Scapular; we know, too, that Mary has been pleased to address the

Carmelites as her brethren, and that holy Church grants an indulgence to those who address the members as "The Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel." We know, likewise, that Pope after Pope has enriched the Order with privileges and confirmed the same. Moreover, the Church has allowed the venerable Order to retain its own liturgy in the celebration of holy Mass. Then there is the wonderful privilege of the Sabbatine Indulgence, which (when the conditions are observed) assures the child of Mary that his Mother will free him from Purgatory on the first Saturday after death. These are but a few things recalled to remind us of our Mother's love, and to urge us to appreciate that badge of brown which marks us as objects of Mary's love—her special friends. Let us not forget that we, too, have obligations towards the holy Mother of God. It is a two-sided contract. As regards Mary, her word will *never* fail. Of that much we may rest absolutely certain. Only one thing is uncertain, and that is our want of fidelity to our promises and inconsistency. Let us ask the divine Queen to forget our past coldness towards her, renew our firm purpose to follow in her footsteps, and say to her—in the words of a worthy client :

"Thou hast proved a faithful mother to us,

Blest Queen of Love and Light,
Who has bestowed upon us

This most glorious badge of the Carmelite."

A Good Soldier.

This month reminds us that a few years back—July 16th, 1887—a letter was written, the last one to a friend, by a devoted servant of Mary, whose saintly life is now being unveiled to the

world. This same life is a clear proof that holiness does and can exist in the most unexpected quarters, and under circumstances which one would think should stifle virtue and render piety impossible. We speak of a soldier—General de Sonis—who but a few years since fought his last battle, which took place on the feast of our Lady's Assumption. He left this world under the auspices of her, of whom he himself had said to his own dying soliers : "Mary is placed on the threshold of eternity, to give courage and confidence to those who are about to cross it." General de Sonis was a member of the Third Order of Mt. Carmel, and we hope some day to give our readers the record of his life. Forty years did he follow an active military life, and never did he in that long period forget his God or neglect to honor the divine Mother. His life is a tale of gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes. What an object lesson for our young men whom duty calls to take up arms and follow the camp ! We all know the dangers of the soldier's life—more important is the danger of his sudden call to meet his Maker, when little prepared to do so. Such lives as that of this great Christian hero, General de Sonis, show that where there is a will there is a way. He was a man of character. "I always," he said "put the head of my ship towards the good God, and whatever winds blow, favorable or contrary, I keep in that direction." As the translator of his life remarks, "he loved the Church as one loves a mother ; he had for the mother of God that filial piety which marks with a sign of grace the race of the elect." To such who strive to lead a Christian life in the army, or under trying circumstances—the biography of this great soldier is full of encouragement.

Those who make the pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine at Niagara Falls, on July 15th or 16th, are at liberty to make their confession, if they so desire, in their own parish church.

* * *

The novena in preparation for the Scapular feast should be commenced on July 7th.

* * *

Papal benediction is imparted in all Carmelite churches on July 16.

* * *

Pilgrims are requested to bring their luncheon with them. Bread and coffee will be served on the grounds.

* * *

One way, and a good way, of showing practical love to the Queen of Carmel, is to help this little magazine, which is devoted to her. We need every cent we get in order to complete our work here, and the proceeds go to the Hospice fund.

* * *

Can't afford to subscribe? Suppose, then, you go among your friends and get five of them to subscribe. If you succeed, and we know you will—you get a copy free for a year.

* * *

A suitable souvenir of your visit to Niagara would be a copy of Archbishop Lynch's beautiful pastoral descriptive of Niagara, from an ecclesiastical viewpoint. It will remind you when far away to turn your eyes towards our Lady of Peace.

* * *

Many cures have resulted from the pious use of the water blessed with the relics of the great Carmelite Saint Albert. If you wish to bring home some of this blessed water *be sure to bring a bottle with you.*

* * *

Saturday is the day of the week especially dedicated to our blessed

Mother—and also because the Sabbatine privilege applies to that day. It is our pious wish that this year we animate our zeal for the poor souls on the Scapular feast which falls this year on a Saturday.

* * *

It was a most inspiring sight a few weeks ago to see the gallant marines lined up on the deck of the receiving ship Vermont and receiving devoutly the holy Scapular from the good chaplain, Father Nash. May our blessed Queen of Carmel protect all her clients on land and sea!

* * *

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan had a very interesting article in the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, of June 18 last. Among other things of interest to Carmelites the learned and lovable professor says:—

"There seems to be a fortunate revival of interest in the life of the late James A. McMaster, due no doubt to the publication of some of his most characteristic and tenderest letters by the Carmelites at Niagara Falls and the efforts of our historical societies to foster a regard for all things Catholic and American. McMaster deserves to be better appreciated. "Now that the smoke of battle,—" of the many battles he waged,— "has cleared away," it is just that the real figure of the man should be made to appear as it was,—great, loyal, rugged and fulgent, at the same time kind and gentle. There was no doubt that he was a good hater, and that he believed all his hatreds to be righteous hatreds; he was, too, an ardent lover and the firmest of friends;—only those who hate can love, was one of his axioms; and, if mixed sometimes the person with the principle he hated, he was ready enough to distinguish if he discovered he was wrong. He was a Scotch Highlander still, in spite of a generation or two between him and the Gael, and the highest spirituality never, until death began to cast its shadow, quite eradicated the old fighting desire to strike the head of an opposing clansman whenever he saw it. To the world he offered the aspect of a warrior, for he hated the world. To the little circle of which he was the centre, he was the gentlest and most considerate of men. A glance only at the letters recently printed in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, will show this."

PUBLICATIONS.

"The Month of the Sacred Heart" is a complete, concise and cheap little work published by the House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon street Boston. The profits small as they are—the book costs but ten cents—go to the support of poor and orphan children.

A good story about American boys for American boys has been given to the printer by that popular writer L. W. Reilly. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., sells the book at fifty cents.

Sketches of French and American life "From the Land of St. Laurence," is one of Doctor M. F. Egan's latest contributions to popular libraries. It is also published by B. Herder at 50 cents.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's views on woman's work, sphere, influence and responsibility are given us under the title of "Childhood's Handbook of Woman" published at eighty cents by B. Herder. It will be surely read by those who appreciate our interesting book.

Appleton's Popular Science monthly for June has some very interesting articles on physiological subjects.

The second volume of the Canadian Encyclopedia edited by Castle Hopkins has been issued from the press and is now in the hands of the subscribers. Its mechanical finish and great press work is exceedingly creditable to the Toronto publishers. The second volume deals with the exploration and settlement of the Hudson Bay region, the history of the inauguration and building of the great and minor railroads of Canada and on either subject is a mine of information. The second part of this volume deals with the history and doctrinal development of the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations and the Roman Catholic Church.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, has written for this volume one of the most learned and comprehensive abridgments of Catholic doctrine that we have anywhere seen. His Grace's articles cover, after a masterly introduction, the great doctrines of papal infallibility, the Church and the Bible, the Sacrifice and Sacraments, the Sacrament of Penance,

Celibacy of the Priesthood, Doctrine of Purgatory and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This article is such an able and intellectual exposition on these subjects that the Catholic Truth society of Toronto should at once obtain permission from the publishers and embody the article in pamphlet form. The pamphlet should then be placed in the hands of every Catholic of this Province, either through the influence of the Reverend Clergy or accredited agents, for it is the best condensation of Catholic belief, that to our thinking has yet appeared from any Canadian or American pen.

The Epitomised History of the Catholic Church in Ontario, by Very Reverend Dean Harris, is also, a very valuable contribution to our Catholic literature, the Dean's familiarity with early and contemporary Catholic history attaches to any contribution from him, the hall-mark of scholarship and ability, and ought to be bound up with the article of His Grace, the Archbishop and published under the auspices of the Catholic Truth society.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Received names at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from the following places:

St. Patrick's Church, Brownsville, Minn.; St. Augustine's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Aloysius Church, Evansville, Ind.; Mount Angel, Marion Co., Ore.; Osman, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Cincinnati, O.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.

Names received at Falls View from St. Agnes', Morrisdale Mines, Penn.; Immaculate Conception, Formosa, Ont.; Notre Dame, Watertown, N. Y.; St. Lake, Danville, Ont.; St. Mary's, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; St. Columbanus' Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Mary's Lindsay, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Walkerton, Ont.; St. Boniface's Detroit, Mich.; St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont.; the Assumption, Sandwich, Ont.; St. Columba's, Caledonia, N. Y.; St. Ann's, Guysboro N. S.; St. Andrew's, Antigonish, Co., N. S.; St. Joseph's Pierz, Minn.; St. Boniface's Zurich, Ont.; St. Boniface's, Roslyn, L. I.; Sacred Heart, Paxico, Kan.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Barbara's West Brookfield, O.; St. James', Washington, Iowa; St. Lawrence's, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Peter's and Paul's, Atlantic, Iowa; Sacred Heart, Toronto, Ont.

PETITIONS,

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, V, 16.*

—

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Special prayers.

Particular favor.

For conversion of W. T. P. for Mr. J. C., ill.

For clerical student, whose mind became disordered a short time before his approaching ordination to priesthood.

For means to meet a debt to be paid next fall.

For vocation to religious life.

That two brothers will become friendly to each other.

That an estate will be settled satisfactory to all parties concerned in it.

Spiritual favors, 3; temporal favors 4; employment 1; special intention 1; for the restoration of health 5; peace and harmony in families, cure for sore eyes.

Miss A. B., Niagara Falls, N. Y., returns thanks through THE REVIEW for a return of health.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job xix, 21.*

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MRS. BARBARA CRITZ who died a happy death in her 54th year at Snyder, Ont., on June 10, after a long and painful illness cheerfully borne. A woman in whose life shone brightly all the Christian virtues, and whose love and devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord and to our Blessed Lady of Carmel edified all who knew and loved her.

HANNA KANE, May 13, Fitchburg, Mass.

JOHN TANGNEY, Jan. 11, Chicago, Ill.;

MRS. MARGARET WHEELY, St. John's N. B.

JOHN W. HANLON, May 11th, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Jacob Regier, April Zurich, Ont.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; Master H. J. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. D., Providence, R. I.; J. J. O'R., Phila, Pa.; the Ven. S. M. S.; Montreal, Que.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; Miss L. K., Utica, N. Y.; Miss J. B., Brattleboro, Vt., Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; Mrs. S., Pater-son, N. J.; Miss C. Chicago, Ill.

THANKSGIVING.

DEAR FATHER—Enclosed find \$1.00 for a Mass which I have promised for a favor received.

M. J. S.

Salem, Mass., May 27, 1898.

PRAYER GRANTED.

REVEREND FATHER:

Please publish in THE REVIEW: Prayers granted through the intercession of our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel. Also through St. Joseph and Holy Family.

K. M.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 1, 1898.

Thanks to Our Blessed Lady.

PITTSBURG, Pa.,

June, 15, 1898.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—When I got them (the Scapulars) I asked him (an unconverted brother) to put them on which he did. On the 7th of this month he consented to see a priest who prepared him for death, and on the 10th he died well prepared, being heartily sorry for all his sins. If he died penitent I promised the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. I feel confident it was through the intercession of Our Lady of the Scapular my brother was converted.

M. W.

It is the will of God that the government of one man should be in the hands of another, and that we should not give perfect credit to those matters which He communicates supernaturally Himself, until they shall have passed through the human channel of another man's mouth.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.



Celestial Recompense.



BEHOLD, a glory of the sun,
 Another, of the moon,
 Another of the stars—if won,
 A grand celestial boon :
 That splendor of sun-rays is hers,
 Sweet Mother of our Lord,
 Whose changeless peace no shadow blurs,
 With Him in full accord !

What is the glory of the sun,
 Thou student of the Word ?
 Its roseate strands of glory spun
 Hast thou or known or heard ?
 Hast watched the trembling of the dawn,
 Or seen the sunset pour
 Its scarlet flood o'er vale and lawn,
 Earth kneeling, to adore ?

And what the glory of the moon,
 Waxing or waning cold ?
 White as a rose in heat of noon
 Or soft as liquid gold ?
 Hast seen the quivering whiteness fall
 On dewy, daisied fields ?
 Or mournfully, on crosses tall
 Where Death his sceptre wields ?

This shadowed glory, wrung from tears,
 The blessed martyrs wear ;
 Its silvery light—yet sweet—endears
 Their presence everywhere,
 We love to know their loving deeds,
 We see their waving palms !
 Yea, Lord ! amid our sordid needs
 We hear their blessed psalms !

We saw them meekly bow beneath
 A frenzied might of wrong ;
 The scaffold and the blasted heath
 Have known earth's saddest song.
 "Now Heaven hath heard !" to-day we cry ;
 "Victorious, ye reign !
 Teach us your Hymn of Praise on high,
 O martyrs of Compiègne !

No glory ours of moon or sun,
 We follow from afar ;
 Our best reward, when all is done,
 But as the faintest star.
 Yet give us grace to struggle on,
 Dear Lord, where they have striven,
 Thy Captaincy, to lean upon,
 Our one foregleam of Heaven.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

TO THE CARMELITE MARTYRS OF COMPIEGNE.

I.



LILIES of holy Carmel
 Robed in its garb of white !
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs,
 Crowned in the land of light !
 Sweet is that song celestial
 None but the virgins sing ;
 Yes ! and the tones of martyrs
 Soft in *your* accents ring !

II.

Ah ! you have nobly followed
 Jesus, the Victim slain,
 Dyeing your robes with crimson,
 Deep in the press of pain.
 And to His restful kingdom
 Lifting your longing gaze,
 Gladly you drank the chalice
 Chanting the Bridegroom's praise.

III.

Whilst we ascend the mountain,
 (Wearisome oft our way !)
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs !
 Aid us to watch and pray.
 May we, in pain and sorrow,
 Ever be nobly calm.
 Blissful our home unending !
 Glorious its light—the Lamb !

ENFANT DE MARIE.

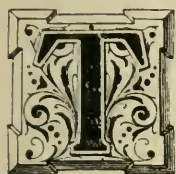
LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)



THE next morning a vast throng of fervent Catholics were present at the holy sacrifice—of whom three hundred were German warriors in the pay of Rascia. The hope of martyrdom had sprung up with passionate fervor in those hearts, awakened to self-sacrifice by the ardent love of a saint.

Stratimir, when he heard of it, was not able to control his fury. Despots deem it an outrage when their subjects dare to make any manifestation of moral courage. To place the voice of conscience above the ready connivance with their guilty caprices and the price offered for such base compliance, is in their eyes only a rebellion. Imbued with this view of the case, the King lost no time in summoning to his presence the German officers. The captain of this valiant band permitted the first outburst of rage and threats on the part of the tyrant to be spent, and then with true Christian dignity he spoke in the name of all. "We do not pretend to deny, your highness, that we were aware of the edict which you promulgated. If we did not obey, it was because according to the sacred writings in which you believe, as well as we, that it is better to please God than man.

We are Catholics, and are attached to our holy Church with every fibre of our hearts. Would it be possible for us to leave the legate sent by the Holy See—and *such* a legate, the well-beloved father of our souls, to celebrate the divine mysteries without being present on the occasion? Know, O! Prince that our religion is dearer far to each one of us than *the apple of his eye*. We are ready to sacrifice everything to defend it, to preserve it, and to diffuse throughout the splendid radiance of its glory."

At these spirited words and noble sentiments from those over whose heads he, as it were, held the sword suspended, the tyrant was utterly confounded. Thus in almost every instance does it happen with the enemies of the Church in the face of a vigorous yet prudent opposition.

Their vaunted courage is mere bravado and vain boasting, their encroachments are infinite when they perceive any evidence of weakness on the part of those whom they fancy to be in their power, but their arrogance vanishes when they meet with the noble courageous soul that dares their poor small natures to do their worst. Stratimir forced a smile and pretended to be satisfied with the captain's words. He gave utterance to some expressions

of approval for such "noble sentiments," and even formulated a few phrases expressive of approval for the legate. The next day he publicly declared his friendly sentiments towards St. Peter Thomas. The legate, profiting by the few days of grace afforded him by this truce, placed himself in communication with the various churches which were as yet not in communion with the one true fold. Several gave him positive assurances of a return, but alas, few had the opportunity to realize them, for Stratimir perceiving that he had nothing favorable to hope for from the Holy See in his conflict with his suzerain, resumed his former attitude, and indulged to the fullest extent his deceitful and intolerant spirit. He went so far as to lay snares for the papal legate, and made several treacherous attempts upon his life. Justice, though its action may at times be tardy, will eventually have its way. After six years of unsuccessful attempts, a war ensued. We will have occasion, later on, to speak of this final conflict—in which the victorious King of Hungary, invading the dominions of Stratimir, seized upon Dodona, the capital, and triumphantly bore off the despotic tyrant to languish in a well-merited captivity.

Meanwhile the Bishop of Patti, with fervent prayers for those unhappy provinces, bestowed upon them the Apostolic benediction, and with the deepest emotion, left with his associates in the embassy and pursued the journey towards France.

His mission, which had lasted a year, had by no means been without fruit. Those who were Catholics, but indifferent ones, had been strengthened and confirmed in their faith. Then the newly converted ones persevered despite the persecutions more or less

violent which they had to endure either from the Greeks or the Turks, when the latter invaded Rascia in 1458.

A numerous tribe of Catholic Rasciens emigrated at that time to the southern part of Austria, and established themselves permanently there. They have perpetuated the holy faith and in all the changing vicissitudes of years have remained faithful children of the Church, and fearless defenders of her truths.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEDIATOR BETWEEN HUNGARY AND VENICE—GENEROUS CONCURRENCE OF HUNGARY—FIRST OVERTURE OF PETER THOMAS REGARDING THE CRUSADE—THE VENETIANS WILL NOT ACCEPT THE PROFFERED PEACE, AND SUSTAIN A DISASTROUS DEFEAT—1356.

After the manner in which his legates had been treated, and the unwelcome interruption of their mission, the Sovereign Pontiff, in the matter of the Bulgarians and the religious liberty, so much to be desired, recognized that to rely upon the arguments of theology would indeed be useless. His only hope rested upon the proposed military expedition of Louis I. against the rebels. It was therefore an exceedingly great disappointment to him when an unexpected diversion drew the valiant army of that brave monarch in quite another direction.

In the year 1356, the Venitians had taken possession of Zara in the Dalmatian country, a maritime city belonging to Hungary. In reprisal King Louis, in the month of June, laid siege to Treviso (in the same province) a city under the dominion of the Venitians. To still the fury of the tempest and calm the rage of the belligerents,

Pope Innocent VI. determined to propose the paternal arbitration of his Legates.

The Bishop of Patti, after having rendered an account of his mission in Southern Slavonia, vainly petitioned to be allowed to return to his people in Sicily. Although he had not been entirely successful in his former legation, he had nevertheless evinced so much diplomacy and such great energy that the Sacred College knew well how to appreciate his worth. Having but recently visited Venice and Hungary, he had gained an insight into the manners and customs of the people and had won their esteem and veneration. Surely no one could be better fitted to act as a messenger of peace between the conflicting parties.

Five different bulls relating to the mission of Hungary were issued in the month of July—or, as some say, August—1356.

Peter Thomas and Stephen (a Franciscan and Bishop elect of Agram in Croatia) were sent to the King of Hungary, and also to John Grandenigo, then doge of Venice. The first subject to be broached was the cessation of the unfortunate spirit of animosity which existed between the two sovereigns, while the second was to invoke their assistance against the enemies of the Church.

To Louis they were authorized to offer the position of Commander-in-Chief of a large army—all devoted Christians. The main object being to bring Stratimir into subjection, the next to marshal their forces against those Italian nobles who had revolted against the temporal power of the Holy Father. To promote the desired ends, they would constitute King Louis vicar of the Sovereign Pontiff in Italy, and standard-bearer of the Holy Catholic

Church. To provide for the expenses of the expedition, the King was at liberty to retain the ecclesiastical tithes throughout his domain for the period of three years.

To the doge, the legates were to recommend that he should hold entirely aloof from *all* negotiations with the Esclavonions (a name similar to the Rasciens) and to do all in his power to aid the cause of the Church.

Innocent VI. invoked also the co-operation of the Patriarch of Aquilea, and the Archbishop of Salzburg, prince of the Holy Empire. These prelates were to watch diligently and strive to dissipate any trouble that might arise in Hungary—and, under penalty of excommunication, they were to avoid being on intimate or too friendly terms with any heretic or schismatic.

The intrepid Peter once again crossing the Alps, and taking in Lombardy, arrived before very long at Venice. He was received with every mark of respect, and before an illustrious assemblage of dignitaries, he demonstrated the motives which should convince the Republic of the advantages of peace. In response to his paternal remonstrances, the "Council of Ten" made many fine promises, but owing to the absence of the first magistrate, they could enter into no definite agreement. The doge, Grandenigo, was dead. His death had occurred on August 28, and John Delphino, at that very time in the besieged city of Treviso, had been chosen as his successor. There was certainly cause to fear that it would be very difficult to gain his consent to pacific measures in the midst of a turbulent army. The Venetian troops were, generally speaking, hirelings who thought only of gain, or parties who, living by means of the pillage rendered easy by the constant

out-breaks of war, were never in favor of laying down their arms.

The Bishop of Patti hesitated not a moment in going to seek those formidable hands. Nothing seemed impossible to him, sustained as he was by an implicit faith in divine Providence, and fervent devotion to the Blessed Virgin. As a craven fear of death found no place in his brave heart, despite a thousand perils he passed through cities filled with the wild tumult of expected war; went over streams where, their bridges having been torn away, he, perforce, availed himself of hastily placed planks, or perhaps of a frail boat which seemed ready to sink beneath the waters to rise no more. He penetrated into the depths of forests, where dangerous foes were concealed in ambuscades so artfully covered that they could neither be seen nor guarded against, and all this was done in the hope of accomplishing his noble aim.

Such unparalleled heroism commanded the respect of the leaders and induced them to promise to temporize until his return.

Without a moment's delay, our undaunted hero pursued his course to the very battle field trodden by the two opposing armies, and succeeded in gaining speech with some of the Hungarian hussars. Influenced, perhaps, by the force of his determined will, they, not any too willingly, procured him an audience with King Louis. This good and able monarch, in whose veins flowed also the blood of France through the branch of the royal house of Sicily, received Blessed Peter with every mark of respect, and in a lengthy audience proved to be all that Innocent VI. had anticipated. The legate, having presented his letters of credit, told the sovereign of the great confidence placed in him by the Pontiff

and repeated the generous offers of the latter. The King responded most graciously. Returning thanks to the Holy Father, he loyally accepted the titles and subsidies offered to him. He begged the legate to convey to the Holy Father his appreciation of the latter's good opinion, as also the concurrence of a faithful servitor and the loving devotion of an obedient son.

From this time King Louis continued to overwhelm the holy bishop with every conceivable honor. He wished also to defray all his expenses. He sought every opportunity of conversing with him, and always consulted him, for he looked upon him as the wisest and most learned prelate he had ever met. It may be imagined, therefore, that before very long his animosity towards Venice grew less and less pronounced, and more amicable sentiments took possession of his heart.

The proud and fearless eagle, ready to swoop down from the Carpathian summit and bury its talons deep in the quivering flesh of the lion of St. Mark and harass the noble beast until he would be lashed to an impotent fury, was induced, at last, to remain inoffensive as an innocent dove. Under the influence of the Sovereign Pontiff, this Christian monarch permitted sweet charity to resume its sway, and proffered an armistice to be observed during the six succeeding months (from October, 1356, to March, 1357). The question of concurrence in granting the pacification of the Roman states, was also regulated to the entire satisfaction of the reigning Pontiff.

The fructification of these lovely virtues in the midst of a sterile soil charmed the sympathetic heart of our sainted hero, and encouraged him in

the hope of gaining the King's consent to a still more glorious undertaking. In the secret recesses of his soul, the ardent religious had cherished for many months the possibility of a wonderful project.

The piety of King Louis, and the many noble traits which he possessed, accorded so well with this hoped for achievement, that Blessed Peter could not resist the inclination to confide it to him. If, in thus taking the initiative, he went somewhat beyond his prerogative as a nuncio, he felt assured at least that he was in perfect accord with the heartfelt desires of the Pontiff. For was not his dream one that was shared by all Christendom? It touched upon the recovery of the right of our holy mother, the Church to the hallowed places so dear to her loving children's hearts, and included the project of a crusade for the possession of our Lord's sepulchre.

Noble hearts beat in unison with each other. King Louis did not require much persuasion. During the ceremonies attendant upon his receiving the standard of the Church, with his hands placed within those of the Bishop of Patti, he took a solemn oath that before a decade of years should have passed, he would go in person to the Holy Land at the head of a powerful army.

Blessed Peter Thomas had now attained the summit of his desires. He bade farewell to the King and set out upon his homeward journey. When he had first traversed that way, the Hungarian militia had taken a malicious pleasure in choosing "the little monk" as the target for many a jest. But now all was changed. All along the route he was received with deference, the soldiers being, unanimously, imbued with the pacific disposition of

their sovereign.

Quite different was his reception at Venice. In a re-union held at the ducal palace, Thomas dilated upon the resources of Hungary, and the bitter animosity which at first was felt towards the Venitians by "the powers that be." He told how nobly it had been overcome, and what an amicable disposition now reigned in its place. The King promised to give up the definitive possession of Dalmatia—that is to say Zara—to annul all subjects of complaint, that had existed heretofore—and for all future time to maintain the most friendly terms with his former enemies.

But one condition was required. As a souvenir of this (projected) cessation of hostilities, a snow-white palfrey was to be offered annually to the King of Hungary by the most serene Republic.

But favorably as the kingdom of Hungary spoke through the lips of the Papal legate, no voice of concurrence was heard. A murmur of disfavor passed through the Senate, and the Council of Ten, entering into solemn conclave, were so unutterably mistaken as to reject the overtures. In vain did the Bishop of Patti, who was most grievously disappointed at this unlooked-for result, implore the Senate, in the name of everything sacred, to re-consider their decision. In vain did he depict the disasters which might overwhelm them if they continued to resist the wishes of the Holy Father.

Trusting to their much-vaunted strength, and carried away by the pride of their riches and magnificence, the Senators remained deaf to the warnings of heaven. One of the ten evinced more than all others a most bitter and inimical disposition. He

ridiculed the words of Blessed Peter, and laughed alike at his promises and his threats. He denounced him in the most violent and blasphemous terms. The insolence of this diatribe went far towards influencing the nobles, who, a few moments before, were inclined to respond to the mediator.

But the day had not yet ended when the wretched man met with a sudden death. He was stricken down by a just God who does not always withhold swift and terrible punishment to the blasphemous sinner. And nevertheless—O! incredible blindness and hardness of the human heart! The warning had no effect upon the rest who refused, more firmly than ever, to consent to the treaty.

At the expiration of the six months' armistice the homicidal fury burst forth anew, but to the detriment of the misguided recalcitrants. For the victorious Hungarians drove out the Venitians from Zara (September, 1357) and cut to pieces another of their armies (January, 1358). Repenting, when too late, the folly of having disdained the former conditions, favorable as they were, the Republic was constrained to sign an iron-bound article of capitulation.

Blessed Peter Thomas, having exhausted all the means at his command to accomplish the desired aim and end, left the scene of a misfortune which he could not avert. With a sorrowful heart, at the thought of the Christian blood, which would turn to crimson the waters of the Adriatic, and fervent prayers to implore mercy for those who had refused it from man, he returned to Avignon to give an account of his mission. The result of this fourth embassy, equally with that of Rascia, was not fully satisfactory except to the humility of the saint. For suc-

cess—which is *God's* part in the works which He assigns to us—often assumes a form which cannot easily be seen.

An end and aim that even his servants deem highly advantageous and desirable escapes fruition in some mysterious way. But, lo! an other of which they had not thought presents itself, and the result proves all that could be wished for. Blessed Peter knew this well—and, therefore, any failure (whether real or merely apparent) which might have been mortifying to one carried away by pride and ambition had not the slightest effect upon his prompt and instant obedience.

The slightest intimation from the Holy Father would have found him ready to hasten to the most remote quarter of the globe!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Except in the act of contemplation, in all exercises and good works, the soul must make use of good meditations on, and recollection of, what is good in such a way as to increase devotion and profit, particularly dwelling on the Life, Passion, and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ, in order that its works, exercises, and life may be conformed to His.—St. John of the Cross.

They who have passed on to the state of contemplation, must not for that reason suppose that they are never to make their meditations any more; for in the beginning the habit of it is not so established that they can have it whenever they will; neither are they so far removed from meditation as to be unable to meditate as they were accustomed to do.—St. John of the Cross.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



WHILE the minister hung between life and death, the negro he had sacrificed himself to save, stood at the bar of justice, awaiting the verdict that was to determine his fate. When it

was announced his trial would be held during the present court's sitting, Harry Earle went to the leading lawyer of the town to secure him in the prisoner's behalf. The lawyer was his warmest friend, hence he was unprepared for the prompt refusal.

"You know, Earle," he explained, "I have offered myself for the Legislature and I cannot antagonize voters, as I should do by espousing the nigger's cause. It would count dead against me at the Blue Lick, and you know that is a precinct not to be disregarded. Moreover, my sympathies are not with niggers, as you know; for I cannot forget a father and two brothers, a home made desolate and a fortune ruined. But there is John Caldwell, he's a Northern sympathizer, and will be glad to defend Pete."

Mr. Earle was turning away, with a bitter expression on his face, but his friend stopped him.

"Is your interest in the nigger because of Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Partly," returned Mr. Earle; partly because his mother was my

own nurse, and wholly because I know the boy is innocent. Jack, it's awful to let the wrong man swing!"

"Earle," said he, bringing his hand down with force on the table, "I'd do anything for you, yes, I'd stake my chance of being elected, to accommodate you; but I can't defend a nigger!"

"That's all right!" returned Mr. Earle. "You can't expect a man to go against his sentiments."

"Get Caldwell," continued the lawyer. "It will be a case followed with attention, tell him, and there is splendid opportunity for him, if he but knows how to properly grasp it. I'll see that you are appointed on the jury, and a friend in the jury box is worth twenty lawyers."

Harry Earle had slight relish for the promised appointment, but he heroically put his own inclinations out of sight in his efforts to save Pete. Mr. Caldwell was a thin, keen-eyed man, considered a good lawyer, but never popular because of his extreme Yankeeism; while his opponent was the hail-fellow-well-met of the entire community, the possessor of a brilliant intellect, a certain persuasive eloquence, and the invincible weapons of wit and ridicule. It was his boast he had never lost a case if he found an adversary open to ridicule or discovered a point on which he could turn the flash-light of his wit. But he realized the case under consideration admitted of no such handling; the tragic

element in it made it the gravest that had demanded his attention in all his phosphoric-like career. The public sentiment was entirely against the people he had been called upon to represent, for while it was desired that the murderer of Jake Sharkley should be brought to justice, it could not be forgotten the friends of the dead man had thought to usurp the privileges of the law, and, to carry out their unholy proceedings, had not scrupled to make an attempt on the sacred persons of a minister of God and a servant of the commonwealth.

The opening day of the trial saw the old court-house crowded to the doors, while, an unusual thing in the South, in the space reserved for ladies there was not a vacant chair. The hill element was well represented, but their faces wore subdued expressions, and more than one threw apprehensive glances toward the soldiers, who, the day following the raid on the jail, had been dispatched by the Governor to guard the prisoner. A large number of white citizens testified as to the character of the prisoner, which had ever been free from blame. But his sole witness was a young farmer, who stated that shortly after noon on that Monday, while on his way to the Blue Lick Springs, he had met the prisoner, on the road leading to Sharkley's house. The prisoner had told him of the quarrel with his employer in the morning, but, as the last month's wages were unpaid, he had reconsidered his first intention of leaving, and was on his way back to Mr. Sharkley's where he had decided to remain until the time for which he had engaged himself had expired. The prisoner, on that occasion, wore a suit of dark clothes. He had not expressed the slightest resentment over the treat-

ment he had received, and when they parted, began to whistle.

The witnesses against the prisoner were many. A dozen men, who had been at the Lick smithy, had heard his threat 'to "fix the old man," while others declared, at noon, he had been seen going in the direction of the La Rue Hotel, where, it was known, another negro was employed, who was seen to have in his possession a pistol. It was a significant fact that since the murder this negro had left the hotel nor could his present whereabouts be located. But the witness in whom the greatest interest centered was Lucy Sharkley, the only child of the dead man. She was a slightly built, timid creature, with the fragile fairness of the wild lily-bells that flourish in the sunless depths of her own dim forests. Her eyes were delicately blue and tender and her tears, as she spoke of her father, touched every heart. Her mother had died several years ago, and the pathos of her young life, as she unconsciously revealed it on the witness stand, was not without its visible effect on that crowded room. She confirmed what had been said of Pete's character, and admitted that while her father was often harsh, the boy had never shown him any disrespect and had been prompt and faithful in the performance of his duty. She had not witnessed the quarrel and the first intimation she received of it was when the prisoner had rushed through the kitchen on his way to his room, which was adjoining. When she next saw him, he had on his "Sunday clothes" and carried a bundle under his arm. In answer to her query where he was going, he had answered to the Springs. He then told her of the quarrel and concluded by saying he intended fixing the old

man this time sure. When her father came in to dinner, she said, he was very angry, though not, she believed, over the morning's occurrence, for when she informed him of the prisoner's departure, he had laughed and said, "He'll be back by supper-time." Her father had then said perhaps he had been too hard on the prisoner that time, but excused himself for his conduct by saying he was angry and scarcely knew what he was doing. She remembered he had complained of having much trouble with some people and declared they had better let him alone and not cross his way again. When asked by the lawyers if she knew to whom he referred, she replied she did not, for her father seldom made her his confidant. He went back to the field soon after dinner, and she had thought no more about the matter until she heard the shot. She was standing by the kitchen window washing the dishes. The window gave her a full view of the field, though at a distance. When she looked through it, hearing the shot, she saw her father throw up his hands and fall backwards. The man who shot him turned to run. She saw he wore blue cottonade overalls, a dark coat, that he was bare-headed and his face was black. He was tall and slight of figure, like the prisoner, but the distance was too great for her to distinguish his features. She had run out into the field but before she reached her father he was dead, and his murderer had disappeared. It was apparent the girl was telling the exact truth, and it was remarked by all her sincerity and her entire freedom from bitterness or animosity toward the supposed murderer of her father, for whom, it was very evident, she entertained deep love and filial devotion. She was shy in the presence of

so many people, but the questions put to her did not disconcert her, nor was there ever the shadow of a variation in her story.

The prisoner was allowed to go on the stand and the story he told was, in substance, what he had related to the minister. He admitted he had said he was going to "fix the ole man," but that his meaning of the phrase was he intended leaving him then, and without help, in the beginning of the tobacco season. He had seen the negro employed at the hotel, and it was acting on his advice he (the prisoner) had finally concluded to return to Mr. Sharkley's house. After parting with the young farmer, whom he had met on the road, he said he had sat down on a rock to tie his shoe-strings and that he had remained there for, perhaps, half-an-hour. Then, he had re-commenced his journey. When within a short distance of the Sharkley farm he heard a pistol shot, but attached no importance to it, until, a little further on, a man emerged from the bushes edging the road and shouted to him to run, as old man Sharkley had been killed, and people would fasten the blame on him, because of the quarrel that morning. Frightened by the announcement, and fearing the people of the neighborhood, he had immediately thrown away his bundle, which contained his working clothes, and struck out through the fields, not knowing to what point his route led, his only desire being to put miles between himself and Sharkley's friends. He, also, said the man had worn blue cottonade overalls and a dark coat, but that when he met him, he was carrying a straw hat in his hand, and that the brim of it was lined with red. But he repeated his assertion that the man was not a negro

for while his face was very black, his hair was yellow.

Two days were consumed in the examination of witnesses and on the morning of the third, the prisoner's lawyer arose to make his address to the jury. Much depended on his words, but he antagonized his hearers at the very start, by a bitter denunciation of Southern methods of administering justice to that race to which his client belonged. Harry Earle, then, bowed his head, knowing, as his friend had hinted, the man was too little for the occasion. His adversary's plea was a burst of eloquence that surprised the house. He threw light on all the doubtful points, forcibly brought forward the suspicious aspects, tenderly referred to the anguish and loneliness of the faithful and loving daughter, chivalrously dwelt on her desire to see justice done; which held back the indignation that naturally swelled from her daughter's heart, as she stood face to face with the treacherous servant, who had deprived her for ever of her one and only protector; passionately referred to the sufferings of their brave marshal and undaunted minister, who had imperiled their lives, not for the sake of that brutal criminal, but in vindication of the eternal rights of the law; and, with an eloquence that fairly swept that audience off their feet, he appealed to those twelve jurors not to dare falter in the execution of their sacred duty, for the blood of a foully murdered man demanded justice, the justice it was in their power to give!

With a few words, the Judge dismissed the jurors and Harry Earle's face had settled into hard lines, and those who knew him best understood

their significance.

The minutes wore into hours, mid-day waned to afternoon, and afternoon to crimson-lighted evening; but the low door of the jury-room remained closed and bolted, while the people outside impatiently awaited the verdict. Night came and the Judge dismissed the Court, the prisoner was returned to his cell, and reluctantly the greater portion of the audience quitted the house. When the evening meal was over, numbers returned, but still those twelve men sat, in the light cast by one small lamp, in solemn silence, or animated dispute. The long night hours passed, but, fascinated by the unusualness of such an occurrence, the crowd remained. Some dozed, some talked, but the brows of all were anxious. At length, word was sent the Judge the jury had reached its decision. He hurried to the court-house, the prisoner was roused from his fitful slumber and returned to the dock, the lawyers, who had been mixing with the crowd, resumed their posts, while the dark-browed hill people pushed forward, peering anxiously toward the jury-room. A few lamps shed their feeble light over the gloomy building, with its rude seats and desks and piles of heavy law books, while the silence of the tomb hung over the scene. The door opened and in single file the men passed out; and it was noticed that the face of Harry Earle, while it had lost its hard lines, was whiter than the collar he wore. The Judge watched them silently as they took their places, and when the last one was seated, he asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," was the reply.

"Mr. Clerk, read the verdict," said the Judge.

The clerk stepped forward, and took the verdict, and read :

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty and fix his punishment at imprisonment for seven years, without hard labor."

Dead silence followed the words. There were those who had thought the prisoner would be freed, and those whose opinion was he would be found guilty, with the death penalty attached; but such a sentence none had anticipated. The prisoner sat unmoved; after having lived through the horrors of that other night, seven years of prison life had no alarm for him. His lawyer glared savagely at the jurymen, seeing which, his opponent smiled broadly, though, at first, he had run his fingers through his soft brown hair, perplexedly. The Judge looked grave, but the twelve men who had passed their sentence on a fellow-creature, showed no concern at the reception accorded that judgment. It was then, down the darkened aisle, came a fierce voice, and at its first sound the prisoner started to his feet, and threw up his manacled, clasped hands.

"This is the justice we had to wait for!" it shouted. "This is the justice the law, as represented by judge and jury, gives!"

"Clear the room!" commanded the Judge, in thunder tones.

The constable rose to obey, but half way down the aisle, he saw a dark figure slip back into the shadows and disappear through the portals. Then the Judge addressed a few words to the prisoner and thanked the jury for their services, and again dismissed the Court. And afterwards it was known how for fifteen mortal hours Harry Earle had hung that jury, how he had brought eleven men from a

unanimous sentence of death, down, by gradations, to the one rendered and how, before he consented to that, the penalty of hard work was removed. It was a victory, but he never quite forgot the struggle it cost.

That very night, the high fever of the wounded minister began to abate, and as the soldiers were leading the prisoner back to his cell, he fell into a quiet sleep from which he awoke, conscious, to take up life again, with all the realities of the past and the conjectures of the future.

CHAPTER VII.

The sheen of a June morning was over the land. Under it, the moaning cedars showed less gloomy, while the foliage-covered hills were rich in beauty. Nature here is capricious, wilful. Ask her to yield to cultivation and she does so niggardly, repaying man's unceasing labor with the hand of a miser; leave her to work her own sweet pleasure and she proves how great and artistic she can be in her generosity. But an acre of corn means more to man than the beauty of a thousand shrub-clad hills; and little wonder if the disappointed farmers yearn for possessions in the rich, if unpicturesque Blue Grass Belt.

On the low, roughly-fashioned porch, that served as a dining-room in summer, and that commanded a full view of the road and Judith's home, sat Mrs. Logan, her hawklike eyes fixed on the house below, well defined against its back-ground of orchard trees. Though the hard, high, straight-backed chair had never been intended for anything comfortable, the natural restlessness of the woman made her rock it to and fro, and the rhythmic fall of the front and back feet on the

carpetless floor served as an accompaniment for her vigorous thoughts. The catalpa tree, brought many years before by Brian Lacey from the Blue Grass country, where he had been working, and planted opposite to his window, where its broad leaves might wave him welcome on summer mornings, was now in full bloom; and partly because it represented a strange vegetable growth, partly because Judith Sanders, sitting in its shade with a large book resting on her lap, represented a phase of life, likewise strange, Mrs. Logan regarded it with a displeasure she made no attempt at concealing.

"Thet hejus tree's bloomin' agin'," she mused. "I doan know what ole Brian seen in it to make him fetch it frum Burbon an' ten' an' keer fer it like ez ef it wus a child. An' she's ez crazy 'bout it. When I tole her tother day she oughter cut it down so's the sun kin git into the house uf a mornin' she looked at me ez if she thought I wus a fool. I wish sumthin' 'ud happen to it, fur sence the leaves cum out I can't see the light uf a night an' tell how long they set up. An' she's been a-settin' out thar all mornin', with one uf them books. It's awful the way thet gal spen's her time, with one uf them books 'mos' always in her han's. An' yit she gits along, sumhow. Her work's always done 'long afor anybody elses. She raises more turkeys than any one in the country and yoh can't count her chickens. Things prosper bettah with her than they did with Brian."

For some time she sat motionless.

"It's no use his tryin,' he says," she then thought, recommencing her hard rocking. "She doan take any more notice uf him then she does uf the nigger Rody sen's up to ten' the

crap. He says he heerd her say once she warn't ever goin' to marry any man. The idy! An' thet place to go to Rody's chil'n an' we to go on livin' up hyar on this po'r hill. It's them books as what has got the gal so 'ceptional frum every body else. Thar's witchcraft in them! If I could only"——

The sound of a man's laugh, clear, ringing and strange, broke across her thoughts. It brought her hard rocking to an abrupt stop, and turning her eyes from the girl, sitting under the catalpa tree, she saw her son climbing the steep hill, followed by a tall, well-dressed gentleman, who, with one hand, was guiding a bicycle through the wiry white clover and timothy that were making desperate effort to cover the narrow fence-path.

"Wall, I'll declar'!" she cried, springing to her feet, "ef it haint the Baptist preacher, what Lucindy Smith tole me wus stoppin' at the Hotel at the Licks! Whar on earth did Bud fin' him? He'll be hyar fur dinnah an' thar haint even a fire in the stove yit!" She ran down the three short logs that, properly placed, served as steps for the porch and peered anxiously at the bottom one; then, said to herself,

"An' it's 'way pas' eleven o'clock already."

Many years before, Mrs. Logan's brother, from Headquarters, a village some eight miles distant, had visited her, and, being the possessor of a watch and finding no timepiece in his sister's house, he had cut a deep mark on the log step, where the shadow fell that day when the noon hour was reached. That was her guide as to the serving of the dinner. It were useless to attempt to convince her that her time was correct only one day in

the year ; her neighbors' horns, guided by clocks or watches, might blow before her meal was cooked or after it was eaten, but they were early or late, as the case might be, and she alone correctly on time. The minister's watch indicated an hour and half still remained of the forenoon, but the shadow on the door-step showed about a space of twenty-five minutes between it and the deeply-cut mark ; and Mrs. Logan engineered her work accordingly. Before the men had reached the brow of the hill, a fire was roaring madly up the narrow stove-pipe and some hastily gathered lettuce and radishes were cooling in a pan of water, the nimble woman, in the meantime, finding a minute to don a fresh apron and smooth down her iron-gray hair. She met her guest at the front door and welcomed him with that simple cordiality which being sincere transforms the mistress of every home, however humble, into a gracious queen. Before the minister had time, however, to express the pleasure it gave him to meet in a settlement almost entirely Methodist, one of his own persuasion, she hurriedly left the room.

"If I only could lay my han's on yoh!" she remarked to a young chicken, sunning its plump body on one of the log steps, but with a sharp eye fixed on the door, "it warn't well fur yoh neck. But thar'll be ham an' eggs—I reckon I'll have to break in on that settin' I was savin fur the Domin-ecker hen. I'll have to fetch up sum uf the buttah too I was keepin' to sen' to the store nex' week. It's mighty lucky I have sugah an' coffee in the house. I'd hate awful bad ef the fus' time one uf my own preachers cum to see me, I'd nothin' but milk to give him. I'll open that jar uf cherries I

put up las' Monday, though I did want to keep 'em till Bud's uncle comes in frum Texas nex' fall ; but I kin put up sum blackberries ; them's just as nice. I'll sen' sum uf the cherries over to ole Mrs. O'Hagan, now thet ther're opened. She doan of'n git anything sweet. Then thar's sum apple pie as good luck would have it. Wall," heaving a sigh, "I reckon he's ust to fine things to eat, but ef he's hungry this dinnah 'll taste good enough."

So as she cooked it, she soliloquized, while the minister wondered at the prolonged absence of his hostess, and and the first intimation he received as to its possible cause was when a playful breeze, stealing around the house, carried to him the smell of frying ham, which it had caught in passing the open kitchen window. Then, he experienced a sudden appreciation of her kindness for he had been out several hours, walking most of the time since country roads are not favorable to a bicyclist's progress. Exactly as the shadow crossed the mark on the log step, Mrs. Logan opened the door separating the front room from the porch and invited the minister out to dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Throw yourself into the bosom of God, as upon a bed of rest.—St. Augustine.

Love is the salt that preserves affections and actions from the corruptions of life.—Eugenie de Guerin.

Earth can never be wholly happy, because it is not heaven ; nor ever wholly unhappy, because it is the way thither.—Eugenie de la Ferronnays.

Feast of the Assumption.

" Arise my love and come !
The winter now is past,
Thine exile pains are o'er
Fly home my dove at last !

" Arise, like morning's dawn
All beautiful and fair,
Leave in thy tomb the scent
Of fragrant lilies there ! "

It rang through azure skies,
It glided o'er the sea,
That glad celestial voice
Of wondrous melody.

The glorious angels gaze
Upon her radiant face,
" O who is she that comes
Up from the desert place ? " *

Into the golden light
Earth's gentle dove has flown
Far o'er seraphic choirs
Is placed her queenly throne.

No joy so pure as hers,
No stars so brightly shine
As those, which, like to gems
Her royal brow entwine.

O may the holy Church
With joy to-day o'erglow,
For still that glorious Queen
Remembers all below.

Sweeter than harps of gold,
That e'er vibrate above,
Sounds to the Sacred Heart
The pleading of her love.

Look down, O Mother chaste,
Most amiable and mild ;
List to a song of praise,
'Tis only from thy child

ENFANT DE MARIE.

" Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful
one and come ! "

* Canticles VIII.

MARTYRS OF MARY.



THE heroic death of the pious Carmelite virgins of Compiegne—"martyrs of undying memory, who, radiant as angels, mounted the scaffold raised in the capital of France by the enemies of the altar and the throne," is, without question, one of the most touching episodes of the Reign of Terror. It would be hard to find in the Acts of the Martyrs even, anything finer, more moving or more sublime.

Martyrdom was the earliest dream of Saint Theresa, but the crown she aspired too was to be offered to God by the hands of her daughters.

In the tragic death of these women, transfigured by grace and crowned with purity and strength; in the martyrdom of the whole of this community of cloistered virgins, who did naught but love God and pray for their brethren, there is shown strength of character, elevation of sentiment, superhuman courage, sublime heroism, and heavenly peace and serenity, which will bear comparison with what we admire in the glorious death of the Macchabees and of the forty martyrs of Sebaste. We may add, that the weakness of the sex makes divine grace shine forth the brighter; it makes the victory more brilliant and the triumph more glorious.

Could this light have been given to the world to be hidden under a bushel? Does not Saint Augustin say, that in honoring the constancy of the martyrs we learn to imitate them? At our epoch especially, according to the judicious reflection of Mgr. Freppel, "the world has no less need of ex-

ample than of doctrinal teaching, and the spirit of sacrifice wields a power over souls, which far surpasses force of reasoning." In his magnificent "Eloge de Jeanne d'Arc," Cardinal Pie spoke these words: "In the divine scales, a martyr weighs more than a hero for the salvation of a people." Accordingly there is nothing more persuasive or more salutary, than the example which he gives us.

In this month when we honor the most pure Heart of Mary, it is in place for us to recall those who were souls like unto and most dear to our divine Mother's Heart.

In a hasty glance through the Memoirs of the Carmelites of Compiegne, we see them edifying all by their saintly lives. They suffer expulsion from their peaceful monastery—bear with their false accusers, and joyfully undergo imprisonment. Their lives of sacrifice, purity and charity made the preparation for the great day on which they were to receive the martyr's crown.

Their day of trial came. It was a mock trial. Like with the Jews of old before Pilate, no real charge could be brought forward against our Lord. So it was now. Well remarks a writer of the time: "At this epoch of final expiations the discovery of a Scapular of the Sacred Heart was a pledge of martyrdom."

On the day following the Scapular feast they went to the scaffold looking—to quote an eye witness—"as if they were going to their own weddings."

These "victims of salvation with the fragrance of virginity" strengthened themselves, at the last moment, against the terrors of the scaffold, by reciting the Office of the Dead. They were finishing their pious psalmody

when they were summoned to go to execution. With calm and recollected countenances, they got into the carts which were to carry them from the Palais de Justice to the Barriere du Trone, where the guillotine was permanently set up. This time also their hands were bound, and they rejoiced at this mark of resemblance with their Divine Master.

The way was long, yet their noble bearing never altered for an instant. Their gentle serenity and their eyes fixed on Heaven showed the direction of their thoughts. They sang by turns the *Miserere*, the *Salve Regina* and the *Te Deum*, thereby expressing, in the sublime language of the Church, sorrow for their sins, their devotion to Mary, the Queen and glory of Carmel, their thanksgiving to God, and the joy of their souls. In the pure and sweet voices of these women on their way to death, there was a nameless accent which was more than human, as well as a mysterious harmony. Amid their sufferings, there shone from their transfigured faces, the ray of supernatural beauty which glorifies great souls at a solemn hour. Upon their countenances was an indescribable expression of goodness and modesty, sweetness and strength, and a reflection of purity and joy which struck everyone.

These funeral processions were generally escorted by an insolent or drunken crowd, the greater part of which was made up of the vile creatures known as "The furies of the guillotine." They would shake their fists at the condemned, overwhelm them with abuse, and follow them with the most abominable imprecations. On the present occasion it was different. A few vixens did, it is true, try at first to insult these heroic women, who opposed to their violence naught but the gentleness and sweetness befitting the gospel. Soon, however, these possessed creatures found themselves disarmed, and the hatred of the most excited was changed into sympathetic curiosity.

This procession, so different from every other, was followed by an im-

mense crowd, which seemed to be deeply impressed, and kept a respectful silence. If a cry was heard now and then, it was a cry of pity and admiration for the condemned. "Oh, the noble souls! What a heavenly look! If they do not go to Paradise, it must be because there is none." We are told that flowers were thrown into the carts by unknown hands.

These heroic virgins were clothed in white. It was, no doubt, with the foresight of their martyrdom, that they had carried their white choir mantles with them upon leaving Compiegne. What a sublime and touching thought to adorn themselves on this, the day of their eternal nuptials, with the symbolic garment which the nun of Carmel wears on the most solemn festivals and each time that she is bidden to the eucharistic banquet of her heavenly Spouse!

The foot of the scaffold was reached. Calmly and simply the Carmelites descended from the carts. Kneeling, they began the *Veni Creator* with as much serenity as though it were the prelude to a religious ceremony in their Monastery. In a loud and clear voice, they together renewed their promises of baptism and their religious vows. The executioner, the guard and the people, allowed them to pursue these religious acts with no show of displeasure or of impatience. That she might support the courage of her daughters to the end, the Prioress asked that she might be the last to be put to death, and her request was granted.

The first to be called was Sister Constance, the youngest of all. She was a novice whom the Revolution had deprived of the happiness of taking her vows. She was born at Saint Denis, near Paris, and was but twenty-eight years old. In the world she had been called Marie Meunier. Kneeling before her Prioress, she asked her blessing and permission to die; then mounting the platform, she sang the canticle of holy joy, the "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*," which she finished in Heaven; she then gave herself up to the executioner. "You would have thought

her a queen going to be crowned," relates an eye-witness.

The second victim was Annette Pelras, Marie Henrietta in religion. She was born in Cajarc, in the diocese of Cahors, in 1760. She came of a family every member of which was the picture of holiness. When she was about sixteen years old, she, like her sisters, entered the Congregation des Dames de Nevers. Her extraordinary beauty, however, exposed her to dangers which alarmed her innocence, and she resolved to seek a refuge in the cloister from the flattery of the world. She was twenty-five years old when she had the happiness of seeing the gates of the Carmel of Compiègne opened to her. We have spoken above of her courageous bearing before the public prosecutor, and of her joy at finding herself condemned to death for God's cause. "She never looked more beautiful," says Cardinal Villecourt, "than when, as she mounted the scaffold, she raised to Heaven, for the last time, eyes sparkling with the sacred fire which consumed her soul."

On the day of her martyrdom, according to the testimony of several worthy persons, her brother, M. Jean Jacques Pelras went home at a rather late hour, and was not a little surprised to find his way lighted by a mysterious light which accompanied him through the hall, up the staircase, and into his room, while the neighboring houses were in utter darkness. He was deeply impressed by this phenomenon. His wife likewise remarked it. A few days after, he heard news of his sister's execution, whereupon he cried out: "Poor Annette! it was you who came to see me."

Following the example of Sister Mary Henrietta, each of her companions bowed in turn before the Mother Prioress to receive her last blessing, then quickly mounted the steps of the scaffold, as if each envied her who went before, the favor of being sooner admitted to the glory of Heaven. Sixteen times the hideous knife fell and the blood of the victims gushed forth. Sister of Jesus Crucified as well as her companion in age, Sister Charlotte of the Resurrection, re-

covered all the vigor of youth in offering to God the last instants of life, although both had, at first looked forward with terror to so bloody an ending. The former said to the executioners, "I forgive you with all my heart, as I desire that God may forgive me."

Like the mother of the Machabees in former days, the Mother Prioress had suffered death each time that she had seen one of her daughters beheaded. To complete this great holocaust, which she had foreseen in prayer, she mingled her pure blood with that which they had so generously shed, and gathered herself at length, the palm of martyrdom which had long been the object of her desires.

Not a cry, not a beat of the drum. A deep silence reigned in the crowd which was divided between fear, pity and admiration at the sight of these fearless virgins who, with no other arms than their ardent faith, waged victoriously the combat of God, the great battle of Christ, triumphing over the executioners, and preserving in the face of death, freedom of speech, an incorruptible soul, and divine courage.

The bodies of the victims were laid in the Picpus quarter, in one common ditch, close to the garden of the Canonesses of Saint Augustin. To-day it is the cemetery near by the community of the Nuns of the Sacred Hearts called of Picpus.

Amongst these valiant daughters of Saint Theresa, we must mention a native of Compiègne who edified the community by her spirit of great recollection and union with God. This was Marie Gabriel Trezel, called in religion Sister Saint Ignatius. After the departure of the nuns from the convent, she went, in deference to the advice of her worthy Prioress, to console her sister, whose child had just died immediately after Baptism. She took the child in her arms and said: "My dear little angel, obtain for us all that we may go and join you in Heaven, and be with us in the act of consecration to death, which we make to the Lord every day, to obtain a cessation of the evils which cover the earth and especially France your country."

To My Brother.



READ a *Memoir of the pure affection
A sister twined around her brother's heart ;
It touched the heart-strings of the inward music
And whispered of a loved one far apart.

Yes ! far apart, the onward pathways chosen,
The scenes our eyes must gaze on day by day,
But to the same "sweet home" we're ever tending,
Our meeting *there* will never pass away.

For love of Him who is our dearest Brother
And yet, the Lord and Master we adore,
I left thee, loved companion of my childhood,
Until the time when partings are no more.

'Tis said that distance cools the heart's affections,
Until, at last the fire grows dim and cold,
But near the sacred, burning Heart of Jesus,
The flames are bright and lively as of old.

I pray for thee, I wish thee every blessing,
I ask a little loving prayer for me,
That when the shades of exile are all over,
We may the Face of God together see.

Walk in the paths of life as pure, as nobly,
As ever thou didst walk in them of old ;
Bright is the crown of glory that awaits thee
In the fair kingdom with its streets of gold.

Thus do I pour thee out my inward feeling,
Thus I unclasp a sister's love for thee,
And may its image brightly be reflected,
Deep in the calmness of thy sympathy.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

A CIRCLET OF STARS.

"The risen stars are round thy throne in Heaven."—REV. H. A. RAWES, O.C.C.



HOSE "risen stars" ever gleaming in the celestial firmament, and differing in glory, are the saints of God, encircling His blessed Mother like a royal diadem.

In this month dedicated to her Immaculate Heart, while rejoicing at her glorious Assumption, we may also rejoice in the consideration of how many spiritual luminaries entered into "the joy of the Lord," about this time, as if to grace the recurring feast and reflect its glories. Let us watch them going up "from the desert," flowing with delights, all leaning on the Beloved. First we have the white-robed St. Dominic, who taught us to honor her Assumption and Coronation in the Rosary, and, to all time, his mystic chaplets embalm with sweet rose-fragrance, the aisles of Holy Church, refreshing the hearts of her children with Mary's love.

There is St. Cajetan, dedicated to her from earliest childhood, favored like St. Anthony with the embraces of the Divine Infant whom she placed in his arms; and, at last, breathing forth his soul in Mary's presence as if in answer to her sweet invitation; "Cajetan, my Son calls thee, let us go in peace."

St. Clare, that "little plant" culled in the spring-time of beauty and laid by St. Francis on the altar of "Our Lady of Angels" passed to the eternal nuptials of the Lamb, August the 11th.

She also was favored with a vision of our Heavenly Queen, and robed for Heaven in a mystic garb of dazzling magnificence.

St. John Berchmans—a fair lily from the garden of St. Ignatius, breathed forth his soul enamoured of Mary, on the 13th, clasping in his wasted hands the treasures most prized—the Crucifix, the Beads and the Rule.

And another saintly Jesuit novice—St. Stanislaus, died, we may say, of longing desire to celebrate Mary's glorious triumph with the angels. The touching accents of his favorite "Salve Regina" only died away on earth in order to swell into a more ecstatic hymn above than we can conceive in this "vale of tears."

During the Octave also, we have many beautiful star-gleams from saints specially devoted to Mary.

St. Hyacinth (true disciple of his glorious father, St. Dominic) of whose ardent love we read many instances in the annals of his Order, claims our mention.

On one occasion, when the Tartars besieged the town of Kiev, this saint took the Ciborium, and was hastily leaving the church to save the most Holy Sacrament, when a voice from our Lady's image exclaimed: "Hyacinth, my son, why dost thou leave me behind? Take me with thee, and leave me not to my enemies." Full of confidence in God, he took the heavy alabaster statue, now become light almost as a feather, and with Jesus and His Blessed Mother's image, walked on the waters of the Danube to a place of safety. He celebrated

his last Mass on the Assumption, was anointed at the foot of the altar, and went that very day to praise our holy Queen forever. His feast is kept on the 16th.

On the 20th is celebrated the transit of St. Bernard, who made the solitudes of Clairvaux melodious with the sound of her sweet name. "Look at the Star: call on Mary!" His beautiful "Memorare" has been through all ages, a source of unfailing light and comfort in Holy Church. How many souls have been converted, strengthened, soothed in various emergencies of life, illumined in "the vale of death," led safely on to Mary's welcome on the everlasting shore, by St. Bernard's touching "Memorare!" Only eternity will reveal this secret.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, whose life of exceptional suffering was in some manner assimilated to that of the "Mater dolorosa," and St. Philip Beniti, true "Sérvite" of Mary, sanctified in the Order founded by her in remembrance of the Seven Dolores, passed to eternal joy ere the rays of this glorious Octave had faded away.

At the close of August we are refreshed with the mystic fragrance of

that Dominican flower—Rose of Lima, lovely reflection of our "Rosa Mystica," in purity, love, and heroic self-sacrifice.

These are a few of Mary's star-gems, and as we gaze on and admire their beauty, let us also try to gain their interest by imitating the bright examples placed before us, and echoing those prayers they loved, the Rosary, "Salve," "Memorare," etc. Thus, as the author of the "Imitation" tells us, we will "make to ourselves friends of the saints of God," and they will "receive us into everlasting tabernacles."

* "Those who in her steps had trodden,
followed her in robes of white,
Palms within their hands were waving,
they were crowned with gems of light."

Ransomed from earth's tribulation,
safe forever in the fold,
Passing 'neath the pearly gateway—
walking in the streets of gold;
And I heard their thrilling anthem
floating o'er the crystal sea,
"Unto Him who hath redeemed us,
glory, praise, and honor be."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

* From, "A Dream of Paradise."—H. M. Stuart.
("Carmina Mariana.")

SYMPATHY.

How often have we desired to stand with the "Mater dolorosa" at the foot of the cross, and relieve the sufferings of our agonizing Saviour! Perhaps we have envied Simon, who assisted Him, or Veronica, who gazed on the sacred though disfigured Face, and tenderly offered her veil to wipe from it the Precious Blood. Jesus "dieth now no more," but He appeals to our sympathy in the persons of others. He touches now one, now another inward chord to wake all the spirit-music of our hearts. Longfellow says beautifully:

"Only the sorrows of others
Throws its shadow o'er me."

Every sorrow, every pain should awaken our sympathy, and every joy that is good and pure should light us with a golden ray, in imitation of St. Paul's world-wide comparison, "rejoice with those that rejoice, weep with those that weep." There is only *one* way of true and holy sympathy, namely, to see Christ in others, and remember His divine words: "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."—St. Matt. xxv., 40.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Our Lady of the Scapular Protects Her Clients.

I.

One of the most appalling catastrophes is fire, and no one can see the lurid flames mounting higher and higher as if eager to consume whatsoever might come in their path, without a thrill of terror, and a shudder of fear.

In vain the gallant firemen would put forth their best efforts if our Lord did not assist them in extinguishing the flames. His divine Mother, too, seems to show forth her power in checking the fiery element on earth, even as she tempers the ardor of those flames which encircle her children of the suffering Church.

There was in China a very good faithful Catholic, who unhappily was mated for her life to a pagan, and one of the very worst specimens at that. He was an opium fiend, brutal in manner, and jealous as a Turk. All she had to console her was the annual mission to which she looked eagerly forward, and the scapular, the little badge she was always careful to replace by a new one at the yearly visit of the priest. On one occasion when she returned on the following day the priest asked, in response to her petition for another scapular, what had she done with that one she had so recently received.

"I will tell you, Father! We lodge with a pagan at one end of a court where there is always a large quantity of sorgham. The night after you gave me the scapular, we were awakened by the brilliant light which illumined the court, and by the cry of fire, for indeed the whole court was ablaze. My poor children could not cross that sea of fire. My husband swore and raved like a mad man. I fell on my knees, took off my scapular, and wrapping it round a stone cast it in the midst of the flames. The fire at once abated, then it stopped. Our poor home, with all our belongings, was saved. Thanks to Mary. The next day, accompanied by some Christians, I went to look for

my scapular, but being under the debris I could not find it. (Her lively faith would not permit her to say that it was perhaps burned.) I therefore came in all haste to ask for another."

II.

The city of Saint Anlaye, in the diocese of Perigux, was in danger of being destroyed by a terrible conflagration. It was during the progress of a mission. One of the priests called to a young man in the church noted for his faith and devotion and before the assembled multitude said: "Jalagie, go to the fire and throw your scapular into the flames." The youth obeyed, and rushing past the terrified citizens, cried out as he went, "Pray to the blessed Virgin, I am going to put out the fire!" And then as he cast his scapular into the flames, a column of fire rose grandly aloft to the height of fifteen feet, then gradually sank, leaving darkness to follow in its path. "Thanks to the Queen of the Scapular," cried the faithful. "The boy is a sorcerer," cried the impious. Rather would they believe him to be a wizard than to acknowledge the protection of Mary! Next day appeared a new proof of her power, when the scapular was found unharmed amid the still living embers.

III.

On the eighth of May there happened to the train bound for Versailles an accident, the terrible details of which will not soon be forgotten. More than one hundred dead and many injured were heaped up amid the wreck and debris of the shattered cars. Fire added its horrors to the scene, and many who escaped the wreck fell victims to the flames. On the morrow attention was attracted to a young man who had been only slightly injured, and who protested that he owed his escape to Lady of the Scapular. "I was the only one in my car who wore the scapular, and all unknown to myself, I found myself safely landed at some distance from the wreck with but the slightest injury, while my poor fellow travelers were dying or dead.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

I wonder how many of you have grown tired of vacation. The long summer days *do* hang very heavily if they are only days of sweet doing nothing ; but if one would keep in mind that complete living means two things : to enjoy one's work, and to enjoy one's leisure, then there might be an effort made in vacation to happily combine the two.

I read lately a very fine quotation from a deep thinker : "This would be an ideal world if each one were doing the work which he is best fitted to do."

Now, in vacation, one *can* do the work for which he is best fitted to do—can take books, or sewing, or drawing, or housework and make *that* work and so be happy—it is the absence of work, of a definite object in life, in or out of vacation, that causes a great part of the world's unhappiness.

We constantly hear people carping about the necessity of work, little knowing that in that very necessity lies their salvation. One month of the long vacation remains, and it would be a very good thing to think seriously of the work before us in the fall, and quite as seriously of the work done in the past.

The latter, surely, was not all one could desire, and we are not willing to go on adding to the mistakes already made. Every school boy or girl, who is old enough to read the CARMELITE REVIEW, is old enough to plan out the

kind of work to be done in the future. Very often we do not bring our conscience to bear upon our work, and we fail to recognize that our duty is divided into two classes—our duty to God *and* to our neighbor—(the duty to ourselves is included in the two.)

One's work has always more or less to do with the neighbor—be it school work or the business of the great outside world.

The *duty* of work is imperfectly understood. The necessity of being useful, whether with head or hand ; of taking a definite *part* in the world and "doing" our own little patch in the garden—all this is as much our duty as to hear Mass on Sundays, or abstain from meat on Friday, or to keep any of the commandments of God or the Church.

Vacation time seems an odd one to select for a talk on work—but it is *the* time to think, if one isn't entirely careless as to the kind of character one wishes to build up for life.

We hear a man or woman spoken of as "a conscientious worker," and immediately we think of a fine character—so it follows that work depends on character, and we can *make* character depend on work.

The 15th of August brings us the sweetest feast of the summer vacation, "Lady Day in harvest" as the old-fashioned Catholics still call it. I don't know of any feast *after* our Lord's Ascension, which gives us such a long-ing for heaven as the Assumption.

We sigh as we think that our dear, long suffering, patient Blessed Mother is at last gloriously crowned forever in the home of her eternity, while we are

still wending our weary way in the dust and the heat,—stumbling, falling, picking ourselves up, and so often losing heart and hope because the way is so long, and we are so tired and so weak—yet to look up to her, and think that she too had a long and weary way to travel, (particularly during the fifteen years between the Ascension and the Assumption) is enough to give us fresh hope and strong courage, particularly when we remember what the old darky so sweetly called her—“jest a human you wuz, dear blessed Mother.”

Yes, hers was a human heart, even as the Sacred Heart of her divine Son, and in that very thought lies a world of comfort.

We are of the same human family—“Jesus and Mary and I” may each individual soul say with perfect truth, just as a child would say, “father and mother and I.” What a claim—so sure, so well grounded, and so full of hope in life’s long weary way when we sometimes fear that we will never reach the home, never be one of the family, never be safely housed. “Lady Day in harvest” will give us a longing for heaven, and God is greatly praised by desire. Wasn’t David called “a man of desires?” and he was a saint of the Old Testament; so our desire for heaven will help us *also* to become saints. To learn to wait is a virtue; and to wait patiently for God will be rewarded by His giving us our heart’s desire—what *is* our heart’s desire, or rather what *should* it be? Let each one read the first question of the catechism, and in *its* answer find the answer to the other question.

Make the best of the last month of vacation, dear children— if you want to be lazy, thinking it is your last chance, why I’m quite willing—only keep the working days in mind and prepare for them by good, hearty resolutions.

Devotedly,
CARMEL’S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JULY.

1. Leonardi de Vinci; Michael Angelo, and Raphael.
2. Collection of ancient marbles from the Acropolis at Athens, obtained by Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin, and sent to England. Now in the British Museum.
3. The Inca of Peru.
4. Lydia at Philippi (see Acts).
5. Thomas Jefferson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JULY.

1. Belt—Bet.
2. Draw—Raw.
3. Malt—Mat.
4. Meat—Eat.
5. Hilt—Hit.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1.
I’m only a fish to be taken and eaten,
Or else I’m a rod which none have
been beaten,
I’m often a rest; so have weary ones
found;
Who, when I’m at hand, will not sleep
on the ground.
2. Divide a city of Ireland into a
metallic instrument and quick.
3. Behead one fish and leave another.
4. Curtail a wild swan and leave a
large deer.
5. Dissect a month into a bird, a
tree, a measure and an English river.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. Blessed is he who has found his
work; let him ask no other blessed-
ness.—Thos. Carlyle.
2. The noblest mind the best content-
ment has.—Edmund Spencer.
3. Truth is the highest thing a man
may keep.

4.

Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
—Shakespeare.

5.

Thee, magnificent, oh Queen ! we greet,
Enthroned upon thy heavenly seat.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Dolly's Bath.

This is the birthday of sister Polly,
Come, let's give her a nice surprise.
Suppose we wash her dear old dolly ?
But don't let the soap get into its
eyes.

The precious dolly—the dear old
dolly—

Fill the basin, and in she goes.
Rub away, scrub away ! Isn't it
jolly ?

Now for her cheeks and the tip of
her nose.

What is the matter ? Her cheeks
were painted.

Where are the eyebrows she had
before ?

Whiter and whiter ! The doll has
fainted.

And the glue is gone, and the wig
she wore.

Forgive us, forgive us, sister Polly.

We have dried her and dressed her,
but what will you say ?

You hardly will know your own old
dolly,

Now half of her beauty is washed
away.

What a beautiful thing thought is,
and what pleasure it gives, when it
lifts itself on high ! 'Tis the natural
direction, which it resumes as soon as
it is freed from terrestrial objects.
There is a mysterious attraction be-
tween us and heaven. God wants us,
and we want God.—Eugenie de Guerin.

The Song of the Bee.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow ;

A jolly, good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,

He's getting his honey ;

In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax :

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax !

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over,

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings :

He never gets lazy ;

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,

Some treasure he brings.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

From morning's first light

Till the coming of night,

He's singing and toiling

The summer day through.

Oh ! we may get weary,

And think work is dreary ;

'Tis harder by far

To have nothing to do.

There is one thing in our day that
ought to make us afraid : persons who
have hardly begun to make their medi-
tations, if they seem to hear anything
during their recollection, pronounce it
to have come from God ; so they tell
us, God has spoken or I have had an
answer from God. In truth all this is
nothing : these persons have been
speaking to themselves, out of a long-
ing for such communications.

Editorial Notes.

The Wonders of St. Theresa's Heart.

On the day preceding the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, the Carmelites commemorate the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa of Jesus. At Alba de Tormes in Spain. In the monastery where St. Theresa died, her holy heart has been venerated during the past three centuries. It is preserved in a crystal urn, through which may be plainly seen the wound made by the seraph when he transpierced her heart with a flaming dart. Many wonderful things have been noticed at different periods in connection with this holy heart. At times the glass of the reliquary broke, without any apparent cause, and thorns were discovered growing out of the heart. Transverberation is the name we call the wound in the heart of St. Theresa, both because the Church in her liturgy uses this word, and also because we find it the most suitable expression. In her biography the saint tells us of the angel whom she saw before her, and how he held in his hand the long spear of gold at the point of which there seemed to be a little fire. The angel appeared to be thrusting the spear into the heart of the saint, causing her excessive pain and joy. The pain was great, but of a spiritual kind. This suffering was—to quote St. Theresa's words: "A caressing of love so sweet between the soul and God, that I pray God in His goodness to make him experience it who may think I am lying." God, indeed, has chosen the human heart as the principal field of the operations of His grace. Wishing to give men a sensible proof of His action upon the hearts of some saints, He has made

these hearts after death the scene of marvels apparent to the senses. There is no doubt that if God's grace wrought wonders in St. Theresa, her heart was the scene of these wonders. The fire of charity consumed her living heart for sixty-seven years, and it may be piously believed that the phenomenon of this organ after death is a testimony of the flame of ardent love existing therein even before the seraph pierced it with his fiery dart.

The Boston Carmel.

The new Carmelite monastery in Boston has lately been opened to public inspection and, like the Niagara Hospice, what is much admired are the beautiful windows picturing the saints of our Order. Among the many windows, one, to which it is in season to refer this month, is that of St. Albert holding in his arms the Infant Jesus, a marvellous favor accorded the saint. St. Albert was born of noble parents at Trepani, in Sicily. He was consecrated before his birth to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and when very young entered her Order at Messina, where he was distinguished for his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and his angelic purity. After a life full of virtues and extraordinary miracles, he died near Messina, August 7, 1306. At his funeral two angels appeared to all who were present in the church and intoned the Mass, "Os Justi" of Confessors, instead of the Requiem about to be chanted. The use of water blessed with a relic of the saint, for the cure of the sick, and particularly in cases of fever, is well established in the Order of Carmel, and is justified by innumerable miracles, which continue to the present

day. This custom is of heavenly origin. St. Albert, being attacked with grave illness, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to him holding a crystal cup filled with water which she offered him to drink. The saint implored her to bless the water and upon tasting it he was immediately cured. He asked of her to attach a healing power to water he would bless in her name and that of her Divine Son ; his prayer was granted. He used this power during life and has continued to exercise it since his death with marvellous efficacy by means of his holy relics. The Carmelites of Boston, like those at Niagara Falls, have a precious relic of the saint sent them from Rome with which they have water blessed with many wonderful results.

Martha and Mary.

Our esteemed Sisters of the Boston and New Orleans monasteries have of late received an increase of subjects. The renunciation of the world by a young woman in the midst of all the brightness and beauty of life is always a most solemn and momentous occasion, but it becomes doubly so when such a strict and faithful life of sacrifice is required as that demanded by the rules of the Carmelite Order. Never to look out upon the world again, never to see the faces of friends and loved ones, to lead a life of self-sacrifice and renunciation and prayer and fasting—such is the life of the daughter of Carmel. A masterly discourse was delivered at the reception in Boston by the Rev. Augustine Langcake, S.J. He took for his text those words of Christ : “Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things. One thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the best part, which shall not be taken from her.”

Father Langcake considered the sisters of Bethany as symbolizing the active and contemplative orders in the Church. He said that the special excellence of the contemplative life was hardly grasped in the hurry and bustle of the nineteenth century. It is to be “go ahead ;” but we must not try to go ahead of Almighty God. He showed the resemblance between the contemplative life and the life of study. The former is devoted to the greatest of studies, the study of God ; but it is a study which engages the heart more than the mind. It is a life more nearly resembling that of the angels of God than any other thing we can imagine. We quote the concluding passages of Father Langcake’s beautiful discourse :

“It was good, very good, for Martha to wait upon our Lord, to attend to His wants and those of His disciples. It is good to wait upon the poor, to tend the sick in the hospitals, to speak kind words to them. It is good to teach little children, to point out to them the way they should travel along. All these things are good, but when we come to think of it, there is something higher : to sit at the feet of Jesus, listening to his words, drinking in the Divine Wisdom that falls from His lips ; to study God and the things of God, in order that, knowing them better, we may love them better, and imitate them better, and make ourselves more and more like them. This is the best part. God has His saints everywhere, whether in religion or in the world. There are saints in Boston, in the world—God’s saints, who are always intent about His business. ‘Do you not know that I must be about my Father’s business?’ Priests and nuns, workingmen and working-women, this one teaching, that one working for a widowed mother, a helpless mother and sisters, all these are sanctifying themselves and pleasing God ; but their part will be taken away from them with this life. No preaching, no teaching, no visiting the sick (there will be

no sick in heaven, thank God!) all these will be taken away; but Mary's part, the best part, will not be taken away. Mary will continue in heaven what she began on earth. What are they doing in heaven? Looking at God, enjoying the Beatific Vision. It is in this sight of God, this contemplation of God, that their eternal happiness consists. What are these holy contemplatives doing? They are doing what the angels and saints are doing, and what they are doing now, they will continue to do forever in a holier and more perfect manner. We are in the world, we cannot help it; we have to be with our times; we have to follow what we see in our environment. We cannot crawl along; we are content with nothing less than an electric trolley. Let us remind ourselves that all of this building up of houses twenty-seven stories high and similar things will pass away; and if we cannot choose the best part wholly, like Mary, at least, we choose it in part, we respect it, we direct ourselves by it, because we know it is the true norm, the true standard. Let us remember that in heaven, during all eternity, we shall have to contemplate God, and it will be our joy and happiness. Let us draw this simple conclusion. It will be good for us from time to time to think of God, to contemplate God and His beautiful heaven, so that when our turn comes to go to heaven, we may not feel like strangers."

Mission of the Carmelite Order.

A non-Catholic doctor, who has been edified by the patience and charity of the Carmelite Fathers in Bellevue Hospital, New York, lately wrote to the *Catholic Herald* to enquire if these monks had any special mission. The able and learned editor, Doctor Walsh, replied as follows: "The Carmelite Order has a special mission, for each religious order is an army in itself, with its own means of action, its special arms, and its own standard. Their mission is one which they have in common with other religious orders

—a mission which the philosophy of the last century believed it had destroyed forever, but which has returned to sustain weak and faltering society. Their mission is to work more by example than by word, to stir up dying-out piety; to protest, by a mortified life, against the effeminacy and voluptuousness of a decayed world; to teach the rich that there are purer, higher, nobler and more solid consolations than those which are to be found in earthly possessions; to teach the poor how one can live on little; to point out that there are interests more worthy of our care than those of this fleeting life. And even if society should be deaf to this voice, and remain submerged in its life of selfishness and its entire forgetfulness of God, then would the religious life, by a spirit of prayer and immolation, appease the Divine wrath so justly enkindled against an ungrateful world. The Carmelite Order has a special mission of prayer and sacrifice—the two wings, as it were, on which the human soul soars above all that is sordid and earthly, to the bosom of its Creator."

Died at Their Post.

In the white cowl of St. Dominic, three fathers, with Father Kessler, stood on the deck of the *Bourgogne* on the morning of July 4th last, calmly submitting to the Divine will, making no struggle to save themselves at the expense of others, giving absolution to their fellow-Catholics, and, as we infer from the newspaper notices, chanting, according to the traditions of their Order, the "Salve Regina," as they peacefully awaited death. It was a sight for angels to admire, as the *Catholic News* so well remarks, "a vision of faith, of Christian modesty and

resignation. No doubt their loving Master has accepted their sacrifice and given them the reward of the religious obedience and good works." There were many tributes to these faithful priests noted by our Catholic contemporaries. The best, which seems to be unnoticed, appeared over the name of Alban E. Ragg, in a secular newspaper—the *News*, of Toronto, Ontario. Therein we were told that

"Heroes they died at their post,
Brave and true to the last ;
Helping the weak to abide
Till the darkness had past.

Alone they stood and were strong
When the Angel swept by ;
Comfort they gave to the souls
Who were waiting to die.

Nobly they offered their lives
To the God they loved best,
And humbly awaited the end,
Then sank to their rest."

* **

On August 28 we celebrate the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary—the titular feast of the Carmelite Province of the United States and Canada.

* **

A famous French physician, Dr. Maurice de Fleury, gives among his rules for the cure of indolence the following efficacious recipe: "To regulate, as the monks do, the twenty four hours. Therein lies the condition of intellectual peace." So, after all, we look to the lazy monks for our model.

Mary the Model.

Many are the tributes paid to the holy Mother of God. Amongst the latest we find the Blessed Virgin pictured as the model of true womanhood by the rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in Waterbury, Conn., Doctor Riley. Some of the words are worth

quoting. Mary is the model of human society—for "she was gentle, retiring and modest," says the Doctor. "She was a true woman, while never weak. The example of Mary has made womanhood what it is. True womanhood devotes itself to the silence and the sweetness of the home. She was always Mary, and even though she were a reigning princess, she would be the same. I commend to you Mary, that most blessed among women, whom all generations call good, as the model, the woman to love and keep before you. Young men and women have no idea of how they are drifting. If one has the ideal of honor, how thankful he or she may be to God. The ideal may be the brave and true, the chivalrous ; or truth, dignity or uprightness. Use your gifts well, and to whatever place you are called perform the duty with the sweetness of Mary, so that you may be a benediction. A good woman is the companion and solace of man. Womanhood is beautiful, when one thinks of it on all of its beautiful sides. Beware of false ideals. Womanhood is content to abide where God has wished to place woman. Remember the model, Mary, and you cannot have a false ideal."

The Church Triumphant.

The present war has laid bare the truth in many quarters. Indeed, we have the key to the hatred towards the friars and the Catholic Church, which exists in the Spanish colonies, particularly the Philippine group. Freemasonry, the secret and malignant foe of the Church in all places, especially in the Spanish Americas, has done its best "to undermine the religion of the people," says the *Catholic Union and Times*, "inspiring the young men with

hellish hatred of priests and everything Catholic, propagating the most infamous calumnies to blacken the character of ecclesiastics and, with Satanic persistency and cunning, trying to deceive the rude natives into the belief that the Catholic Church is the one enemy they have to fear and to hate. To this same Masonic propaganda of falsehood is also to be attributed the scurrilous lie regarding the Archbishop of Manila; also the silly story that sisters in the hospital had tried to deceive Dewey regarding the mines in the harbor. As to Masonry being at the bottom of the Philippine rebellion, the statement is quite in keeping with its traditional plotting against governments it could not use."

But God's mills grind slow but sure. He punishes nations, especially those highly favored by Him, particularly Catholic ones. In these days Providence plays an active part in scourging ungrateful people. War is cruel, but good will come of it, and the Church and Christianity will not be losers. May it be an effective blow to the enemies of holy Church which when deprived by nominal Catholic nations of her right to pursue her heaven-given mission is, nevertheless, unjustly held responsible for national and religious shortcomings. The enemy may rear its head to strike against God's Church, but she has long stood hell's might and upheld God's right, and well may we use concluding words of the late poem of our Holy Father, Leo XIII.:

"Glorious anon in triumph's wreath-
ing bays,
Her eyes raised radiant to the Throne
of Light,
She moves a queen, bediadem'd with
praise."

The Same Old World.

There is food for thought in the words of a wise and observing priest who lately remarked that "the world will not cease persecuting God's Church because Catholics in peace or war, demonstrate their loyalty to the country with conspicuous patriotism, sacrifice and bravery. There will be, here and there, individual tributes to our high qualities in every phase of national life, but that element which represents the persecuting world will not abate its campaign of slander, defamation and even violence at times. I see articles in some of our papers extolling Catholic courage, self-abnegation, patriotism and so forth, as if pleading for a nobler cause on the part of hostile brethren, and as it were, taking for granted, that traditional enemies will be thereby disarmed; but we need not reckon too confidently on that line. It is the same old unbelieving world and when the war is over, Catholic devotion to the country may not count for as much as some optimists expect. Our Saviour told His chosen ones what they were to expect from the world. We may hope for the best, but we might as well be prepared for the worst. We will be persecuted while the world lasts, but we have the comfort of knowing that this is a mark of the Church's Divine foundation and that we may steadily abide in the promise of God's constant protection until the consummation of time."

St. Theresa suffered for twenty years from disinclination to prayer without letting herself be discouraged. This is of all her triumphs the one that surprises me most.—E. de Guérin.

Ninety-Eight at Niagara.

The Scapular feast of '98 is now a thing of memory. 'Twas a day to be fondly recollected. Memorable indeed it was for Carmel and its friends who are legion. For the nonce, the many hundreds of fervent pilgrims, oblivious of national boundary lines, became visible participants in the praise-offering to the Queen of Carmel and, as part and parcel of a great united family, circled the shrine of the great Mother of Peace on the day which she hath made. From the hearts of grateful children welled up the gladsome *Te Deum*. They were thankful for much. They saw before them the magnificent monument—the Hospice, a memorial of the child's love for the Mother. The generous and expectant benefactor came, he saw and was conquered by the desire to return again to his Mother's house on the banks of the Niagara. 'Twas edifying to see the long prayerful procession wend its way to the unpretentious church beneath the shadow of the Hospice. How we were thrilled at the eloquent words of that prince among orators, the venerable Dean of the Niagara Peninsula—the large hearted Father Harris!—and, again, how our hearts beat in unison when Father Provincial showed us how closely we were knit together as children of Carmel, and what royal privileges we were entitled to as wearers of Mary's Scapular. The same spirit of loving devotion was in the breast of all. All nationalities were represented. Geographically speaking, it was a representative gathering. It would not be within our province to enumerate names and places, but we cannot forbear mentioning that far-off Kentucky favored us with the presence of a venerable priest, in the person of

Very Reverend Father David Fennessey, of the Order of Resurrectionists. The Queen City of the Lakes made a proud record, and it was gratifying to see the large contingency from the English-speaking Catholics of Greater Buffalo. In fine, it was a great day—a day of benediction, and when the Prior of the Hospice, the Reverend Father McDonald, raised the hidden Prince of Peace to bless the vast congregation kneeling beneath the broad canopy of heaven, we knew that the Queen of Carmel asked Her Son to reward all that was done in her name and that God *did* bless that fervent multitude.

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Though occasionally, in the height of contemplation and pure intuition of the Divinity, the soul may not remember the most sacred humanity of Christ, because God elevates the spirit to the most supernatural knowledge, yet studiously to forget it is in nowise seemly, seeing that by the contemplation thereof, and loving meditation thereon, the soul ascends to the highest state of union; for Christ our Lord is the Truth, the Gate, the Way, and the Guide to all good.—St. John of the Cross.

Let your soul be always ordered by a desire not for that which is easy, but for that which is most difficult; not for that which is most pleasant, but for that which is most unpleasant; not for that which is elevated and precious, but for that which is vile and despised; not for great things, but for little things; not to seek for anything, but to seek for nothing; not for that which is best, but for that which is worst; desiring to enter, for the love of Jesus, upon detachment, emptiness, and poverty in everything of this world.—St. John of the Cross.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Jubilee edition of *The Mount*, published at Mt. de Chantal, was an excellent number. A feature of it was an exquisite jubilee poem by Miss Sue X. Blakely, who in many ways has reflected credit on her venerable *Alma Mater*.

A boon to the intelligent reader will be found in the "Epochs of Literature," from the pen of Doctor Conde B. Pallen. Those who have read the learned author's treatise on the "Philosophy of Literature," cannot afford to pass by this latest high-class and lucid work. The book is published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway. St. Louis. Mo. Price, 75 cents.

A handy, intensely interesting and original little work is the "Childhood's Hand-book of Women," revised and edited by the well-known Catholic authoress, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, who graces the compilation by her own able treatment of "Women in Literature." Miss Eliza Allen Starr, in her own peerless way, discusses "Woman in Art," and brings to light the artist-saints of the cloister, among whom looms up our own great St. Magdalene of Pazzi. Other noted writers help to make up this beautiful symposium on woman's work, sphere, influence and responsibilities. B. Herder is the publisher.

The Holy Father has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Carmel in Ireland," presented by his Eminence Cardinal Gotti, on the 26th of May, and has sent his Apostolic Blessing to the author of this important work, Father Patrick Rushe, O. D. C.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. George's, P. E. Island: Church of St. John the Evangelist, Johnville, N. B.: St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.: Mission of St. Charles, Pryor, Mon.: Church of St. Callister, Kane, Pa.: St. Mary's Church,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Holy Family Church' Rochester, N. Y.: St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont.: St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.: St. Aloysius Church, Chicago, Ill.: St. Michael's Church, Monroe, Mich.: Sacred Heart Church, Valley Junction, Ia.: St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.: Cryslar, Ont.: St. Paul's, Reading, Pa.

Names received at our Scipio (Kansas) Convent, from St. Anthony's Church, Residence, Kas.: Immaculate Conception Church, St. Mary's, Kas.: St. Joseph's Church and Sacred Heart Church, Leavenworth, Kas.

Scapular names received at Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Nicholas' Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.: St. Thomas' Church, Missouri: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's, Ind., Vandenberg Co.: St. Peter's Church, Wheelburg, Ohio: St. Amelianus' Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Milwaukee, Co., Wis.: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.

Received names at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from the following places: Ursuline Convent, St. Paul, Mo.: Racine, Wis.: Dane, Wis.: St. Peter's Church, Oconto, Wis.: Merrill, Wis.: St. Michael's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.: St. John Baptist's Church, Scranton, Pa.: Holy Trinity Church, Kenaskum, Wis.: Antonius, Adams Co., Ill.: Sparta, Wis.: Napoleon, Ind.: Fennimore, Wis.: Dotyville, Wis.: St. John Baptist's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.: St. Kilian, Wis.: Osian, Iowa: Shelbyville, Ind.: Cleveland, O.: Dane, Wis.: Cleveland, O.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, V. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For the conversion of two brothers and one sister, who have fallen away from the true faith.

For the conversion of a friend.

For one spiritual favor.

For one temporal favor.

For one successful examination.

For one vocation.

For obtaining greater love for the Sacred Heart.

For change of employment.

For the safety of a little infant.

For the grace to live always in the fear and love of God.

For the conversion of an infidel.

A Philadelphia reader asks a better position in business, health to his mother and peace to his family.

A Montreal mother asks success for a son, successful examination for one and vocation for another.

From a Reader.

—N. Y., June 21, 1898.

REV. DEAR FATHER,—A little boy (son of newly-converted parents) is going to the convent school here, and the good sisters have made a great Catholic of him. He has been saving his pennies quite a while now, and I was very much surprised when he gave me one dollar, and said he wanted it sent to you to say a mass for his papa.

Yours respectfully,

A. F.

A Soldier's Letter.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, June 24, 1898.

Editor Carmelite Review:

MY DEAR FATHER,—We arrived here in good health and spirits. Our regiment boarded the Zealandia at 'Frisco, and we steamed out of the Golden Gate amid the boom of cannon, playing of bands and well-wishes of the best-hearted people I ever saw. Our fleet carried out 35,000 men. The first mate said the present trip was the calmest in twenty-three years. Seventy-five per cent. of our men were very sick. I luckily escaped sea-sickness. I have never witnessed anything grander than the setting of the sun on the Pacific. Another grand sight at night was the Southern Cross. It is a perfect cross of stars. I could almost believe I saw the outlines of our Lord's crucified body. One of our majors and a captain looked at it with their glasses for fully an hour. The saddest sight was the burial at sea of one of our comrades on the "Senator," a member of the Twenty-third Nebraska Regiment. Our boats stopped for twenty or thirty minutes. Religious exercises were held and then all eyes were turned towards the "Senator." A long chute was extended from the stern of that vessel. Everything was as still as possible, and not a word spoken until a long canvas bag was seen descending down the chute—a splash! that was the end of our comrade. Three volleys were fired, and we steamed away. It was the first time I witnessed a burial at sea, and it was a sad sight. Many a grizzled and hardened face turned aside, and one could hear the remarks on the cruelty of war. We were kept very busy. We arose at six and at seven had breakfast, which consisted of beefsteak, bread and coffee. Then we each took six turns around the ship, which is 387 feet in length. We filled in the time by reading, writing and many light amusements. Arriving here we had an opportunity of attending a military mass, which was very impressive. I hope the cruel war will soon be over, and if the Lord spares and our Lady of Carmel protects me I

will help your good work at Niagara. My next letter will be from Manila.

T. P. M.,
Co. J, 10th U. S. Regiment.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MRS. ANNA KEANE.

JOSEPH KEANE.

MRS. CATHERINE SHIELDS.

All the soldiers who have died since the present war began.

MR. B. O'SULLIVAN, an old reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW, a staunch Catholic, respected citizen and devoted husband, who died on April 7th last at Chicago.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; J. J. O'R., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. A. D., Middletown, Conn.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Sr. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Sr. P., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; M. D., Providence, R. I.; Miss A. M., Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. B. L., New York, N. Y.; Miss S. X. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.

Oh, what is life? Exile, sorrow, suffering—a holocaust to heavenly hope—an act of faith each day to be repeated! The madman drinks off the full cup; do thou pour thy chalice at thy feet, in sacrifice, and say, I thirst indeed, but I thirst for immortality.—Bossuet.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."

Located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls**. The **Upper Rapids**, **Goat Island**, the **Three Sister Islands**, the **American Falls** and the **Gorge**, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions,



Courtesy of "Catholic Register."

MOST REV JOHN WALSH, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

Born May 24, 1830. Died July 31, 1898.



The Token.*

I.



WE had sat by the sea together, and heard from its mystic waves
A hint that the morrow's parting might mean for evermore :
Yet gather'd withal an earnest of *meeting* the fond heart craves—
When the voyage of life shall be over, and gain'd the
eternal shore.

The farewell had come with morning, and you had gone back
to the sea.

The long, slow day had worn itself thro'—to a calm, fresh
night.

A day of sorrow for you, and of weary travel for me ;
But it closed with a tender token of love from Our Lord's
own light.

II.

I had preach'd in the Brother's chapel ; and the final rite was
ending

(How well "Benediction" we name it—so full of a peace
divine !) :

The "Deus qui nobis" sung, and the fragrant cloud ascending,
Like mingled aspirations of many a soul with mine.

I knelt to adore for a moment, ere lifting the Host on high,
When *you* came between it and me—on the altar
resting your head !

Your whole form droop'd at His feet ; and I ask'd the King,
with a sigh,

To bless and comfort and keep you—"As Thou alone canst,"
I said.

III.

And now your letter has told me that you, at the self-same
hour,

With eyes on the pitiless ocean, which seem'd but to mock
your grief,

* A Fact.

Beheld a lone, dark future arise, like an evil power,
To crush your heart with its burden, and chill it beyond
relief.

IV.

When, suddenly, broke thro' the darkness a holy, and heaven-
born light—
A gloom-dispelling hope, and a sense of delicious rest ! . . .
You fell on your knees there, and pray'd: but you thought it
was *my* Good-night—
My wafted blessing—had brought you this balm for an
aching breast !

—EDMUND, OF THE HEART OF MARY, PASSIONIST.

Twilight Hymn to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



PURE as Carmel's snows, and lovely
As the first, fair morning-shine
Crowned with stars of changeless splendor,
Hail ! thou Mother, Maid Divine !
Hail ! thou Lady of the Mountain,
Rearing up its stainless height—
Emblematic of Thy graces,
Glowing in immortal light !
Mother of Mount Carmel, hear !
Shades are falling—night is near !

From the wide waters of the ocean,
Where the birdlike vessels sail ;
From the dark haunts of the cities,
Where the weak and tempted wail ;
Thro' the rattle of the battle,
From the captive and the free,
This fond anthem still is wafted,
This sweet prayer swept up to Thee—
Mother of Mount Carmel hear !
Shades are falling—night is near !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XI.

EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE GREEK SCHISM—BLESSED PETER THOMAS AS A DISPUTANT—A DETRACTOR
PUNISHED WITH DEATH—SUBMISSION OF JOHN PALEOLOGUS
TO THE POPE—1357.



ONE of the most difficult theological questions is that which is called by the schoolmen the manner of procession of the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is, that in the Holy

Trinity the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and Son. Certain Greek doctors of the Lower Empire maintained that the Divine Spirit only proceeded from the Father. The Roman Church in order to define explicitly the Catholic doctrine upon the above point added a word to the Nicene Creed. To the sentence which formerly read "*ex Patre procedit*" was attached the word "*Filioque*." Ever since we say, "*ex Patre Filioque procedit*";—"the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son." The patriarchs of Constantinople, who cherished an inveterate jealousy towards the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and his authority in the

East strenuously opposed the addition of "*Filioque*." Objections and reproaches arose on every side at what was anathematized as an "interpolation" and a falsification of the ancient Creed.

Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, whilst professing to preserve and maintain the title of "Orthodox," violently announced his intention to separate from Rome, which he actually did, in the year, 866.

The rupture, averted for a while, by earnest attempts at a reconciliation, was fatally consummated in 1053, by Cerularius, another patriarch of the same See. This, has ever since constituted one of the greatest trials of Christianity.

The Church, however, had by no means abandoned the hope of a reunion. In the thirteenth century, under the influence of the Latin Crusaders, who, to fortify themselves, as they said, against political treason, of which they had several times been the victim, had taken possession of Constantinople in 1204, Catholicity began to make such decided and general progress that Michael Paleologus, who was

at that time the representative of the dynasty of that name, in order to win favor with his numerous Catholic subjects deemed it well to resolve upon making his submission to Rome. He sent representatives to the Council of Lyons and ratified a decree of union approved of by that Council. But, before the anticipated results had time to take deep root or to become general, he died and his son Andronic II, so far from imitating his father refused to ratify the royal promises and incurred the penalty of excommunication from Clement V.

Andronic III, in turn, urged to action by the public conscience or impelled, perhaps by the need of assistance sent a deputation to Benedict XII. to treat of this long disputed subject, but nothing of any importance resulted. Meanwhile the Turks became constantly more aggressive in their inroads. After having invaded almost all the provinces of the Lower Empire, in Asia, the barbarians finally reached the Bosphorus. Fortified with the knowledge that the Dardanelles are regarded as the key to Constantinople they directly threatened that city and at the same time carried desolation into Macedonia and the Greek Isles.

The Emperor John VI (Paleologus) knew well that his only hope of aid in crushing this insatiable rapacity was in the intervention of the successor of St. Peter. He therefore, deputed two messengers to repair to Avignon and plead his cause with the Sovereign Pontiff with all the earnestness which they could command. The choice fell upon Paul, Archbishop of Smyrna and Nicholas, a nobleman of the Court. Their mission was to renew the project of union with the Roman Church—and, when amicable relations had been established, to solicit assistance in the way

of troops and military supplies. The two ambassadors arrived at Avignon in the year 1356, during the octave of Pentecost. They cast anchor in the port "des Pierriers" in sight of the church of "Our Lady of Miracles," so called from the many marvels wrought through Mary's intervention at that place.

The hesitation and wavering of the Greek Church had, at this period, already passed into history, so long had it lasted even then. However, the Sovereign Pontiffs, ever ready to manifest their wish to be kind and loving fathers, always accepted with joy the first ray of hope which shone forth on the long clouded horizon of doubt. True representatives of God's infinite benignity, they were always most careful not to extinguish the faintly glimmering spark, and Innocent VI, did not show himself less gentle than those who had preceded him on St. Peter's Chair. Eager to give to those erring souls the comfort of that pure faith which constantly infuses new vigor, the Holy Father resolved to respond to their advances. And it was again Blessed Peter Thomas who was chosen as ambassador.

Blessed Peter, the man possessed of such varied resources, the skilled diplomat who knew so well how to utilize every opportunity and to avoid every snare. The orator who could fluently converse in the tongues of the Orient. The fervent monk ready for instant obedience to the will of the Pontiff!

Since his sojourn in Bulgaria the difficulties inherent to such missions to the Greeks were too thoroughly known to him to render him desirous of the appointment, but *obedience* was one of the virtues he most specially cultivated. His confidence in God assured him also that the Christian can do all in Him

from whom all strength is derived. He accepted the honor without recrimination, as well as without affecting a false humility which too often is assumed only to elicit more urgent solicitations.

The companion of his mission was the Franciscan, William, Bishop of Chrysopolis, in Macedonia. The letter entrusted to their care was dated July 19, 1357, and addressed to the Emperor of Constantinople. Another missive was addressed to the Greek patriarch and a third to Francis Gratteluze, lord of Mitylenus.

After a long, but uneventful passage they reached their destination and presented themselves before John Paleologus. The Emperor was engaged in some military expedition and at that very moment was in camp, where he received the distinguished visitors with every mark of respect.

The Emperor was deeply impressed with the elevated tone of their conversation and admired the noble sentiments which every word revealed. Filled with veneration he paid the deepest attention and directed his officers to see that all would imitate his example. In regard to *himself* Paleologus manifested himself their neophyte, but the general reconciliation of his subjects was a question so intricate in its nature that it required undisturbed and careful consideration. Realizing that his present occupation afforded no opportunity for the like, he asked that the solution should be deferred until his return to Constantinople.

Peter Thomas at once repaired to that city and, without delay held conferences with the prominent ecclesiastics and laity of the self-styled orthodox rite.

The principal point of difference *after* the dogma of the Blessed Trinity was

the question of submission to the Roman Pontiff, (a submission which the Greeks formerly practiced, but which they now refused.) It was then towards that all important point that the controversy tended. The lucid and dispassionate reasoning of the Legate showed forth the unchangeable dogma. His own unalterable conviction placed before them in bold relief the great principle of Christian union.

To maintain order and peace in the physical world there must be a supreme moderator. There is but one God governing the universe, but one Representative of His Supreme Authority to rule over the great body of the faithful. *This one, this only Roman Pontiff* bears in his words the manifestation of the Divine will and in the Divine blessing he finds the requisite strength to accomplish that will.

To him alone, in the person of St. Peter, whose legitimate successor he is, has been given by Christ the place of Shepherd to his flock. He is to teach—to direct the pastors of the faithful. Of one and the same origin, redeemed by the blood of the same loving Saviour, called to the same immortal destiny all nations and peoples, of every age and of every clime, should constitute one vast family under one spiritual chief.

This Supreme Ruler of his Church God has made the Father of all regenerated souls. It is the Pope who has been charged with the nourishment of those souls, and the food he must provide for them is the pure doctrine of the Gospel. He, it is who must guide them by the laws of sound morality, who must refresh and save them by means of the Sacraments. He procures for them those salutary aids through the medium of his bishops and priests, who, in a hierarchial way have received from him their divine mission.

This august paternity has become the bond of religious and moral unity. It is the center of that fraternity of spirits united in the one faith, of those wills commingling in one universal obedience, and of the innumerable hearts beating harmoniously together, cemented in one, never to be severed, a bond of love. Such is the doctrine which, from the days of the Primitive Church, sound theology has invariably professed.

By these arguments and others expressed in terms equally forcible, the Catholic orator enlightened those to whom his mission was directed. But in the country of the subtle Byzantines he was invariably met with objections. These Blessed Peter never failed to demolish by his vigorous logic and his own prompt and ready power of argumentation.

But if on the one hand he so forcibly maintained his ground in regard to the important points at issue, on the other he loved to bring forward the many points of resemblance which the two Churches still possess.

Faith—which glowed with equal favor alike in both—in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin which so universally prevailed, seemed to the Saint to be the most comforting pledges of hope.

He knew, however, that even the most convincing arguments and finest specimens of oratory would not, of themselves, be sufficient to touch obdurate hearts and win unconverted souls to God. The Saint employed other means as well. He was of that truly evangelical school which realizes that without the efficacy of prayer all other efforts are vain. He knew that prayer purifies zeal, gives it a true inspiration and confers upon it a sweet-

ness which can not fail to win.

He knew that, coming forth from prayer, the preacher, like Moses coming down the Mountain of Sinai bears upon his brow that resplendent ray which enlightens souls. Therefore, he prayed, and caused others to pray without ceasing. And this was not all.

The more resemblance borne by a heart to that of Jesus voluntarily crucified, the more power will its aspirations in Heaven possess. To move the Divine MERCY austere fasts, rude flagellations and humiliating rebuffs patiently accepted, were united to the fervent prayers of the Saint.

This combination of favorable circumstances and principally this admirable charity, like a fragrant breath of balmy air in Spring, seemed to dissipate the spiritual miasma which for so many centuries had prevailed. Never, perhaps had hearts been so well and universally prepared for a change. And this truth became more accentuated when the Emperor, upon his return to the city, by the marked interest which he took in the controversy, redoubled the general attention.

Two parties were already formed. Those who advocated a full and entire union, and those dissenting ones who fought with desperate vigor in these tournaments of oratory. All, however, listened deferentially to the Legate who never permitted a day to pass without speaking in public.

One knew not which to admire the more—his eloquence and eminent attainments, or his personal modesty and the care which he took to refer everything to the Spirit of Truth.

Such great virtue and such enlightenment could not fail to bring positive conviction to the soul of John Paleologus. In accordance with the most authentic form he abjured his belief in

the fatal schism and his return to the Church of Rome was solemnly accomplished. He swore upon the Holy Gospel to be a submissive and faithful son to the Sovereign Pontiff. In the sincerity of his zeal he promised besides to depose the Patriarch Calixtus who was most obstinate in his adherence to the schism and to favor the appointment of a successor who would belong to the one true fold.

In testimony of his abjuration the Emperor wrote himself to Innocent VI. He expressed his appreciation of the goodness and kindness of the Holy Father and the Sacred College towards him. He said that he was firmly established in those orthodox sentiments which had been for so long urging him on to conversion; he swore obedience and fidelity to the Catholic Church, humbly solicited assistance and did not omit a glowing eulogy upon our Saint.

The imperial letter spoke also of the hopes of union, so powerfully developed by the labors of Blessed Peter Thomas, and dilated upon the spiritual renovation apparent in the body of the ancient Catholics. Several eastern merchants had extensive business interests at Constantinople, but in the midst of their prosperity they had forgotten the requirements of religion. The earnest exhortations and admirable example of the Saint led them to enter upon a better life and ever afterwards to be faithful members of the one true Church.

If the Emperor, whose conversion certainly had every appearance of sincerity, later on gave tokens that his Catholicity was somewhat unstable; it is a fact, at least that many of his erring subjects made submission to the true Church, and never wavered. The entire nation seemed moved to its very centre. It was the first step towards the consoling realization of the prophecy of Christ Jesus,—whom we all adore—"Fiet unum ovile et unus pastor." "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." It was a pledge of the

possibility of a return *en masse* of this Christian people. For the state of the Greek Church is by no means such as to preclude the hope of its eventual return.

Infirm and weak in the order of grace as it has been for a thousand years—inveterate and obstinate as have been its error and its insensibility, these powerful reminders which it occasionally received, these reactions which *must* produce their effect sooner or later—fully demonstrate that its slumber will not endure forever. Of this we have other pledges still. Blessed Peter has shown them to us, when at his departure from Constantinople he undertook the holiest and most meritorious of pilgrimages—when, after having evangelized Byzantium, he went to pray at Jerusalem.

Behold the cradle and the tomb of the Redeemer! O! Church of the East! Bethlehem and Calvary, faith in both of which thou dost so fervently profess. In the grotto where the Man-God beheld the light of day, above which a miraculous star shed its golden rays,—upon Calvary where Justice and Peace have met in harmony—near the tomb whence Jesus so triumphantly came forth—thou canst find the remedy for thy blindness, the principal of life and the kiss of reconciliation. In those basilicas does the Latin Church also kneel with extended arms towards her erring sister patiently and lovingly awaiting thy return to the fold.

And as thou dost see the divine charity and goodness which distinguish her, thou canst not forever persevere in thy error, but must eventually be convinced anew, and yield child-like submission to the Apostolic authority of the Bishop of Rome.

At no distant day, let us hope, that at that Holy Sepulchre of Our Saviour the East and the West will meet and bestow upon each other the fraternal embrace!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



F I'd only knowd yoh was a comin'," she apologized, as the grace was finished and the three took their places around the table, with its spotless coarse cloth and homely fare.

"I'd have had sumthin' nice fixed fur yoh, but I hadn't any idy yoh intended visitin' me, tell I seen yoh an' Bud cumin' up the hill."

"I daon think he'd any idy uf cumin' hisself," remarked Bud, with a laugh. "I ketched up with him down the road a bit an' knowd it wus the preacher frum the hotel. I begun tellin' him 'bout yoh bein' a Baptis' an' axt him up."

Then to their guest's remark the fewness of Baptists he had found here, Mrs. Logan replied:

"Me an' Lucindy Smith's the only members livin' clost here. I jined with the church when I wus a young gal, livin' at Headquarters. Our preacher then wus Brother Denham. Did yoh ever hear tell uf him?"

"I cannot recall that I did," said the minister. "But I have not been long in Kentucky. I am from South Carolina."

"Whar ur yoh, now?" asked Mrs. Logan returning from the kitchen with a plate of hot biscuits, baked a temptin' brown.

"In Frankfort," answered he. "I have been there almost three years. We have a large congregation and it is growing steadily. There is a fine class of people to be found around the capital."

"Is yoh wife at the Licks with yoh?" she then questioned.

The minister replaced, nervously, on its saucer the cup he was raising to his mouth, while a sudden warmth showed on his brow. Some words take the most self-possessed off their ground. He laughed to cover the momentary pause, before saying,

"Unfortunately for me, Mrs. Logan, I have no wife."

"Pshaw!" she said, briskly. "Thar's no reason why a nice young man like yoh oughtn't to have a wife!"

"Mabbe he doan want to marry, Mar," put in her son, with a broad smile. "Mabbe he's like Judith."

At the name, Mr. Gray gave a sudden, perceptible start. With a host of confusing thoughts rushing through his brain, he turned toward the young man, and mechanically repeated, "Judith?"

"Thar she's settin' undah yon tree," explained Mr. Logan, pointing down the hill with his fork; and allowing his eyes to follow the direction thus indicated; the minister saw the girl sitting on the grass, her white-bonneted head bent over a book resting on her knees.

"An' she's be'n thar sence early

mornin' ", supplemented Mrs. Logan, while her son continued :

"She's got sum very high-falutin' notions—got 'em out uf them books, mabbe, what she's everlastin' readin'. She wouldn't look at any uf the fellars 'roun' hyar, not even the Cath'lics. Judith's a Cath'lic, yoh know, Pas-son."

As one in a nightmare, dimly conscious that his agony is not real, yet suffering intensely in every fibre, Mr. Gray sat with his hands resting on the table, his eyes fixed with dumb insistence on the speaker's face. Finally, in a tense voice, he asked,

"What did you say her name is, her last name, I mean?"

"Sanders," answered the young man and then, Mrs. Logan began to recount the life story of the unconscious girl.

Later as he sat alone, for a little while, he marveled why the two women who bore the same name, resembled each other so in the inexorableness of their surroundings; and then, he leaned his head on his hand, while over him surged an uncontrollable wave of sorrow as he remembered his lost love. He had seen her once before leaving his charge in Carlisle, from which, as soon as he recovered, he had, despite protestations of the congregation, resigned. He had gone out to her home to bid her good-bye and what a night it was with the August moon silvering the landscape and the scent of the honeysuckle, trailed over the veranda, burdening the air with its intoxicating sweetness! He knew he had forced himself in on her life. Not by the lifting of an eyelash had she given encouragement to his love, but had rather sought to turn it aside from her. How utterly powerless human beings are to avert from them their destiny, was borne in on her

in the one moment that had held for both all they ever knew of perfect earthly happiness. One brief taste they were given of the joy that might have been their portion for all time, and then their hands were clasped across that hour in farewell. For either to pass under the barrier separating them was to openly betray their God, to prefer the creature to the Creator, to incur future punishment for fleeting earthly happiness; so the episode had closed, she going her way, he his.

A few days ago, an issue of the Carlisle paper, three months old, and found by him in the paper-rack in the hotel parlor, informed him that Judith Evans was married. There had followed an hour of awful suffering, but after it had passed, he was strong enough to kneel and thank God for her happiness. She had found one whom she could love better even than she had admitted she had loved him; so all was well with her; for himself—his work remained, and God. So he laid his love sacredly away, closed and sealed on it, as he thought, the doors of memory; and lo! the sound of her name, borne by another, made him cover his eyes from the joyous light of the June day and moan out the agony of the loneliness.

In the conversation with Mrs. Logan which followed, the minister was given glimpses of a character, which, despite some good traits, was so hopelessly narrow and self-absorbed he felt at a loss as to what course he should pursue in dealing with it. When he had been allowed a vacation, he had chosen to spend it at the Blue Lick Springs for two reasons; one of which was to gather together the members of the Baptist persuasion in this district. They were fewer in number than he

had supposed and contact with the people of every shade of Protestantism forced him to see it was not any particular form of Christianity was needed there, but Christianity; it was not a minister to preach of Christ as the divine fountain-head from which one particular body draws life, but of Christ as the Soul-Healer and God-Redeemer of mankind. As he walked slowly down the hill that afternoon, he thought deeply. The missionary spirit was strong in him. He would like to have then and there relinquished his fashionable congregation in the Capital of the State and devote his life and talents to the work he found in this obscure place. He longed passionately for the opportunity to be of help to these people, for thought of the hard, deep ruts in which their lives were forced to move touched him, as soon as he set foot in their midst, like a burning torch.

"If they could only be brought to realize the deep-seated principle of existence," he thought, passionately; "if they could only come to see divine purpose directing everything, from the death of a flower to the fall of an empire; if they could only believe in God as a child in its father; if they only loved Him and trusted in that love to straighten out the tangles in some happier beyond—how rich and beautiful would be their lives, now so sad and barren! My God," he prayed, with smarting eyes, "they are Thy children, but they seem to know it not or to have forgotten it."

The frequent visits his mother had been making in the past three years to the house that had been Brian Lacey's, necessitated Bud Logan's hanging a gate at the end of the hill path, as her years made the climbing of high fences a feat hard to be accomplished. The touch

of the rough slat serving as a latch for this gate, aroused Mr. Gray from his thoughts and lifting his gaze from the ground, the blossoming catalpa tree in the yard almost opposite caught his attention. Unconscious of his approach, Judith had risen and having drawn down one of the graceful branches, was gathering bunches of the rare flowers to carry in to Mrs. Lacey. Her white sun-bonnet lay on the grass by her book and he noticed how different in face and figure was this girl from the one whose name she bore. The small, slender figure was more suggestive of agility than grace, but if the face was far from beautiful, it was full of character, with a certain magnetic charm that the sleeping fire in the small yellow-brown eyes accentuated. Men have gone to their death for such faces. As the bough slipped from her grasp, for the first time she became aware of the man walking slowly down the road, guiding his bicycle over the rough stones, and her shyness of strangers made the color come into her cheeks. She gathered up her book and bonnet and turned towards the house, but not before a mental photograph had been made of the passer-by, whom she knew to be one of the guests at the hotel.

This annual inroad the world of society made on the country place was fiercely resented by Judith. The sight of those fine ladies, lolling on the verandas, with elegant swains at their feet, exercising their polished wit on the country and its people, filled her with unaccountable anger. She never went to the springs during the summer months when she could avoid it, and when necessity compelled the trip, it was made early in the morning, as there was then slight chance of encountering any of those butterflies of fashion.

"Why do you so hate any of your fellow-creatures?" Mrs. Lacey had asked her once, after enduring a bitter tirade against the annual opening of the hotel for the reception of its guests.

"Why must they have all the good things of life and we only the huskings?" was the reply hurled back at her. "Look at the people around here; what have they and their children to eat? Corn bread and butter milk, while their eggs and butter and chickens and fruit and vegetables must go to the hotel to supply the tables of the rich."

"Why don't they keep those delicacies for themselves and their children, my dear? There is no law compelling them to part with their possessions."

"Because they must have money to buy shoes and stockings for their little ones next winter," Judith had returned fiercely.

"Then, my dear, it seems to me they should be thankful to the hotel guests who make possible a market for their goods. Don't you see how much they are indebted to those very people you rail so against?"

"But why should they have the power to give or withhold that money? Why are the good things of the world not more equally distributed?"

"My dear, the original of that, and such questions, was first heard in Eden when Eve was asked, 'Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree of Paradise?'; and a variety of people, some good, and many bad have been putting it forth in one form or another, ever since. Don't worry your little head about such things. God knows what is best for each and every one of us; just try and believe that."

"Uncle Brian never said anything like that," Judith flashed back. "He always declared the world was one-sided!"

"But he was philosopher enough not to growl about it, wasn't he? If you can't be a Christian, my dear, try and be a philosopher; however, it is better to imitate your uncle, by being both." And as Mrs. Lacey passed her forefinger slowly over her brow, she commented, mentally:

"She has the material in her for a red-hot Socialist. What is going to be the end of that girl's life I cannot imagine. Where does she get such ideas!" She spent the following hour in deep meditation, which voiced itself in this fervent wish: "If she could only meet some wise, good man, who would love her and whom she would love, the problem of her vexatious life would be solved and I should be released from the perplexity of my situation." Mrs. Lacey had found that the office of companion to Brian Lacey's niece was not a sinecure. Up to a certain point they could live in amicable relations; but beyond that the elder woman met with an opposition as immovable as one of the over shadowing hills, since Judith's was one of those natures over which another of her own sex exercises any great influence. Growing up under a man who, if not exactly a woman-hater, (no man can be that who has the memory of a mother worthy of his reverence) entertained a certain contempt for the weaker sex, she naturally imbibed his opinions, and though she was not indifferent to her worth, in those opinions Mrs. Lacey was certainly included. Living in the outside world, Judith had been among the most active of progressive women. She might have been in the dissecting-room, in an editor's

chair, or on the lecture platform, and in her mission been supremely happy; here, she was an element of unrest. a boat without a pilot, a stream without a course. Such a character, at this state of its development is always interesting to a man; it is only later, when from his encouragement or the lessons he has unwittingly taught her, she stands on the same ground with himself, finding her then a rival to be feared, he begins to avail at what in the start he found attractive.

That Mr. Gray should be interested in the girl was natural. From Mrs. Logan's words he had supposed to find a reader of Mrs. Holmes' novels or at the greatest limit, of Owen Meredith's poems; instead he met one as familiar with Shakespeare as himself, a thoughtful student of some modern and much ancient history, while the hint he occasionally caught of old Biblical lore was as refreshing as the gushing up of a spring from the heart of her cool, shadowy forests. Something out of the ordinary, his meeting with her was not commonplace; and given two more impressionable natures, had been highly romantic. True to her principle of avoiding even the sight of the summer guests of the spring hotel, Judith had ridden over one morning to the post-office for Mrs. Lacey's mail before sunrise, and while Bluebell lagged her way home, or paused for a mouthful of wet clover, nodding crimson—hooded heads to the passing breeze, Judith's eyes were eagerly scanning the columns of the *Pilot*. Behind her, on the narrow smooth path, pedestrians, to avoid the stones, had made along the road's edge, Mr. Gray was coming on his bicycle. The whirring noise of the wheels made Bluebell give a sudden, quick lurch, and as the girth had not been drawn tightly around her plump

body, the saddle turned, half unseating its occupant. Judith, however, was saved a bad fall by the agility of Mr. Gray, who was off his bicycle and had her in his arms, before her weight had carried the saddle entirely over Bluebell's back. When he disengaged her foot from the stirrup, he lifted her from her perilous position to the ground and began to apologize for the accident. But she set him at his ease by assuring him it was entirely due to her own carelessness.

"Mrs. Lacey is always prophesying such a fall for me," she said, "because of this habit of letting Bluebell have the rein, while I read."

"And now," he continued, picking up the paper and shaking off the dust before returning it to her, "she will have the opportunity of saying 'I told you so!'"

"I'll not tell her anything about it," returned she, carelessly. "Yes, I'll have to," she almost immediately contradicted, with the flicker of a laugh in her voice, "for the *Pilot's* torn! See, what a rent Bluebell's envious foot hath made!"

Mr. Gray looked up from his task of straightening the saddle to discover if the freedom of the words and voice was confirmed by the face, but her eyes were bent on the paper with no more consciousness than if she were addressing a child, instead of an entire stranger.

"Now," he said, "your saddle is all right again. Shall I assist you to mount?"

"It is only a short distance to the house," she said, "so I will walk." She took the rein, and gathering up her long riding-skirt, turned her face toward him to thank him and wish him good-morning, when one of those utterly unaccountable motives that are the

cause of almost all the foolish, and half the tragic, acts of our lives, made him say, as he lifted his hat,

"I am going that way, too. May I walk with you?" And he introduced himself. The question took Judith by surprise. Had any of her acquaintances been in the speaker's place, she had promptly and decidedly refused; but the straws of Destiny are stronger than our longest established principle. He took the rein from her hand and something in that very simple act made an appeal to the woman-nature which had never met from any man, even the one around which it had entwined itself, anything bordering on courtesy.

"I will now introduce Bluebell to my wheel," he said, smiling, as he picked up his bicycle; then, as they walked over the stony road together he added, "You have given your horse a pretty name, Miss Sanders."

"It was Uncle Brain named her," said Judith. "She belonged to him before he died," and there was a beautiful gleam in the small yellow-brown eyes looking out at him from under the white sunbonnet.

"Your neighbor, Mrs. Logan, was telling me the other day about your uncle," said he, in gentle tones; "and how you devoted yourself so unselfishly to him and how you treasure his memory," and the words and voice made her realize, for the first time in all her life, that this in her was a fine thing, a beautiful ornament to her womanly character.

"He was all I ever had," she answered, softly, forgetting her listener.

The words went with him on his long morning ride and haunted him during the day. All she had! And what was that all? A cross, crusty old man, more ready with the sneer at

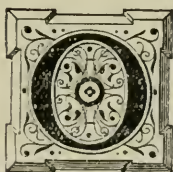
the blood that was in her veins than the kindly word for the love and care she poured out on him. In the pity that was taking such a strong possession of him for these sad broken lives, these wasted human affections, where they had not been sapped leaving hearts dried and hard as the apple which clings through the long winter time to the leafless tree, Judith was included. And she interested him, too, because she puzzled him. There were times when he wondered if she really needed his sympathy, for as he grew to know her better, phases of her character seemed to indicate hers was one of those self-sufficing natures; she seemed to rest in herself, like her yhills, unheeding whether they are covered with bright verdure or lie barren under the penetrating light of day. She guarded the interests of her small farm far more jealously than he was wont to look after his financial affairs, and that he could not find to exactly fit in with her strong views against the aggression of capital past one's actual wants. He did not know her well enough to perceive this exactitude was the fruit of the justness of her nature which demanded for herself the same fair treatment she freely accorded to others, and grateful hearts afterwards, when too late, told him how Judith Sanders had employed her surplus wealth. Nor did her love for her few books altogether satisfy him. They were to her world, society, affection. It appeared she purposely repressed her life, that she might take to them undivided thought, since of the simple pleasures of the young people she never accepted any part. Again, he misunderstood, not knowing that grounded into that nature until they could be no more separated than can the lime be from the plaster on the wall

was the determination to right herself before her mother's people, whose early suspicions of her, because of her father's name, she never forgot. She would show them that in the straightness of which they so prized she could surpass them, that in the intellectual pursuits she was likewise their superior, while in magninity of soul she was again greater, for though they had come to regard her with affectionate pride, she never alluded to the ancestry they once abhorred. Besides this, into the world of books none of the circumstances of her life intruded; she could even lose her own self in it. This was wrong, of course, and when too late Mrs. Lacey discovered that in directing the young girl to seek for comfort at the source from which Brian had drawn it, she had brought about almost as serious a condition as the one she had striven to avert. She had opened the lock, but had not had control enough to properly

regulate the flow of the water. He was also conscious of a want of certain little traits that no man is prepared to find absent in a woman's character, for he did not know how the heart had been schooled away from dreams and hopes and affections, natural to the young, by the knowledge an inflexible will obdurately forced in on it, that these things were not for her, or rather she was not for them. So he started out misunderstanding what was best in her and this was unfortunate. But over what seemed to him its incompleteness there was the stern relentless fact of a life being lived vainly, unloved, unappreciated, compressed, as it must also be tortured by the hopelessness of its past, its present and its future. There was absolutely nothing on which the woman's heart could rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Love of Our Lady.*



FEAR not to love Our Lady
 More than you ought to do;
 Remember how saints have loved her
 More tenderly far than you,
 And like to a tiny dew-drop
 That falls from the clouds above,
 Is all their most sweet affection
 Compared to our Saviour's love
 He has loved her as chosen daughter,
 As Mother, and Spouse and Queen:
 He has robed her in wondrous beauty,
 And crowned her with starry sheen.
 Then fear not to love Our Lady;
 Look up to the skies of blue,
 The Heart of our Jesus loves her
 More tenderly far than you!

—E. D. M.

* "You need never fear loving her too much. All the love of creatures is but a little drop compared to that of God."—Very Rev'd J. Hall, O.C.C.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE REV. THEODORE JOHN McDONALD, O.C.C.



HERE is an intimate connection between the Mysteries of Christianity, and as a necessary consequence the Mystery of the Assumption, bears a special relation to the Mystery

of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. For as the Divine Mother received Jesus Her Saviour beneath her chaste bosom, it is meet that He should receive His Virgin Mother and take her into Himself, and as He had deigned to descend into her immaculate womb, He elevated her that she might enter into His glory. It is no wonder then if Mary has arisen from her grave in triumph surrounded with splendor and glory. Jesus to whom she gave life, out of gratitude to her, exalted her, and since it is becoming in a God to do great things, so it is worthy of His Majesty to give her a glorious and immortal life from whom He received all in His life that was mortal. Thus were these two mysteries intertwined, and to make the relation still more closely connected the angel who had borne the tidings of the Incarnation to Mary, and the celestial host who had proclaimed the Saviour's birth, rejoiced with Mary in her glorious Assumption, and exulted to witness such a grand closing of the mysteries of which they had been the heralds.

Heaven has its feasts and its triumphs as the Church on earth has hers, or

rather we might say, the Church on earth borrows its ritual from Heaven that she may shed becoming splendor on her ceremonies and holy displays. But in their full virtue and force, these ceremonies are found only in the sublime feasts of the heavenly Jerusalem—the holy and triumphant Church. Among the feasts that rejoice the holy angels and the blessed in Heaven, the Assumption is one of the grandest; what feast after the Ascension of Our Divine Lord was hallowed with such triumphant glory? The elevation of the Blessed Virgin to the throne prepared for her by her Son must have left its impress as a day of splendor in the heavenly court, if we can distinguish such a thing as a day, in the unfading glory of an everlasting eternity. Were it possible to describe, the splendor of her glorious entrance into Heaven, in making the attempt, it would be necessary for us, as far as our imagination would permit, to bring before our eyes the hierarchies of the celestial court in motion to receive her. The last effort of our mind is at fault, even for an instant, to call up the faintest idea of the thrill of joy that swept through their ranks, the first moment the Mother of their God and their Queen appeared before them in the radiance of her glory. This was a sight worthy to fill heaven and earth with admiration, and it should stimulate us, as far as the frailty of our nature will permit with the graces she obtains for us, to imitate the virtues that exalted her above everything that was not God. She possessed every virtue in the highest degree, and her merits were so great, and they exalt-

ed her to such a degree, that the human mind is lost in contemplating them.

But among her many virtues we will here mention only three that were the chief factors in her glorious Assumption: Charity, Virginitv and Humility. That she might enter into everlasting glory it was necessary that she should be divested of her mortality, as it were of a strange garment, and should be clothed with immortality as with a royal robe—a costume of triumph. And finally, she should be elevated and exalted on a throne above the cherubim and the seraphim and above every created intelligence. The above mentioned virtues have accomplished all this for our glorious Queen. Divine love stripped her of her mortality. Her holy virginity ever immaculate, enabled her to clothe her flesh with the light of immortality, as with a heavenly and royal garment, and after these two virtues had prepared her for her sublime entrance. Her humility elevated her above all creatures and made her Queen of heaven, of angels and of men, and placed her upon her throne at the right hand of her beloved son. It may be necessary here to develop still more the thoughts that we have been placing before our readers that they may be more clearly understood. I mentioned above that Our Blessed Lady might enter into everlasting glory, it was necessary that she should be divested of her mortality, as though it were a strange garment. It is a law of man's nature which causes every thing mortal to pay its final tribute to death. But it may be said had our first parents not sinned they would not have tasted death; to this proposition we all agree. And on that account some were brought to think and were convinced and argued with some plausibility, that as man was

created immortal, and would not have died had he not sinned, death could not be demanded through the inexorable necessity of his nature. They quote St. Paul that "Death is the wages of sin," and affirm that death is not natural to man, but a mere punishment inflicted on him by his Creator for his transgression. This mode of reasoning appeared so plausible to many that they came to the conclusion that it is not natural for man to die, and that nature did not demand the dissolution of the Blessed Virgin, nor could divine justice demand it as sin had never touched her, she having been conceived Immaculate. However, notwithstanding all that have been said to the contrary, the inexorable necessity of man's nature in his present state demands death or dissolution of the body. That man was created immortal, and had he remained faithful, that he would not have seen death, we concede. But it is well for us to know that his immortality was not an essential quality of his nature, but that it was a supernatural gift given to him in his creation, and would have preserved him from death had he only remained faithful. But unfortunately he transgressed and by so doing lost the supernatural gift, which alone preserved his body immortal; this being lost, nature asserts itself, and inexorably demands that man shall pay the tribute of death.

Our Blessed Lady in her Immaculate Conception was preserved from every stain of sin, in view of the redemption of her Beloved Son. And as a necessary consequence was free from concupiscence, so that the slightest breath of temptation never sullied the pure mirror of her soul, where God sees His divine perfections more clearly reflected than in all the celestial hosts that sur-

round His throne. However, in her Immaculate Conception she did not receive the gift of immortality as given to our first parents. She was the solitary child of a fallen race preserved from the taint of its transgression, but not preserved from death.

Besides, Our Divine Lord did not exempt himself from death, for by dying He conquered death, and He has made it a law for us to surrender to death, that we may live. For the same reason subjection to the law of death was an essential part of the triumph of our glorious Queen, that she might be divorced from everything that was mortal. But we need not imagine that Mary fulfilled this common law in the ordinary way, for with her everything breathed the supernatural. It was by a miracle she received Jesus Christ, her Redeemer and her Son into her chaste womb, and it is by supernatural power she severs the ties of earth and flies to His loving embrace. This was caused not by the natural decay of her body, but by a two-fold love the divine and the maternal, for in her Son she loved her God and in her God she loved her Son. If we contemplate this two-fold love we will find that there is nothing more sublime, or that nothing can portray with greater accuracy, the exalted power and dignity of the Mother of God. In the natural order, there is nothing mightier or stronger than the love that nature inspires in the heart of the mother for her son, but the highest love of all is love of God, it is stronger than death. These two fountains of love are two abysses, whose depths are unfathomable to us; so we may say with the psalmist, "Deep calleth upon deep," because that which is most tender in nature and that which is mightiest in grace, had to penetrate each other to

form the love of the Blessed Virgin. Nature had to furnish her part because the object of this love was a son—Mary's own flesh, and grace had to operate, because this love was toward a God. If we penetrate more deeply into the source of this love we must fly on the wings of faith to the bosom of the Eternal Father, for the Son of God is the Son of Mary, and as she was the only human parent of the Incarnate Word, the whole force of the two-fold love was concentrated in her heart. Who then can explain the power of love in the heart of Mary, and its fiery yearnings to be with its God; it is all that we know that after the heart of Jesus, never was there such a mighty heart of love as that which burst the bonds of life for Mary, and united her forever with her son. We know in part at least, what anguish separation from Him had caused her, for never did such a pang of grief pierce a heart, as that which pierced the heart of Mary, when she lost Him in Jerusalem; the sword went still deeper at Golgatha, and what a bitter pang even in the joy of the Ascension must have penetrated her soul.

But the time of separation is over, we hear the voice of the Spouse in the Canticles calling her, "Arise, make haste my love, my dove, my beautiful one and come. For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared in our land." The great triumphant entry of Our Lord into heaven, when He brought on the Feast of the Ascension, the blessed souls which He had purchased with His blood, was the grandest festival ever known in that blessed abode. The Immaculate Lamb returning, Hissacred humanity glorified, human nature exalted, bearing with Him the trophies of His victory, to reign with Him for-

ever and ever, was a moment of exultant joy. The voice of the heavenly hosts rang in their celestial home, in paens of welcome and admiration, for they saw for the first time, the fruits of the Incarnation—human souls triumphant and glorified pass the threshold of the home of the blessed. And after that memorable event, what festival so glorious as the Assumption, when the Immaculate Virgin was taken up soul and body and seated at the right-hand of her son! After the Incarnate God what being ever rose from earth, that entranced the angelic host with her beauty as the Blessed Virgin did; for as though they were beside themselves with rapturous joy, they sang the beautiful Cantic, "Who is she that cometh forth from the desert flowing with delights. Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices of myrrh and frankincense." Never was there such triumph in heaven since the Assumption of Mary, nor never will there be, until the last triumph, when time shall be no more; when Christ will gather all the elect from the four winds of heaven, and bring them up with Him to paradise, there to revel forever in the pure light of unfading glory.

We said that Mary was taken up body and soul into heaven; yes, her body was not to remain long under the shadow of death, for God would not allow His holy one to see corruption. Mary's body was the throne of chastity, the temple of the Incarnate wisdom, the instrument of the Holy Ghost and the seat of the virtue of the Most High. Could God allow this body consecrated and hallowed by so many close relations with Himself; this chaste body purer than the seraph that looks with face unveiled into the depths of God's being,

the infinite ocean of purity to remain with the common lot of sinful man to corrupt in the grave? Besides her triumphant entry into heaven would be an imperfect one without the body as well as the soul, for these constitute the whole man. That her body was fit as well as her soul to enter the Holy of Holies no Christian can doubt, for her virginity imparted to it a three-fold gift. It protected it against corruption and preserved it intact, it drew down upon it a heavenly force, which enabled it to rise from the tomb before the ordinary time allotted to man, and finally it imparted to it a bright light, clothing it with the brilliant rays of a glorified body. It was necessary that there should be a complete conformity between the body of Mary and that of her Divine Son, because according to the flesh the most intimate relation existed between them. He sought one most like Himself, and therefore this spouse of virginal souls, would have none other than a virgin mother; so it follows that we cannot think of the purity of Mary in an ordinary way, nor can we form an adequate idea of this exalted perfection that produced in the Virgin Mother perfect integrity of body and soul. It drew down a special effect of grace, of this there can be no doubt, for it drew down God himself to her chaste womb, for He so loved this virginal body that He dwelt in it for nine months, from that same flesh He received His sacred body, and can we for a moment think that He would allow the sacred flesh of Mary to see corruption? What a weight of glory must the virginity of Mary have brought her. Our Divine Lord speaking of the glory of the elect says they will be like the angels of God. There is only one virtue that transforms men into angels in this life and that is

chastity. St. Augustine says, it dwells in the midst of the flesh, but there is something in it that is not of flesh. St. John, the Evangelist, saw the virgins in heaven following the Lamb, clothed in white garments, and playing on golden harps, and they sang a new Canticle that no other could sing. But who shall proclaim the praises of Mary and the halo of glory that her holy virginity has thrown around her? The above mentioned Evangelist was overwhelmed with her grandeur, so that he called it the wonder of heaven. "Behold a great wonder appeared in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." So the Evangelist with all his inspiration could scarcely find words to portray her transcendent glory.

Divine love separated the soul of Mary from her sacred body. Her holy virginity clothed her with a royal garment, and now her humility crowns her triumph. Behold how this virtue takes her, as it were by the hand, leads her up to the throne prepared for her, and placed her thereon, where she is to receive the homage of every creature, as the Queen of Heaven and Earth. For since it was only by humility that Jesus Christ gained his triumph, so also Mary gained her's by the same virtue; nor would she wish to purchase it in any other way, but by the same manner that He purchased His. We know that it is peculiar to humility to impoverish oneself of every excelling quality, but by a wonderful reaction, humility enriches whilst it impoverishes and secures that which it seems to take away. We can well apply to this virtue the words of St. Paul, "We have nothing and yet we possess all things." Mary's humility illustrates this doctrine much better than it can be taught in any other way, for she possessed three precious treasures, an exalted dignity, a wonderful purity of

body and soul, and above all other treasures Jesus Christ himself. She had a much beloved Son in whom according so the Apostle "All fulness dwelleth." We behold in her a creature, the most exalted of all others and from whom alone seem to be hidden these astonishing prerogatives as though her humility wished it so. Mary raised above all that was created by her dignity, as the Mother of God, placed herself among the common people as a servant, a handmaid. She distinguished from all others by the brightness of her immaculate purity, mingles among sinners undergoing the law of purification, and through her humility forgets the splendor of Her Majesty. It was through humility her beloved son purchased the world's salvation and entered into His glory, even upon the Cross the hour of His dereliction came, as though abandoned by His Eternal Father, He cried—"My God! My God! why has Thou forsaken me?" Mary seemed abandoned at that moment. He did not call God by the name of Father nor Mary by the tender name of Mother, but if Jesus sounded the depths of dereliction and humility, as Mary was like Him in all things it was necessary that she should sound them also. But God exalted her, her son has prepared for her at His right hand a throne of glory and in their transport of joy all the blessed spirits cry out with the royal psalmist, "The Queen stands on Thy right hand O Lord! O God! in gilded clothing surrounded with variety; all the glory of the King's daughter is from within in golden borders, after her shall virgins be brought to the King, they shall be brought with gladness and rejoicing, they shall be brought into the temple of the King?" Whilst her own sweet voice thrilled the heavenly court as they heard the Canticle once pronounced in presence of Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour!"

Carmelo.



O ! when December on this wild land flung
A blest asperges of the welcome rain,
And all the shadowy forest arches rung
Echoing the thunders of the Western Main.

Rounding the rugged headlands that outreach
Their rocky barriers where the white waves play,
Viscayno's galleons neared the shining beach
To claim the new found country "Por El Rey."

The mighty hills in tenderest verdure clad,
The river bearing tribute to the sea,
The pines unceasing chorus stern and sad,
The solemn cypress sentinels, the free.

Glad anthems of the countless birds that wheeled
In gleaming flocks athwart the cloud-flecked sky,
The ever changing vistas that revealed
New scenes of marvelous beauty to the eye,

Burst on the vision of the sea-worn band,
A dream of Syria tranquil and sublime,
Recalling to their thoughts the Holy Land
Whose wondrous story glorifies all time.

And grateful thoughts of Carmel's gracious Queen
Whose loving care watched o'er their destinies,
When waves were calm, and cloudless skies scene,
Or when the tempest lashed the insurgent seas.

Then Carmel's holy Friar humbly gave
To the fair spot the name it beareth still,
Carmelo, as a blessing on the wave,
The voiceful forest, fertile vale and hill.

Our Lady's honored title seems to rest,
Unchanged thro' all the years of change and wrong,
A scene by lives of faithful toilers blessed,
Its name embalmed in history and song.

—MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

December 16, 1603, Sebastian Viscayno in command of the San Diego, Santa Tomas and Tres Reyes, carrying about two hundred men, among whom were three Carmelite priests, Fathers Andreo de la Ascencion, Tomas Aquino and Antonio de la Ascencion, anchored in the Bay of Monterey. To these saintly Carmelites the river and valley of Carmelo owes its name.

MARY, "MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE."

"Ego Mater pulchrae dilectionis."—Eccl. xxxiv.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Father Faber, in his beautiful work : "The Creator and the Creature," speaks of seven acts of love towards God, which we may compare to seven notes of spirit-music, making melodies in the heart for Him, or harmonizing in a grand chord of adoration, which in some way combine them all.

We will, then, in this month of her Nativity, consider these acts in the most pure heart of Mary, and in order to do this, select some life scenes in which, to our mind, one or other seems to shine forth with pre-eminent lustre. And first, there is the love of preference, by which the soul esteems God above all that is beautiful and desirable on earth, or even in Heaven, like the Royal Prophet : "What have I in Heaven, and, besides thee, what do I desire on earth?" A fair scene of wonderful beauty and significance appears to our mental vision :—the Immaculate Child of three years, in her surpassing loveliness of nature and of grace, ascends the fifteen steps of the Temple, and with full use of more than angelic intelligence, and more than seraphic love, turns away from the world, and her saintly parents, and why? She preferred God above all; she gave herself with a generosity that made no reserve, a fervor that never relaxed, "with great joy, in the simplicity of her heart." The fairest scenes of her native land, the bright hopes of life, the tender love of her aged parents, Joachim and Anna, arrested not her steps. She reflected not—it was conceded from her humble

heart, that God was preparing her to be His own temple, that He preferred her to all His creatures, and that "after," not *before* her, "Virgins should be brought to the King. "No! Mary's love was pure and simple—heart, soul, mind and strength, were offered to their Creator. A learned writer, Dr. Ullathorne, says : "And so has Mary prepared and built up a living temple for the in-dwelling of God. Silently was she prepared, but with a magnificence of grace of which the magnificence of the material temple was but a figure." And St. Damascene exclaims : "This is that, Tabernacle, manifest with the God of Jacob. For a most holy place is prepared for the Most Holy Word—"This is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

Let us pray that we may imitate her by preferring the beauty, the presence, the will of God above all. Some are called to do so in a more exalted way by vows of religion, but all are at least bound to love God sovereignly, to let no affection be greater than divine love; no created object however dear, be more loved than Him from whom it derives any little ray of goodness and beauty which attracts us.

This is the first degree of beautiful love." May our Lady of Mt. Carmel obtain it for all her devoted children !

Love of Desire.

Jesus is "the desired of nations," and truly beautiful are the sighs of holy longing breathed forth in the old law from heart-strings touched by the

finger of God's Holy Spirit, especially those of the Royal Prophet. The psalms are still and will be to all time, echoing through the aisles of Holy Church, from the ministers of God and many religious, for we must always desire, until we enter into fruition. But who can conceive the desires of Mary's pure heart, throughout her whole life until the last aspiration on the wings of which her soul flew to the Beloved? Surely we can understand little, and speak still less. Nevertheless, we may humbly contemplate and admire that "hunger and thirst after justice," especially in the long prayerful hours in the Temple, and after her espousals at Nazareth. The words of Holy Scripture, its touching prayers that God would "send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth," and again "that the heavens might drop down dew," etc., were familiar to her soul, though she little thought it was into the chalice of her own stainless heart it was to fall.

There is a pious belief that His coming was hastened for the sake of her desires—how much then, do we owe to them! And how much should we not try to imitate her longing for Jesus, especially before Holy Communion—"Sitivit in te anima mea!" He "longs to be longed for," desire is the appetite of the soul, consequently a sign of its life, health spiritual vigor, is an index of our state before God. "They that eat Me shall yet hunger." Yes! because His beauty, and love are inexhaustible. It is only in heaven we shall be "satisfied when His glory shall appear.

See how her desires were fulfilled! "Hail full of grace! The Lord is with thee!" Years pass—watch her seeking Him for three days sorrowing, and He came back with her to Nazareth.

See her again at the foot of the Cross, for what mother would not desire to be with her dying son? But Mary's son was God, and she desired and was saturated with suffering for Him. How she longed for the glory of His resurrection, and for sacramental union with Him after Ascension! And, at last, when the winter was passed, and her exile over, contemplate the Assumption and Coronation of that glorious Queen, and her God leads her "the fountains of the waters of life," where even the vast capacity of *her* spirit drinks evermore, beatific vision, love and joy.

Love of Gratitude.

Live of gratitude is the sequel of aspiratory live, but in our case, how little proportion there is very often between them! We receive the favors of God, and go on our way rejoicing, like the ungrateful lepers, of whom we read, that only one returned and gave glory to the Divine Benefactor, and he was a Samaritan, a stranger; while those who neglected to do so, were more favored by God. It was not thus with Mary. The "clouds had rained down the just," "the earth had bidden forth a Savior," and a song of exulting gratitude ascended from her Immaculate Heart, sweeter than those of harpers before "the great white throne," and "crystal sea." "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" Every sentiment of humble acknowledgment, ardent love, joy and praise, that should animate true gratitude poured forth from our Blessed Mother's Heart in this sublime canticle—the first in the New Testament.

We cannot doubt that from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, and during her whole life in Bethlehem, Nazareth, even on Calvary, Mary's grateful love was ever making melody to God, ever magnifying the

Lord, and rejoicing in God her Saviour. Let us in this, try to be grateful for joy and sorrow, light and shade, life and death. Above all when we receive Holy Communion, we can offer *her* thanksgiving to supply for our own, and thus in some way, magnify Jesus and rejoice in Him. There is a great deal of joy in gratitude, and a realization of being loved by God and His creatures, which to some souls, if not to all, is a powerful incentive to do great things in return. Hearts that are generous, most readily respond to generosity. The Divine Heart of Jesus is ever making atonement in the silent tabernacle, and especially at the Holy Sacrifice, for the ingratitude of men, and the more we love Him, in union with and in imitation of Mary, the more will we enter into His Eucharistic spirit, and thus commence on earth what is to be our eternal canticle in Heaven: "Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen.—Apoc vii., 12.

Love of Complacency.

We have considered the Heart of Mary sighing for God, and her grateful song of praise at the fulfilment of her desires, and now we will dwell a little on her complacency, which is, as were, the bloom of gratitude, the act of a soul not merely mindful of, but rejoicing in God's benefits. Higher still does it ascend, even to the Giver and is delighted in Him, saying with the Psalmist: "*Cor meum et caro meo exultaverunt in Deum vivum.*"* There is no special act of Mary's complacent love, the contemplation of which must be dear to her Carmelite children, Mary longed to "see the

King in His beauty," and exclaimed: "*Faciem tuam Domine requiram,*"† and she was the first to gaze on its infant loveliness, and drink in its attractions. What an ecstatic complacency was that of Mary as she thought of these words: "*Speciosus forma prae filiis hominum!*"‡ "*Thou art beautiful above the sons of men!*" His beauty seemed to unfold more and more during the holy infancy, and in the hidden life at Nazareth. We may in one sense say of her, as it is said of the favored Apostles on Tabor: "She saw no one but only Jesus." She lived in the vision of her son, watching each day of joy, each shade of sorrow, each outward expression of the love burning in His Sacred Heart.

As He increased "in wisdom and age," the mother's love also increased and shone more brightly. Even in the depth of her sorrows, there was complacency in the contemplation of that boundless love from which the Passion of Jesus flowed, and the sorrowful face of her beloved son was more deeply, spiritually impressed on Mary's soul than on the veil of Veronica. Tradition tells us she was the first to see Him in His glorified state, and all the "*gaudia paschalia,*" that since then have sent thrilling gladness through the Holy Church in bright Easter days, come not near the bliss of our Immaculate Mother.

Let us implore her to obtain for us a great love for the Holy Face, grace to contemplate its beauty in the different mysteries we celebrate, and especially on the "*Via Crucis.*"

When following Jesus in union with with her, let us offer Him our souls in

† Ps. XXVI., 13.

‡ Ps. XLIV. 3.

* Ps. LXXX., III. 2.

the spirit of compassion, as Veronica offered her veil, and ask Him to impress on them so deeply the remembrance of His Sacred Face, that, after having sympathised on earth with its sufferings, we may hereafter exclaim: "The light of countenance O God, is signed upon us."* Mary will show to us, as we so frequently ask her to do, Jesus the blessed fruit of her womb, and then indeed we shall be satisfied because His glory shall appear.

The Love of Benevolence.

The love of benevolence is a fruitful source of varied and beautiful interior acts. Father Faber says: "It is at once the cause and the effect of honorable thoughts of God. Another while the love of benevolence takes the form of venturesome congratulations . . . We wish Him countless returns of that eternal festival, which He has in His own blissful sky . . . We wish Him increase of His accidental glory, etc."

These varied strains swept over the harp—strings of Mary's spirit—ever responsible to the Holy Spirit—in melodies of sublimity and sweetness, surpassing all others, except those ever rising, from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But this benevolent love is not merely interior, it pours forth in active ministrations for the glory of God. In Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth, Mary's love had full vent in ministering to her Divine Son, with material tenderness, and, at the same time, adoring reverence, so that every act, however, trivial in itself, glorified Him immensely, because of the love grown which it emanated.

Then He went forth on His three years' mission, and to suffer and die, but the mother's heart ever beat in union with His, and generously offered

Him to God's glory, and "for us men,—for our salvation." After the Ascension she taught, sustained and comforted His infant—Church, as only God's own Mother could do, and then, like another Esther, she was raised to the throne "for the salvation of her people." She is always "making intercession," reconciling sinners, sustaining the just, comforting the afflicted, lighting the shades of death with silver rays of hope, opening the prison doors of Purgatory, and, finally, presenting her children before "the great white throne;" and why? She sees Jesus in all, she ministers to Him, remembering He takes as done to Himself whatever is done to the least of these.

Shall we not try in some little way to imitate our Blessed Mother? Shall we not desire God's glory, and be "zealous for the Lord of Hosts," (for this is the spirit of Carmel), and ardently endeavor to aid in the salvation of souls?

When we pray for sinners, comfort the sorrowful, encourage others in the way of virtue—in a word—aid souls in any way by prayer, action or suffering, then we truly exercise love of benevolence, and are imitators of her, even as she is of Christ.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some important remedies against anger are: First, prevent, if possible, its first emotions; and if not possible, reject them by diverting your mind to something else. Second, have immediate recourse to God, who alone can restore your calm. Third, while the excitement lasts neither say or do anything that has reference to it. Fourth, force yourself to treat him who has awakened your anger kindly and humbly, particularly if he were actuated by a spirit of resentment.—St. Francis De Sales.

* Ps. IV., 1.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

By S. X. BLAKELY.

A Protestant minister belonging to a family by whom the very name of Catholic was held in abhorrence, and who detested even the sight of one professing our holy faith, had been sent in his official capacity to a little village in Ireland. While there he became intimately acquainted with a Catholic family, learned to esteem them very much, and even aspired to the hand of the "sole daughter of the house and hearth."

As a Protestant and a minister he was not accepted and soon afterwards he relinquished his pastorate and left the village.

Six years passed away and his friends heard nothing whatever of his movements when suddenly he reappeared saying that he had sought to enlighten himself in the faith, and had made some serious investigations in our holy religion during the past two years. Still the great essential was wanting. Light had not as yet dawned upon his soul, the gift of FAITH so far was denied him. His spiritual condition was most painful in as much as he had given up his own religion without find out the truth of ours.

It was at that point that the Reverend prioress of the Carmel at Lourdes heard of the case, and filled with compassion for him who was walking in the darkness of a spiritual night essayed to aid him through her who is so near the source of light and grace. She sent him a scapular which she herself, had dipped in the holy water of Lourdes, and afterwards had blessed

by the prior Baqueres, extraordinary confessor to the community.

The fervent young man no sooner received the gift than he began to wear it with the greatest devotion and suddenly his eyes were opened to the light of faith, the precious boon falling upon his soul like the welcome rain moistens the earth. He hesitated not an instant, although to embrace the true faith would lead to a complete rupture with his family.

He set out for London where on the Feast of the ANNUNCIATION he was received into the Church by the Superior of the Oratorians, assisted by a Jesuit father. On Easter Sunday he made his first Holy Communion, and those who were present declare that never had they seen this "gift of God" received with greater fervor and devotion. He has, thanks to our Blessed Lady been perfectly happy ever since.

In the month of August, 1874, a family from Jaffa came with tributes of gratitude for some favor received from our Blessed Mother. They offered a beautifully fashioned lamp, waxen tapers and incense which ascended aloft in fragrant clouds. As we insisted upon knowing what boon had been granted them, they disclosed it, and gave us permission to place it in the Archives of the monastery. The paper was signed by the mother and her son.

"We have come to Carmel to fulfil a vow made in 1870 when my son was

prostrated with typhoid fever of the most virulent type. He was nine years and four months old, and the physicians said that it was utterly useless to hope for his recovery. In his room were two statues of the Blessed Virgin. One our Lady of Ancona, the other our Lady of Mount Carmel. Two months before his illness we had made a pilgrimage to this holy place and my son had procured them at that time. One day as I sat by his bedside, he said "mother have you fresh flowers for the statues to-day, and some of the fairest for that lady who is sitting, beside me? I thought my boy was delirious and weeping I implored our Lady of Mount Carmel to save my child. I promised that if he recovered I would bring him hither to her shrine. The boy resumed. "There she is, a lovely lady all in white, with a long veil." The place indicated was by the little stand where the virgin of Mount Carmel was honored by us, and I knew then that he was favored by a vision, and that our Lady would cure him miraculously. At that very instant he indeed arose from his sick bed, perfectly well and, thanks to our dear mother! has; remained so ever since. Never will we forget this favor nor the beautiful lady of whose visit during his illness my son often speaks."—From *le Sanctuaire Du Carmel*, P. 216.

The Beatitudes.

Let us be patient when God despoils us of our earthly treasures, it is to enrich us with those that are celestial.

Let us not murmur at the contradictions that give us occasions of exercising meekness; they bring our souls to the promised land—the Kingdom of the Lamb.

Let our mourning be sweetened by the hope that "according to the multitude of sorrows," His consolations shall fill our souls.

Let us be patient in desolation, hunger and thirst, and cry out with the Royal Prophet: "Sitivit in te anima mea!" And Jesus according to His infallible word will refresh us.

"If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink."

Let us, by exercising works of mercy obtain that God may treat us according to His "Great Mercy."

Let us, as His most dear children, love one another, and as far as in us lies, "have peace with all men." Then Jesus will make us taste His own heart's peace.

Lastly, in all exterior trials, let us look up to that fair Kingdom, where tears are wiped away and sufferings gloriously crowned.

It is not charity, but rather great cruelty, that prevents us from reminding a brother of his faults.—St. Antoninus.

Place before your eyes as models for imitation, not the weak and cowardly, but the fervent and courageous.—St. Ignatius.

The cross is the only ladder to paradise; without the cross the ascent to heaven is altogether impossible.—St. Rose of Lima.

A troubled and earnest prayer is more agreeable to God than one made with sweetness and tranquillity.—Blessed Henry Suso.

Always appear mild and affable, without being too familiar with any one: familiarity being generally followed by contempt.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 371 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

All summer we talked of not losing our time, and now we come to the days when we *may* not lose our time. While I was in the country I passed a large trade school every day, over whose door was inscribed in gold letters—“Work is a blessing. Every one should have some occupation,” and as I read it daily I made an act of faith in its truth, and of thanksgiving for my own blessed opportunity to work. As I have said before, vacation time is often one of great dissatisfaction, simply because of its aimlessness, and this past summer as I, with many other privileged teachers, listened daily to university lectures, wherein the necessity of “*complete living*” was enjoined, I thought that a regularly prescribed and systematically followed work, even in vacation, is the surest road to contentment. “To enjoy one’s work as well as to enjoy one’s leisure” was one of the axioms we heard repeated many times, and when the leisure is converted into pleasant work its value becomes doubly desirable.

Many of the young readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, are, I am sure, pupils of Catholic school, and I wish, as earnestly as if it were a prayer, that I could meet them all to tell them how great a privilege is theirs. A Christian education holds in itself the truth of the words which the greatest educators of the day outside of the church are constantly using—“The aim of education is a complete living.”

A great French writer, Montaigne said—“It is not a soul, it is not a body that we are training up, but a man and we ought not to divide him.” And yet we are told that he himself had no moral, no religious training in his system. Every thing was too beautifully easy with him, and that is just what we may say of those who throw religion overboard where education is concerned. Inconsistency is the characteristic of many systems of education. They do *not* educate the whole man, and this we *may* claim for Catholic education which trains for time and eternity, which does *not* forget the soul, nor the body either. So to the happy children whose lives are blessed with such training, the Secretary would say, thank God every day of your lives for it, and be sure the day *will* come when you will bless the memory of those Christian parents who were wise enough in their love to give you the greatest treasure on earth: *The means* to live completely by a truly Christian education.

The third Sunday of September will bring us to the Feast of the Seven Dolors, and I hope that all of you, dear children, will make a *little* novena—even one Hail Mary daily in honor of our Lady’s sorrows. Think how dearly you love your own lovely mothers, and how it would break your hearts to know they were suffering. In like like manner, Mary our dear Blessed Mother claims our love and sympathy, and why should we not compassionate her Seven Sorrows. Be true to her, dear children, and in the hour of *your*

sorrow her arms and her heart will be your rest and your refuge when all other comforts fail.

Now then, set to work with a willing heart, and begin the year of labor well. Don't forget the daily morning offering to the Sacred Heart—the offering which turn every action into gold or herewith to purchase eternity. Be bright and happy in your work and keep in mind St. Philip Neri's words, "Love God and then do what you like."

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the greatest female astronomer?
2. For whose use were pins first brought from France to England?
3. Who first observed that sparks could be drawn from nasturtiums?
4. Who set the fashion in Honiton lace for wedding gowns?
5. Who was the Queen of Palmyra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN AUGUST.

1. Perch.
2. Belfast.
3. Cray.
4. Elk.
5. July, Jay—Yew, ell, Wye.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Where did Noah keep his bees?
2. How can a lighthouse keeper have chickens?
3. What character in Hamlet killed most chickens?
4. Where is the bicycle mentioned in Shakspeare?
5. Where is happiness always to be found?

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Desire nothing, ask nothing, refuse nothing.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. Sorrow must sour or sweeten us, as we take it—Fr. Geo. Tyrrell, S.J.
3. O good Cross which hast won beauty from the touch of God's limbs.—S. Andrew.
4. Ours may not be one home; nor ever will. Nor yet on land or sky, but brother, brother, we have *one* God still.—Clough.
5. Mary's sorrow are our gift to her. We pierced her mother heart and out of it came love, only mother love.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Real Thief.

I did not take it. Indeed, not I.
I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why.
I passed by the larder, all by myself;
I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.
I peeped through the door, and said to myself,
Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf?
There's not the least doubt of it, answered myself;
It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf.
Well there, never mind it, said I to myself;
Come away and don't look at the larder shelf.
So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow myself,
When I wasn't looking climbed up to the shelf;
But I caught him, and scolded the wicked myself:
Come down, sir, I told him, come down from the shelf.
But he wouldn't obey me, that wicked myself,
For he ate all the fowl on the larder shelf.

Editorial Notes.

Bismarck's Blunder.

The "man of blood and iron" is now but dust and ashes. The biggest blunder Bismarck made was in the blow he aimed at the Church. He is gone and the Church survives him and is stronger than ever. He could humble his powerful rivals, but failed when he attacked the Rock of Peter, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. The history of the persecution is still fresh in our memories. We witnessed the suppression of religious orders and the cruel punishment meted out to priests and bishops. But, to quote the *Antigonish Casket*—"After years of the most outrageous tyranny, Bismarck was forced to yield. He began to see the truth of the warning given by Pius IX., to the Emperor, that in oppressing the Catholic Church he was undermining his own throne. Alarmed at the rising tide of Socialism and Anarchy, he sought in his terror the aid of the Church he had striven so hard to destroy. He who had boasted that he would never go to Canossa was compelled to seek a reconciliation with Rome. The 'Kulturkampf' was buried. No one is celebrating its Silver Jubilee in Prussia this year. The last trace of its odious spirit—the exclusion of the Jesuits—may soon disappear as a result of the triumph of the Centre. Its author, long since driven from his high office, spent the last years of his life in humiliation and suffering. Now he is gone, and the Catholic Church in Prussia not only survives him, but is stronger today than when he, ignoring all the lessons of history, undertook its destruction."

Essentials of Education.

Now that the school doors are opened again to the rising generation it is in order for parents to give a thought to the true meaning of education. In the bright pages of the *Church Progress*, we find the essentials of education given in a nutshell. They are: (1) Religion, which enables one to serve God, shun sin, save one's soul, and bear discomforts and sorrows with fortitude and dignity; (2) A trade, handicraft or profession, by which to earn a livelihood; (3) Good manners and courtesy, which enable one to associate pleasantly and profitably with one's fellow-men and be a source of happiness to all with whom we are brought in contact; (4) Accomplishments, such as athletic sports, games, music, folk-lore, literature, art, etc., which enable one to occupy pleasantly one's leisure moments with profit to oneself and others. (5) Where a child is to be called upon, on reaching maturity, to perform political duties, he needs special instructions to fit him to perform those duties with some degree of intelligence.

Science and the Supernatural.

Last month we called attention to a peculiar Camelite feast known in the Calendar as that of the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa. Medical experts examined minutely into the stigmata of St. Francis of Assissi, and were compelled to declare the wounds in the hands and feet and side of St. Francis of Assissi supernatural, mystical, in a word miraculous. "The same with the heart of St. Theresa," says Eliza Allen Starr in St. Anthony's Mes-

senger for August: "While her spiritual daughters and the grand old Order of Carmel, have been regarded as credulous and superstitious by fully half of the Catholic, as well as all the Protestant world, men of science have given in their testimony concerning the wound in the heart of St. Theresa in a manner to shame those Catholics who dread the charge of credulity more than that of irreverence. While they have smiled, on reading the life of St. Theresa, at the idea of an angel piercing her heart, the man of science finds in this heart, hundreds of years after her death, a wound which could have been given only in the manner described by the Saint, and which allowed her to live, against every law of nature. Like the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assissi, the Feast of the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa is one to recall us from the fields of natural science, so alluring to man in all ages; to a consideration of those wonders in the supernatural order which have been wrought upon the saints by the hands of angels, or even by the finger of God Himself, as if to show that He who fashioned us out of the dust of the earth still claims us as His creatures and His children."

Peace to the Great Prelate!

On St. Dominics' day, August 4th, a day dear to all devoted to the Queen of the Rosary there was laid to rest under the altar of the Blessed Virgin the remains of one who, although loaded down with labor and great responsibility always found a leisure moment in which to go to Mary and pour out his heart in devoutest prayer. We refer to the late Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, who went to a well-earned reward on the Feast of St. Ignatius. We do not intend to relate the details

of his life nor describe the splendor of the funeral pageant. The daily press has done that and done it well. One thing though we wish to emphasize, namely, the intense devotion of our late beloved chief pastor towards the Divine Mother. He was a client of Mary in the true sense of the word. He preached devotion to her and he practised it. We remember listening to his burning words when he came to rest under the shadow of Our Lady of Peace. We know how anxious he was to use his pen in these pages, in order to proclaim the praises of the Mother of God. We also know how he loved to pray to our Blessed Lady of Carmel and invoke here at the Niagara shrine on behalf of his beloved priests and flock. And we also know how he sighed to pass his declining days at the Hospice of Mount Carmel. The deceased prelate was a prudent and successful administrator. He was indeed a profound scholar, zealous churchman and typical Christian gentleman. He was venerated by all classes, irrespective of creed and manifested a deep and practical sympathy for every cause affecting the religious, political intellectual and social advancement of mankind. He was an ornament to the priesthood and a father dear to all. To the esteemed administrator, Father McCann, "The Carmelite Review" tenders its heartfelt sympathy.

An Able Apology.

No one doubts the loyalty of the great Archbishop of St. Paul. His latest address in his cathedral will go far to dispel error and spread the truth. We cannot forebear quoting His Grace's remarks, when he said:—

"It is not American to scatter through the country statements of the Spanish people that are untrue. It is not right to say that they are supersti-

tious. They are faithful disciples of the Catholic Church. It is untrue to say that they are ferocious and blood-thirsty. They are a chivalrous nation, worthy to be met on the battlefield by the flower of American chivalry. It is not true, as some papers say, that even the womanhood of Spain is of a low, degraded type. There is no purer womanhood on the surface of the earth than the womanhood of Spain; no more faithful wives and honored daughters than the women of Spain. It is not fair to go back two, three or four hundred years, seeking our stains to be affixed to the present escutcheon of Spain. What country will bear this microscope examination, and what country can stand up before the eyes of the world to-day and say, oh, in the past we never in peace or war did a cruel or a barbarous act. In a fair comparison I will put Spain side by side with any nation of Europe. We gain nothing by such unfair, unjust statements. We lower ourselves in lowering our antagonists. The law of olden time always demanded that valiant knight should measure lance with the valiant knight; and Americans should be glad to say that they have had to combat with no decadent race and with no unworthy foe. It is not true that the Spanish race is worn out and has done nothing for civilization. They have civilized the whole South American Continent, preserving and bringing into the fold of Christianity millions of the aboriginal races. The Spanish race is not merely the Spain in Europe. It is all South America, it is Mexico—nations which, from the accounts of American writers themselves, are going forth in material development to such a degree as to challenge the admiration and defy the competition of other prouder races. I am glad to render justice to our enemy. I would be ashamed to lie about her. My country would be ashamed that I should lie about her. And I know the American people as a people do not wish to calumniate their enemy, but some scribblers of paper are willing to say anything that they think will please the rapid reader, forgetting that

calumnies react more against the calumniator than against the calumniated. And I protest in the name of Americanism in the name of American chivalry and American liberty, against aspersion of the religion of Spain. The war is not one of religion; it is one of national purposes and Catholic theology tells us that we must stand with our own country, and facts show that we do; and because we stand so manifestly and so honorably with our own country we have a right to say to any who would insult the religion of Spain that you insult the religion of American citizens."

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An exchange down East speaks of one of its contemporaries as "a snarling little sheet." The compositor should have set "darling" instead of "snarling" and then we would all understand that reference was being made to an ably edited journal down in Antigonish, N.S.

..*

Parents who are alive to their duty of properly educating their children should carefully read, and re-read, the sound advice given by "Carmel's Secretary" in this month's letter to "Our Young People."

Meekness is the virtue which assimilates us most closely to Jesus.—Pere Crasset.

"We are confident that if our separated brethren knew our doctrine better, they would like us and our religion all the more."—The Late Archbishop Walsh.

On the first attack of anger collect all your forces, and gently, yet firmly prevent its entering your soul; have recourse to God with the Royal Prophet, imploring of him to stretch forth his right hand and extinguish your anger.—St Augustine.

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The following interesting fact in connection with the Scapular of Mount Carmel comes from the Catholic Seminary at Versailles, France. One day, not long ago, five of the pupils had permission to plunge into a bed of water large and deep in quest of water lilies. Those on land soon heard cries for help, and then saw one of the swimmers struggle, sink and disappear. In catching at a lily he had become entangled by water plants. The other swimmers went to his assistance, but without success, and were in danger of drowning also. Their companions on *terra firma* fell on their knees and began invoking the Blessed Virgin amid the gibes of a curious crowd. The head of the youth who had disappeared showed itself above water. His words were: "Without the Blessed Virgin it would have been all over with me."

He remained in this position, sustained by an invisible hand, until a boat was procured. Into this, like a bundle of weeds and plants, he was dragged with difficulty. His account was: "My feelings were at first those of rage on seeing myself about to die. Then I seemed to experience all the horrors of death. Then I thought of invoking Our Lady, and I called upon her as well as I could in the water, saying: 'Blessed Virgin save me.' At that moment my eyes opened and I saw my Scapular rising to the surface. I caught it and rose with it. In this position, with my head above water and with more than twenty pounds weight of weeds and plants about my feet and hands, I remained until the boat came." The master of the Versailles swimming baths declares this fact to be at variance with the laws of natation.

Flowers of Dreamland.

"Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.



BLOOMING in the fields ethereal
Where all pains forever cease,
Flow'rets from the earth transplanted
"Lilies of eternal peace."

Haunting still our shady dreamland,
With sweet odors of the past;
Lighting, as the silvery star-gleams,
Shades of night around us cast.

Ah! we sadly watched our dear ones
Drooping slowly to their rest,
But the—Angel—reapers bore them
To a soil forever blest.

Clothed in spotless garb their spirits,
Flowers of God's love and grace,
Springing forth to life-immortal
In the light of His own Face.

Hopefully they soothe our sighings
For that fair eternal shore,
Where, with love, they still await us
In God's peace forever more.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

PUBLICATIONS.

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A most important book, just received, is that on "Jerome Savonarola," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. It is beautifully illustrated. This work was anxiously awaited by the thousands who know and love the author, whose reputation as a writer and preacher is world-wide.

During the dog-days, when most college sanctum-doors had on them the sign "Not in," the busy editors of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* brought out a very interesting mid-summer number, replete with splendid portraits.

We have received the first number of "*Niagara*," a German Catholic Sunday paper, edited by Mr. Wm. Keilmann, whose literary abilities are known on both sides of the Atlantic. The first number of our German contemporary bespeaks a bright future for the coming people's paper—a paper for earnest, thinking people. Floreat!

In these latter years the Holy Father has urged us to increase our devotion to the Holy Ghost. Among the first obedient to the voice of Christ's Vicar are the Cappuchin Fathers in the West. To foster this great devotion, the fathers have published some very useful books, which are cheap and of convenient size for the pocket. "The Chaplet of the Holy Ghost" is a splendid souvenir for those receiving holy Confirmation, a blank space being allotted for the name of the candidate and date of receiving the Sacrament. "The People's Mission Book" is also brim full of solid instruction, and will be frequently asked for when once known. These books can be had by sending a small sum for printing and mailing by writing to the Very Rev. Superior O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Indiana.

There are many works treating of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The latest and one sure to become popular is an "Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass, by Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B." Our faith languishes, and we show too little respect and devotion for the holy sacrifice. It is because we do not sufficiently reflect on this

sublime act. "We are certain," to quote the late Archbishop of New Orleans, "that our respect and devotion for the august sacrifice of our altars would increase in proportion to our knowledge of the ceremonies and prayers of holy mass." This excellent book can be had of Messrs. Binziger Brothers, 36 Barclay St., New York.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

— — —

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, received names for registration from the following places: Sparta, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Lake Church, Wis.; St. Thomas Church, Bedford, Pa.; Dane, Wis.; Assumption Church, Syracuse, N.Y.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; Springfield Corners, Wis.; Waconia, Minn.; St. Louis Church, Louisville, O.; St. Boniface, Minn.; St. Jerome's Church, Ky.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont. for the scapular registry from Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. St. Louis Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Assumption, Topeka, Kan.; Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Catharine's Church, St. Joseph N.S.; St. Andrew's Church; Brechin, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Galt, Ont.; St. Joseph's Asylum, West Seneca, N.Y.; St. Michael's Church, Gilsonburg, O.; Notre Dame Church, Watertown, N.Y.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Mary's Church, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Hyacinth's Church, Descousse, N.S.; Sacred Heart Convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Montclair, N.J.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Patrick's Church, Mainadieu, N.S.; St. Martin's Church, Whitefield, Ind.; St. John's Church, Amherstburg, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Summerside, P. E. Island; St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, New Germany, Ont.

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The soul that loves is neither wearied nor wearies.

PEITITONS.

"*Pray one for another.*"—*St. James, V, 16.*

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The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Special intentions, 2.

That a young man may overcome the temptation to drink and blasphemy.

That God may deign to restore a mother to reason.

For a young man careless about his religion; that the same young man may obtain suitable employment.

Special favors, 2.

That a young girl may obtain a suitable situation.

Favors, 1.

For an infidel husband.

For a person crippled from rheumatism.

For the conversion of four little stamp-gatherers. May God reward their charity by a gift of the true faith.

—

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job xix, 21.*

—

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, July 31, Toronto.

NEAL DORRIS, July 18, Pittsburg, Pa.

ARTHUR H. CARRON, July 4, London, Ont.

MRS. COSTELLO, London, Ont.

MISS SARAH QUINLAN, Paterson, N.J.

MRS. BRIDGET WARD, May 21, Drummondville, P.Q.

MRS. BERTHA HENDERSON, Aug. 10, Black Creek, Ont.

MR. PHILIP CHUVERS, Brantford, Ont.

Anna Maria Blundy, August 8, 1882.

Johann Willick, Oct. 11, 1882.

Magdalena Trendle, May 11, 1883.

Anna Kaufmann, June 2, 1883.

Anton Seifert, July 28, 1883.

Maria Pauly, March 7, 1883.

Philip Nau, January 4, 1885.

Johann Willick, April 12, 1885.

Barbara Willick, April 22, 1885.

Barbara Schweitzer, May 3, 1886.

Catharina Blundy, Feb. 5, 1889.

Lenora Willick, Oct. 14, 1892.

Amelia Wise, Nov. 27, 1894.

Philip Bauer, Oct. 11, 1895.

Louisa Nau, Sept. 26, 1896.

John Miller, June 2, 1897.

Magdalena King, January, 1, 1897.

Johann Schihl, May 21, 1898.

Johann Romance, June 13, 1898.

Barbara Critz, June 10, 1898.

Bertha Henderson, Aug. 10, 1898.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

—

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received from Mrs. P. S., Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. D., London, Ont.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; M. J. Rochester, N. Y.; Miss E. A. B., Erie, Pa.; Sr. T., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; H. T. M., Fort Erie, Ont.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; J. A. V., Montreal; Miss A. D. D., Freedom, Wis.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. R. W., Drummondville, P. Q.

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Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



Saint Theresa.



WITHIN the cloister by the waning
light,

Theresa walked absorbed in silent
prayer,

Alone in spirit with the Presence
there,

And full of wonder at His mystic
might ;

When from the shadow stepped into
her sight

A little child so simple, sweet and
fair,

Such radiant glory round His
shining hair,

That all about Him glowed in beauty
bright.

"And who are you?" rang out His
joyous cry.

"Theresa of my Jesus," answered
she.

"But Thou, my Love" she trembled
in reply.

"Jesus of my Theresa," whispered
He.

Then all her heart went out in a
happy sigh,

"Oh ! that my King should come
so near to me !"

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PILGRIM—HIS DESTINATION THE HOLY LAND—HIS SEVERE ILLNESS IN
CYPRUS—MOUNT CARMEL—JERUSALEM—SURPRISE OF THE
SARACENS—THE HAPPY RETURN—1358.



HERE is the Christian possessing the treasure of a living faith who does not cherish in his heart the desire—more or less latent—of one day visiting the Holy Land?

And Blessed Peter, in an eminent degree, had long wished that that great privilege might be his. Since his sojourn in the East, the idea seemed destined to become a reality, his ardent longing was apparently about to be gratified, the time for beholding the object of his veneration, the Holy Land, and pressing his foot upon its sacred soil was at hand.

The mission to Constantinople was over. The ambassadors of the Emperor, bearing the letter of which mention has been made, went to attend to the Court of Avignon the Bishop of Chrysopolis who was prepared to give a graphic account of affairs in the East.

The Bishop of Patti was then at

liberty to avail himself of the permission which, with all due deference, he had already solicited from his superiors, to set out upon the great expedition.

Access to the Holy Land was especially difficult to Occidentals during those first centuries immediately following the fall of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem (1187).

To risk disembarking upon the Syrian coasts and proceeding into the interior of the country was to expose one's self to be pillaged by Arab plunderers, and suspected by Mussulman authorities ever ready to look upon strangers as coming amongst them with no other purpose than to spy.

In spite of these impediments there were always some devout souls of the laity, principally noble chevaliers, who would never abandon the time-honored practice of the pilgrimage. But for a Religious (unless it were a Franciscan) for a Bishop, *above all* for a representative of the Pope, the enterprise was indeed a hazardous one.

But nothing could daunt the intrepid Peter Thomas. After cordial expres-

sions of good will and gracious adieux on the part of the Emperor, he embarked for the island of Cyprus where his intention was to consider the best method of penetrating into Palestine.

The long reign of Hugo de Lusignan of which thirty-four years had passed away was still in force when our pilgrim landed there in 1358.

Renowned for his wisdom and love of religion, Hugo had been at the head of the Catholic movement in the Levant. The renown of the man of God had not failed to reach him, and, having learned that he had disembarked at Famagoste, the king not only gave orders that every attention should be shown to him but even went himself to call upon him at the Carmelite convent in that city.

The humble monk would fain have eluded such signal marks of respect. His term of office as nuncio had ended when he left Constantinople, and he would have considered himself a usurper if he had permitted himself to be treated as a representative of the Pope. "I am no longer a nuncio nor a legate," said he, "but a simple mendicant friar, eager to visit the holy sepulchre of our Lord. I therefore entreat your majesty to refrain from attentions of which I am unworthy."

Ingenious error of humility. What matters the absence of titles as nuncio or legate when one stands in reverent awe before a model of sanctity?

The evidences of respect and veneration could not be suspended. Is it not written, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted"? "My Lord Bishop," replied the King, "I do not act unadvisedly. My information is exact. You are he chosen by heaven to operate numberless marvels. Nay more. Though you are indeed

neither nuncio nor legate—and were you indeed not a bishop but a "simple friar," on account of your virtues and because you are a master in theology we would insist upon honoring the doctor and the saint."

It was in vain then that Blessed Peter made use of every pretext which his ingenious wit could devise. He could not dissuade King Hugo from his course. The conqueror bore him triumphantly away to Nicosia, the capital of the kingdom, and assigned to him a suite of apartments in the royal palace.

Blessed Peter therefore eventually resigned himself to the attentions of the courtiers and the people, and in order to reciprocate their good will, and be of some real benefit to them, he at once entered upon his office of preacher. He delivered many sermons in presence of the king and the archbishop in the Metropolitan church.

But whilst he was devoting his time and energy to this beloved work, he was suddenly stricken down with an illness which threatened to terminate fatally and thus deprive the Church of one of her most efficient children.

However, whilst he had to suspend his labors, he still found means to edify those around him, for his patience and utter resignation to the divine will united to preach a silent sermon which bore the richest fruit. Meanwhile, throughout the capital city deep sadness prevailed and one might have thought that some public calamity was at hand. The Queen was so concerned at the illness of the saint that she ordered a suspension of the usual court festivities, and even gave up everything herself in order to attend to the servant of God. Pious and charitable, she united to the supplications which she offered up for his

recovery, constant ministrations upon the invalid. She prepared his medicines and gave them with her own royal hands. Nothing was omitted to maintain the vital spark of an existence so precious, and at last heaven was propitious and Blessed Peter recovered.

The rapidity of his convalescence was remarkable, and as soon as he could proceed on his pilgrimage the Bishop of Patti, with grateful acknowledgments to God, and heartfelt thanks to his royal hosts, went to Famagoste to look for a vessel destined for the Holy Land.

The Venetians, by virtue of some special treaty, maintained commercial relations with various ports of Syria. By going in one of their vessels, one might indeed reach Syria, but the danger would by no means be over then.

Might there not even be cause to ~~fear~~ the presence on board, amongst the merchants, of some traitor who, hoping to receive a reward, would reveal to the Saracens that there was a legate of the Pope upon the vessel?

But despite those fears, suggested by human wisdom, Peter Thomas, inspired by his invincible faith, hesitated not to trust in divine Providence, a confidence which was rewarded by a happy passage and a distant glimpse of the promised land.

History does not tell us the port at which he landed. Was it Kaipha? O! surely his heart would be drawn towards that little city near which rises the lofty mountain of Carmel, so grand in its solitude, so rich in its souvenirs of the past. At this period, since the massacre of the monks by the Mussulmans (1291), the deserted mountain seemed mourning for those so cruelly murdered—but to the con-

templative soul those ruins would still possess a deeply sad charm. The disciple of St. Elias would not fail to pray in the grotto of the holy prophet, nor to weep over the devastation of the birthplace of his Order.

At nine or ten leagues from Carmel we find another grotto even more sacred in its memories.

There dwelt the holy Family at Nazareth, and there the WORD was made flesh in the Virgin's chaste womb. O! how irresistibly all this would appeal to the heart of our fervent pilgrim!

From this point it would be easy to attach himself to some caravan, and thus happily attain the supreme end of his journey. In vain would we attempt to depict his feelings at the sight of Jerusalem. Veneration the most profound must seize upon every reflecting soul at the view of that ancient city. Joy and hope must animate all regenerated spirits, when in the midst of that silent city the Basilica of the holy sepulchre arises to view!

O! thanks forever be to divine Providence for the marvelous solicitude which has preserved for us this most precious of relics! The very tomb wherein our Saviour was buried and whence he rose gloriously in testimony of his divinity! To such fervent sentiments others of a different nature again awakened in the heart of Peter Thomas his former cherished dream of a crusade. A holy wrath flamed up in his chivalrous breast when, from the tower of David, he saw the Mussulman colors floating triumphantly aloft! There being no longer at Jerusalem a monastery of his Order, he sought admission at the Cenacle on Mount Sion, where he was received and welcomed by the Franciscans who then had their *Casa Nova* there. With what

overwhelming emotion he saluted that admirable body of militia officially authorized by the Church to be the guardians and ocular witnesses of the preservation of the Holy Sepulchre throughout all ages!

With what holy rapture he afterwards hastened to the venerable Basilica, whose vaulted dome shelters Calvary and Christ's Sepulchre! In the fervor of his love he knelt, his eyes raised towards heaven and his arms stretched out, in imitation of the Saviour.

As his tears fell upon the stone which the precious Blood of that Saviour had moistened, he could have willingly died there, so great were his contrition and love.

There is reason to believe that during his brief sojourn at Jerusalem, he accepted several nights of retention in the Basilica by the Mohametan jailers. Prolonging thus his precious vigils, he was enabled in the quiet hours at day dawn to celebrate Mass upon the very marble which shelters the sacred tomb.

Notwithstanding the annoyances and even persecution to which they were subjected, a little band of Catholics were to be found at Jerusalem. They were overjoyed to honor the man of God, whose renown had long before been borne across the sea. And he, willingly responding to their desires, preached to them on several occasions.

He encouraged them to be firm and steadfast and to cherish in their hearts a willingness to die for the faith, if necessary, and thus win the martyr's crown.

All who listened were deeply moved and affected even to tears.

He himself, like St. Francis of Assissium, of whom the same was said, would have thought it the greatest joy to win the palm of martyrdom in the Holy Land.

Many Christians begged him not to appear so often in public. "O Father!" they said, "you will be

recognized as a nuncio of the Sovereign Pontiff. The infidels will put you to the torture, and you will not escape with your life." But no consideration of danger could induce Blessed Peter to turn aside from the path of duty wherein, full of confidence in God and his Blessed Mother, he had desired to walk.

After having venerated alike the tomb of the Blessed Virgin at the Basilica of the Assumption in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the mountain of Olives whence Christ ascended all gloriously to Heaven, Blessed Peter, we may be sure made a pilgrimage to Bethlehem, that little city so interesting with its precious memories, so consoling to the Christian who goes thither to visit—and to pray.

The Bishop of Patti then prepared himself to bid a regretful adieu to the Holy Land. Before leaving he, without any effort at concealment, called together all the Christians of Jerusalem—the Latins and the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts. They responded to the call which was not to be answered after the shades of night had fallen, but at *three* in the afternoon, when the bright clear light of day illumined the world. And then in the Church of the Cenacle he delivered one of the most fervently eloquent discourses which they had ever heard.

And when, in conclusion, he gave to those tried and constant souls his blessing, with the promise of a perpetual remembrance in his prayers, and all the assistance which he could obtain for them from the charitable. The evidences of deep emotion were visible everywhere. Such unusual ceremonies could not fail to attract attention, and some of the Saracens contrived to obtain entrance precisely as the orator had begun his discourse. They murmured at first and the Christians were apprehensive, but before long a change was evident to all, they listened with attention—nay, rather

they seemed enraptured—some of them went so far as to say that a man with such a heavenly gift of speech must surely be the friend and favorite of Allah.

Meanwhile, the object of their eulogiums, having given a last and loving embrace to the fathers of the Holy Land, departed as if by magic without any difficulty whatever, whilst the infidels remained transfixed with amazement at his audacity and his religious enthusiasm. With all speed he reached the seashore, and availed himself of a vessel which was on the point of sailing to Cyprus.

This celerity was by no means unnecessary as was, later on, discovered. The Sultan of Egypt (then master of Syria) having learned that a Carmelite monk—a nuncio of the Pope—Bishop Peter Thomas—had come to Jerusalem, had preached there, and then left the city unmolested and unharmed, fell into such a violent rage that he gave orders that the Emir who ruled in his name over Jerusalem should be beheaded. So heinous a crime, in the despot's eyes, it was to permit so fine an opportunity of grieving the Sovereign Pontiff by the seizure of his legate to escape!

Upon his return to Cyprus, Blessed Peter considered it a duty to pay his respects, in the capital, to King Hugo, who could not sufficiently express his interest in the narrative of the happy pilgrim. But not all his persuasions could not induce the latter to lengthen his brief stay at Nicosia.

He longed for the quiet of the cloister where he could the better thank God for His blessings, and therefore went to the Carmelite Monastery at Farnagonste, there to await the departure of a vessel for France.

More and more firmly did divine grace take possession of his heart, and lead him higher and higher on the way to perfection. His pilgrimage to the Holy Land had sensibly increased his already fervent piety, whilst mortification, the spirit of recollection, love of our Lord and His Blessed Mother shone forth in a most eminent degree. His prayer now became more sublime, his

vigils more protracted. Half the night was spent upon his knees in his cell where his soul became so intimately united to God that visions and ecstasies were of frequent occurrence.

He knew nothing whatever of what was passing in his vicinity. One night his chaplain coming into his room, which was in darkness, came in contact with an inert form lying prostrate upon the floor, and fell over it. It was the saint, whose soul had soared aloft into the realms of ecstasy, and who, when discreetly interrogated on the following day, had known nothing of it whatsoever.

Several times the Lord of light, to glorify him still more, caused to appear over the cell of his servant in the silence of the night luminous globes all radiant with heavenly brightness. Those outside witnessed this marvel. Schismatics as well as the monks remarked those brilliant meteors and gave public testimony thereof. Then to perpetuate the memory of the favors of which their house had been the scene the Carmelites of Farnagonste established the perpetual celebration at day-dawn of a Mass of thanksgiving for the same. Blessed Peter Thomas found the hope of spending a few happy days in silence and solitude a futile one, for, as was his unfailing rule, he sacrificed his wish to the welfare of the people who, having heard that his Lordship, Bishop Peter Thomas had come again, begged that they might hear his sermons once more.

King Hugo came to Farnagonste to listen to the words of the saint, and to have special conferences with him.

The words—the prayers—the example of Blessed Peter were looked upon as a veritable benefit from heaven by that valiant little kingdom.

Thus love and gratitude followed the vessel which bore Blessed Peter to far away Provence, and fervent prayers went up to heaven that God would permit the saintly monk one day to revisit the Orient and whisper words of consolation to the deeply tried children of the Church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady's Gift of Roses.

[ADDRESSED TO SAINT DOMINIC.]



AS it in the restful evening
With its sunset red and gold,
That the scent of mystic roses
Wafted o'er thy soul of old?

Or, perchance, in silent night-time,
When soft beams of moonlight fair
Stealing through monastic windows
Lighted up thy form in prayer?

Didst thou hear sweet strains of music
From the far-off angel-land
When, before thy raptured vision
Shone that gift of Mary's hand?

Chaplet of celestial beauty,
White, and gold, and blushing red:
Joyful, glorious, and *so* plaintive!
Emblems of the Blood He shed.

And the Queen with sparkling star-gems
Wreathed around her royal brow
Seeks on earth for humbler garlands:
White-robed Saint! we cull them now!

In our lightsome days of gladness,
And in sorrow's deepest shade,
We will twine our Lady's rosebuds
Sweetest blossoms of the glade.

May their fragrance e'er refresh us,
Raise our minds and hearts above,
May they bloom in fadeless beauty
Round that fair Queen of our love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



HERS, however, was but a part of the tangled thread of human life. He recalled faces of his Frankfort congregation, high bred, proud, reposeful, and remembered how their hearts, shown to him as children carry their wounded hands to their mothers, were crushed by hidden sorrow; and coming from one of the busy marts of the world to one of its obscure corners, he found it is still true that from no portion of the human family has the curse of Adam been lifted. Mrs. Logan, tortured by the knowledge that Judith Sander's estate was lost to her son, whose fortunes she had guided since his infancy, unless some means were devised for counteracting the evil influence contained, she believed, in the two rows of dark-bound volumes that Brian, the unapproachable had left, was not as interesting as Judith, standing in her barren, unbeautiful life, alone; no future before, no past behind. Yet the old woman's fears were slowly eating away all the peace of mind and quietude of soul that should accompany advancing years. Mrs. Lacey, witty, philosophical, irrepressible as light or air, could never thrill his innermost soul with a sense of helpless, hopeless, unending misery as did Mrs. Sharkley, looking across her baby's cradle at her cousin, her husband now for the past

three years, whom she had married, believing it was her dead father's wish, and whom she had grown to fear with the fear that comes with knowledge; still, he realized the suffering of the light-hearted Irish-woman, bound to such an existence so foreign to her nature, was as unquestionable. No wonder if, recalling all these things, as he sat on the hotel piazza, or walked slowly under the great trees that bow their strong branches over the smooth, white road, realizing how few give thought to the dignity of each individual human life, work to alleviate its misery, the old question of the purpose for all this seemingly needless pain would present itself; if the heart that embraced mankind with that affection that was in the mind of the great Lawgiver when He commanded: "And love thy neighbor as thyself," suffered such sorrow as if it were his own. But always after such hours of sadness, of battling with the doubt that would thrust in its sinister face and subtle voice, he would lift his face to the sky drooping over him blue and cloudless, and the old faith would question if his love for these were greater than Christ's, if God who marks the sparrow's fall could forget one of these ransomed human souls. And each after moment was a new consecration of his life to ministering to their needs, to continuing Christ's work on earth.

The influence of such a life on one repressed, blunted, misunderstood as was Judith Sander's, must be strong

and far-reaching. She was constantly contrasting herself with him, and where her clear sense of justice showed her the higher holiness and finer beauty of his aims and efforts, her mis-used humility would not permit her the excuse of early circumstances and harsh environments, and while he marvelled that such a character as hers should have developed itself under such conditions, she looked upon that character and half despised it. For she knew the creed by which he regulated his life was wrong and that hers was right; and that he, by error, could reach that sublimity, and she, guided by truth, fall so far below it, lashed her soul unmercifully. To keep this knowledge from him she was constantly turning toward him the harsh side of her nature, for she did not know that where charity is so great, patience is never weary; it never doubts of finding good somewhere hidden. After a brief acquaintance she began to avoid him and turned to her books again, as a drunkard to his wine. When she saw him crossing the low stile, she would steal away, unobserved by him, and leave Mrs. Lacey to take her place as hostess. In vain the elder woman remonstrated or asked a reason for such conduct. Finally, driven to the point, Judith had answered sharply:

"If you will have it, hear it: Because he is the only really good person I have ever known, and before him I am ashamed of myself—and of everybody!" she finished, throwing out her arms, passionately.

The quick hit sent an answer to the old woman's lips, but there was that on the tragic young face before her that stopped their utterance.

"Was not Uncle Brian good?" she asked softly instead. Her answer was an outbreak of tears, for then, against

the young man's all-comprehending love and pity for every human creature, there rose up her dead uncle's scorn and detestation of the people from which she sprung, and in that moment Judith tasted the dregs of life's bitter cup; for past all grief of death, or loss, or desertions, the anguish that comes when putting our great ideal to the final test we discover, after all, it is only human.

One Sunday, as was her custom on the days when Mass was celebrated in Carlisle, Mrs. Lacey rode Bluebell over to the Springs where she was wont to meet some of the Catholics who, having wagons or other conveyances, gave her a seat, as the long ride on horseback was too much for the not overly robust woman. On such occasions, Bluebell, the bridle rein fastened to the horn of the saddle, was left to find her way home alone, and at a gait suited to her spirits. When these were high she was wont to tear over the rocky road, and clearing the yard fence, make for her stall in the log stable with the agility of an untamed colt, while at other times she would saunter slowly along, pausing to crop the rare tufts of bluegrass, or choice bits of clover, and wait leisurely at the stile until Judith, answering the low neighing, would open the gate and conduct her to her waiting meal of corn and oats. On this particular Sunday morning, however, the brown mare did not return, and Judith's fears rose up in alarm. Repeatedly she quitted her reading and went to the low door to listen for the familiar footfall but it broke not the breathlessness of the summer Sabbath morning. Once standing there, she suddenly remembered that other morning when she had waited for Bluebell's coming, and with the sickening of heart that was always

hers as she recalled the horror that had followed, she turned hurriedly and taking her white sunbonnet, drew, without fastening, the door after her, and turned her hastened steps in the direction of the Springs; and as she went over the stony way, the last line of what she had been reading from the Book of Job ("Short years pass away as I am walking in a path by which I shall not return") beat itself on her brain with painful reiteration. As she progressed, a sense of coming calamity oppressed her. Had something befallen her cousin? she questioned; or had the mare been captured on her return by some of the lawless characters that at this season of the year made their appearance in the vicinity of the Springs. Where a curve in the road hid the prospect, she thought she heard the well-known impatient stamping of the steel pated hoofs, and running forward, her heart gave a leap of joy to see Bluebell standing by the side of the road, the rein, which had slipped its fastening, securely caught on one of the shrubs by which she had paused to gather a mouthful of clover. Scenting her mistress' approach, the mare turned her brown neck and straining her great eyes whinnied low and pettishly, and for very joy at finding her safe, Judith laughed aloud.

"You little darling!" she said, passing her caressing hand along the sleek back. "Do you see to what your greediness brought you and such anxiety to me? It should be a lesson to you, my Bluebell, to come straight home, unheeding the temptations that surround you."

As she was disengaging the rein, Bluebell rubbed her velvety nose against the girl's shoulder, and then began to nibble at the long braid of the reddish brown hair, falling below the

white skirts of the sunbonnet.

"Stop that Bluebell!" commanded Judith, reaching back an arm and drawing away the shapely head, and then, through the opening in the foliage, she saw the minister walking slowly up the hill, behind which, far down the valley, was the house that had been Jake Sharkley's, but which was now the home of his daughter, her husband, Will Sharkley, and their infant child. His head was bent low on his breast, his hands were clasped behind his back and his face, in the distance, showed paler than usual. So deep was his thought that he was blinded to the obstacles in his way, and as he reached the large stone Judith had seen placed there by the strange looking man on the afternoon of Jake Sharkley's murder, he stumbled over it and only saved himself from a hard fall by clutching at a young sapling that had since sprung up by the unfrequented path. Looking toward the road he saw Judith's white bonnet, and as he hurried forward the pleasure the prospect of seeing her alone dispelled the shadow that had overhung his face.

"This is an unexpected and happy meeting!" he exclaimed, as he crossed the old rail fence partly hidden by wild grape vines. "How is it I find you here at this hour and dismounted?"

"My cousin went to church to-day. We both cannot go together and when the weather is fine, and she feels equal to the trip, I generally stay at home. You know our arrangement — how Bluebell is sent home? She evidently was hungry this morning and had some trouble getting at her wayside feast, for when I got here (I was anxious over her long delay and came to look for her) she had her bridle all tangled up in the bushes."

"I am certainly glad of Bluebell's greediness," he said, "for I had begun to despair of ever getting to see you again. Where is that favored rook where you succeed in hiding yourself whenever I call? You will not tell me? Then I intend looking over your place some day, and will not rest until I find it. I should feel quite aggrieved at your treatment of me. Not a companionable person anywhere but yourself, and you give me the slip on every occasion. I half believe you put those books of yours before every friend you have, Miss Sanders," he concluded.

"I do," she said without looking at him.

"That is not right," he said, gently, and after a pause, "Books were intended to help, not injure us, as they do when we allow them to come between us and our duty. While you are absorbed in your reading, there may be a hungry soul at your door to whom the words you are so chary of might bring some little help or soothing."

"You do not know these people," she replied, a laugh in her voice. "Little they want, or care, for your words if they are not gossipy."

"Were they 'gossipy,' the ones you gave to Mrs. Sharkley in the times of her direst need?" he asked, looking on the dark face, partly hidden by the bonnet. She flushed at his words and turned her head away with a gesture of impatience.

"One doesn't go with gossip to a person half-crazed by sorrow," she said.

"And, has no one else 'half-crazed by sorrow' crossed your path, save Mrs. Sharkley?" he asked. "Miss Sanders," he continued, leaning slightly toward her, while his voice unconsciously took on a softer, sadder cadence, "I

was not three days at the Springs when I received news that was my 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow.'"

She had been bending lightly a wiry elm twig and he noticed that at his words the brown fingers trembled slightly, the first outward emotion he had ever seen her display; but the half-averted face was still carefully hidden from his eyes. A silence followed.

"What could I have done for you?" she asked, at length, in a husky voice.

"You might have done much," he said, thinking of the bitter, lonely, hours he had spent in this solitude, where sorrow's front wears its most appalling aspect. She now turned her face toward him fully. The flush had deepened on her usually pale cheeks, and the yellowish-brown eyes were dilated under the curling dark lashes. The sudden transformation of the face made it almost beautiful.

"I did not know," she said quickly, "I did not deem it possible. I am sorry." And she turned again her face from his surprised glance.

Little dreaming how his words were to carry her on against her own heart, against every effort of her will, to what was to be the beginning of her great final sorrow, he said, softly answering her:

"For myself, much sorrow has made me strong, as it always does if rightly borne; and then we learn to do without human sympathy, though its help and soothing none will refuse. But there are others who have not so schooled themselves. And there are the young and untried. Do you know what it means to them?"

"I do," she said, interrupting him. "I was not two years old when a sorrow of which you cannot form the full conception, seeing that you are not a woman, with a woman's more tender

susceptibilities, was pressed into my baby heart, and by the one I loved best—loved above all things on earth, oh, maybe in Heaven, too!"

She unfastened the strings of the white bonnet as if they were choking her, and pushed it back from her face. It fell over her shoulder and he saw she had grown white and that her eyes were moist with unshed tears.

"Will you tell me of it?" he asked, his heart aching for her pain.

At his question, her uncle seemed to rise before her, a living human presence. She could see the scorn curving his firm lips and lighting the blue eyes, scorn of the blood in her veins, that sent her talking thus of her dead to a stranger. She threw up her hand before her eyes, and in the passing moment that lay between that act of the will and the one that made it fall again to her side, the old love fought its first battle with the new, which latter, being lately born, was conquered.

"I cannot," she said, stooping and gathering up her bonnet which had fallen to the ground.

He continued to look on her changed face, and impelled by the magnetism of his eyes, she lifted hers. The all-comprehending sympathy of the blue ones bent on her, melted away the harshness that years of repression and bitterness had frozen on her face, and there came over it instead the light that falls once and once only over a woman's face, the light that comes with her heart's first awakening to the mysterious whisperings of love. She did not know why he had changed, in the last few minutes, from an ordinarily handsome man into the very impersonation of all her well-read poets had so lucidly pictured for her of godly proportions worn in human shape; why the echoes of his tones on her ear

was like the heart-pulse of joy that comes with morning's breaking which holds the song-birds' music, the next instant ten thousand feathered choirsters will be claiming; why to stand thus before him was more restful, more soothing than to lay her head on the clover-carpeted meadows at the sunset hour and wait for the voice of night-time stealing out on the crimson-lighted silence. But the man, looking down, saw only a face alive with feeling, awakened, he supposed, by the memory of her unkind, though well-beloved, dead.

"But you will permit me to sympathize with you, he asked gently, and the responsiveness of face and eyes made it unnecessary for him to await her spoken answer. "And will you mind if I, who am so much older than you, say do not let it warp your life? My friend, I have seen life in every phase—all ministers must, more clearly, more perfectly, than men of any other calling—and we know that sorrow is the only universal heritage. Joy comes, but so fleeting is its passage we are scarcely aware of its presence when it is gone. God knows I would make light of no one's sacred grief, but if it threw each one thus back on himself, shut up his heart against his fellow creature, blinded him to the claims of duty, who could long inhabit earth! It is the setting aside of self that is to yet redeem the world. This will come in time when each one will have for his guide and rule not the commandments which Moses, with veiled brow heard, while the thunders broke over Mount Sinai, but that to which the disciples listened, face to face with the Master, while He lived with them on earth."

Here he caught himself up and a whimsical smile crossed his lips as he thought how the preacher will always

find a pulpit ; but her face was so still under his words, her eyes fixed on the nearby elm shrub had in them such a listening expression, he did not interrupt himself lightly. If words of his would make her face always show soft and tender as it was now, he thought ; if they could smooth away the hard lines pain or pride, or both, had written there, then, if he did no other thing here, he had not spent his vacation vainly. And, little dreaming how easy it is for a woman to follow teachings that do not conflict with conscience (and alas ! sometimes too often when they do !)—if she loves the teacher, he asked :

"If you can, will you tell me why you remained in this place when, as your cousin has informed me, you were free to pitch your dwelling where you chose?"

Yesterday she would have resented such a question ; now, after a moment, she answered :

"Maybe because I felt the hills and trees are a part of my life ; maybe, because as my uncle loved this place and left it to me above all his other neices and nephews, I felt I should keep it for his memory's sake."

"And what is the certainty?" he pressed, gently.

Instantly her eyes came back from the shrub on which they had rested as she was speaking and they flashed with the old hard light, as she answered :

"Because I wanted to live right out here among them, surrounded by the very conditions that even they admitted were hard—a life that would force my uncle's people to see one of my father's name could reach a higher plane intellectually than any of them had ever achieved, an equal one morally. Caring for neither of my parents' people especially, I yet determined to

right my mother's choice. And I succeeded !" Her eyes then went back to the shrub and the old hard lines were about her mouth.

"Pride, pride," muttered the minister, though in his heart he applauded the dauntlessness of such a spirit.

"What do you call success?" he asked, after a moment's thought.

"The achieving of one's end," she answered.

"You have done this in as much as you have proven conclusively that 'Honor and shame from no conditions rise,' that what our forefathers were, what our relatives are, or what our offsprings will be, is no concern of ours. We have only to 'act well our part' and more than that neither God nor man expect of us. You have done this, and admitting this is success, could it not have been accomplished with a less entailing of suffering could it not have been accomplished with a less entailing of suffering to yourself? The world was before you. What you have achieved in literary pursuits here by yourself, with a few possibilities and no congenial friends, is indicative of what you might have done with your talents in a wider sphere of life. Was it right to thus bury yourself? Was it right to waste your life?"

In the poignant grief of after days he remembered how, as the last words were uttered, she had quickly withdrawn her eyes from the low, green elm shrub, and lighted them to him with a sudden, direct glance, the while the pale lips half unclosed to make an answer ; and then in the bitterness of soul he understood ; now he thought it was a warning that he was approaching dangerous ground, that she resented his inquiries as to her purpose and pleasure in mapping out her life to suit her own views. He felt a

momentary disappointment but blamed himself that he could not more fully comprehend this strange character. A silence followed. Bluebell was sleeping in the sunshine, her bridle resting lightly on her mistress' arm. A rabbit stole from the thick undergrowth and hopped across the road, and then a blue-bird flashed its vivid coloring across the green, and balancing its slender body on the swaying branch of a young ash sapling, unseeing his audience, lost itself in a passionate outbreak of song. And immediately this scene was swept from his eyes and again Silas Gray was sitting in the little old cemetery at Carlisle watching the sunlight and shadow playing on the green grave, while the blue-bird sung and a new love looked into his heart from the shadowy presence of a dark-veiled sorrow. He heaved a deep involuntary sigh and the girl again looked at him. With the memory of a lost love in his eyes, they fell on her almost unconsciously and the light they showered over her soul awoke it fully and forever. The baptism of joy worked its magical grace on her countenance, and it seemed to grow divine under his gaze. The coloring came into face and lips, hints of smiling ran around the mouth, overshadowing the hard lines; the eyes took on a liquid depth and beauty, the very form lost wiry agility for womanly grace and loveliness; for the story of Pygmalion is not a fable. Not knowing the marble was growing into life under his touches, the minister said, recalling himself from his own past to their present surroundings.

"I was down at Sharkley's this morning. The baby is ailing."

"Do you think," asked Judith, and her voice had sweeter, lower tones, "it will live?"

The minister shook his head.

"I have grave fears," he said.

"Then God pity Lucy Sharkley!" cried Judith, while a bright tear stood in each eye.

"What is the secret sorrow that is eating away that woman's life, Miss Sanders?" asked the minister.

A shiver ran over the girl's face and he noticed the figure seemed to droop under sad, dark knowledge thus asked to reveal itself. She passed her hand mechanically across her low brow, and said, then:

"My knowledge may be only suspicions; yet whichever it may be, it was received by me in the sacredness of mental and physical anguish, and I may speak of it to no one. You say you know life," she cried, suddenly. "Perhaps you do; but if you have known suffering greater than that woman has endured for the past three years, I only say the soul that has to bear it must indeed be beyond the pale of God's pity!"

Her words and emotion startled him.

"Is it like that?" he asked. I felt she was unhappy but not so wretchedly so. Can you tell me one thing; is it because of her father's murder?"

She made no answer but stood looking at him helplessly, while her face changed under his gaze. Then she turned from him and walking across the road, Bluebell, aroused from her nap, following her, took a seat on the grassy bank.

"Since I was ill," she explained to the minister, as he joined her, "I cannot stay any length of time in the sun."

"That was my thoughtlessness keeping you standing there," he said quickly. "Do you feel faint?"

"No, no," she said. There is nothing the matter. For fainting, I never did that but once in my life."

"Yes," said he, taking a seat beside her on the grassy bank, Mrs. Sharkley once told me of that evening after her father's burial how she came in from the kitchen and found you lying on the door-step like dead. She also told me of the long illness that followed. Mrs. Sharkley thinks you saw her father; I know that could not be, but whom, or what, did you see, Miss Sanders?"

His eyes were on her and their intensity seemed to force her to speak; but, as she hesitated, he, as if aware of the struggle going on in her mind, said:

"Can you not confide that much in me?"

"I saw," she said, and the horror of the remembrance showed on face and in her eyes, "I saw her father's murderer."

The minister gave a start.

"That could not be," "he then said. "That was the night after the attempted lynching and the negro was in his cell guarded by an armed band of soldiers."

"I had gone down to stay over night with Lucy," she went on, not heeding his interruption, and as one compelled to speak, "for her superstitious kinspeople, and other neighbors, were afraid to remain there. She was in the kitchen preparing supper. The front door was open and I was sitting on the step. Just as the sun was setting, I noticed a man's shadow lying on the grass near that quince shrub, the foliage of which hid him. Gradually the brim of a straw hat appeared around the shrub, then the hat and then a man's head and shoulders. He caught sight of me watching him and withdrew his head quickly. I knew no more until I woke with poor frightened Lucy bending over me. But the brim of that straw hat was lined with red.

I saw it distinctly."

The minister could hear his heart beating in his ears. Was Pete to be at last righted?

"Do you know to whom that hat belonged, Miss Sanders?" he asked quietly.

The face of the girl was growing more colorless as the conversation proceeded and had he not been so engrossed with other thoughts he must have seen she was racked by some terrible emotions.

"I do," she answered, in a voice so feeble he scarcely caught the words.

"Do you know who wore it?"

"I did not," she replied.

"Do you now?" he questioned, quickly, noting her change of the tense.

For answer she looked at him helplessly, drew a quick, hard breath, clutched desperately at Bluebell's bridle rein, and then, for the second time in her life, Judith Sanders fainted.

He caught her as she swayed forward and she lay like dead in his arms. There was no one within hearing distance to whom he could call for assistance, no house nearer than her own home; he had no simple remedies at his command, and he could only chafe her cold brown hands and fan her white cold brow, while the fear that she might die thus froze the blood in his veins. Bitterly he reproached himself. Why had he been so brutally direct? Why had he striven to wring from her a confession of whatever secret she possessed? Suppose this slender frame, lying so terribly still in his arms, had by some sudden breaking of the high tension under which it lived, let out the spirit, then so surely was he a murderer as the man she had seen crouched in the quince-tree shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin.

OCTOBER 16.



OW fair the morning's pearly beam
O'er earth, and sky, and sea !
'Tis but an emblem, Mother mine,
Of thy own purity.

How sparkling are those dew-drops bright,
That gem the flowery vale !
How beautiful soft moonbeam's light !
To *thine* they all seem pale.

The snowy flakes which robe the earth
In virgin purity,
Are not so white, Immaculate !
As God's dear grace in thee.

And though our crystal streams reflect
Those azure skies above,
Far brighter in thy spirit shines
The reflex of His love !

Thou knowest, O most Sacred Heart !
How very dear to me
Is this sweet, holy festival
Of Mary's purity.

And memories of dear dead years
Around it still entwine,
With mystic fragrance breathing soft
Of *her* pure heart and Thine.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE LOVE OF CONDOLENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

*"For gold must be tried by fire
As a heart must be tried by pain."*

—A. A. PROCTOR.



HERE is great beauty in sorrow well borne, and the blessing of the Incarnate Word sheds a golden ray over its shadows. "Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted."

(St. Matt. v. 5.) What shall we say of Mary's sorrows, "Great as the sea," and their vast expanse of waters ever murmured plaintively on the shores of the Sacred Heart, and were absorbed in the abyss of its Passion. "The seven dolours of Mary are as seven lives of sweet sorrow . . . to soothe God for the transgressions of His children." * What a bright and beautiful morning was that on which Mary offered her Divine Infant in the Temple ! And how overcast it became at the prophecy of Simeon ! She folded Jesus tenderly in her arms, but the vision of Calvary was before her, and those delicate Infant-hands seemed pierced, and a thorny crown encircled His brow. Time drove in the sword more deeply. "Weeping she hath wept in the night" as she fled with Him to Egypt ; and the peaceful years at Nazareth were interrupted by His loss for three days, when she sought Him sorrowing.

Each day of that hidden life brought the inevitable parting nearer, and, at last, she was left alone. Too swiftly

the three years of his public life ebbed away, and the Passion came at last. She was present, in spirit, if not in reality, at His agony, and it is piously believed, at the cruel scourging and crowning with thorns, and we meet her on the "via crucis," following her Beloved on His way to die. For three hours the mourner stood making reparation to the Victim of sin. With loving reverence, and most bitter pain, she received Him when dead into her arms, and watched Him laid in the tomb—then indeed was she desolate ! We are merely indicating her dolours, for each is like a world of unspeakable beauty, of sublime conformity, deepest anguish, and, above all, most loving condolence. The Passion was reflected in the mirror of Mary's soul, and incense of reparation ever ascended from the burning fire of love and suffering. She "learned compassion" by the things she suffered—compassion for Jesus, and for us poor exiles in this "vale of tears," and so we may be always sure of a mother's loving sympathy.

How beautiful, plaintive, unselfish is this condoling love, grieving with, and consoling the Sacred Heart of Jesus ! It seems as if it echoed all those acts we have already considered in a most touching way. It mourns for the preference which creatures too often show of earthly things to their Creator : for the coldness of their desires, and that ingratitude which so sensibly wounds the Adorable Heart.

* Fr. Faber.

It turns away from earthly pleasures, in reparation for sinful complacency too frequently taken in them, and delights in the Lord. It rests not there, but by benevolence pours itself forth in ministrations for His glory. Above all, being essentially a suffering love, it is also one of conformity to His will, ever echoing the words of Mary, the abiding attitude of her spirit: "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord!" We cannot love her without in some degree possessing this spirit. "Blessed," indeed, is this mourning! It will be soothed by Jesus and Mary, and its shadows beautified by the golden light of their compassion. At last we shall exclaim, "According to the multitude of sorrows in my heart, thy consolations have filled my soul." "And God shall wipe away all tears . . . and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more for the former things are passed away," Apoc. xxi., 4.

ADORATION.

And now the seven acts of Divine love harmonize in a grand chord of adoration, for as melody is the succession of sound, harmony is its union and perfection.

We have said that condolence seems to echo *plaintively* the preceding acts, but in adoration the echoes are full of sweetness, and preludes to beatific love. Father Faber calls it "the perfection of all other loves," and says: "The operations of grace are simplified into one . . . and that single action is the production of an unspeakable self-abasement. It cannot be told. But such was the humility of the Sacred Heart, and such the strange loveliness of the sinless Mother, who so mightily attracted God, and drew

Him down into her bosom." She was indeed an adorer "in spirit and in truth," from the instant of her Immaculate Conception, and all through the hidden, public, and suffering life of Jesus, and of His sacramental life, when He had ascended to Heaven.

And she seems, as it were, to whisper gently to her children, "Venite adoremus!" When we kneel at the crib of Bethlehem in the joyful Christmas-time; when we mourn on Calvary with the "Mater dolorosa;" above all, when we approach the holy altar, let us, with Mary, abase ourselves in silent adoration, or if we speak, let our tones be those of praise. "We adore thee, we glorify thee," etc.

We have said little in comparison with what might be said out of the abundance of hearts more inflamed with Mary's love. Still it is sweet to contemplate her beauty, and praise it even though unworthily; and to feel confident that every word would find a response in Carmelite-love.

O thou gentle Virgin-Mother!

From thy pure heart's shrine above
Shed upon Mount Carmel's children
Rays celestial of fair love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Endeavour to the utmost of your power to acquire perfection and devotion, and whatever you do, let it be done perfectly and devoutly. When you are out of spirits and troubled, do not on this account abandon the good works of prayer and penance which you are in the habit of performing: for the devil intends, by filling you with uneasiness, to get you to leave them off: but, on the contrary, perform even a greater number than before, and you will see that Our Lord will be ready to assist you with His graces.—ST. THERESA.

ST. THERESA'S LIFE.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE FROM A NON-CATHOLIC.



DOCTOR WHYTE, of Edinburgh, Scotland, delivered a lecture on St. Theresa not long ago before the young men's and young women's classes of Free St. George's, a Presbyterian church. In the course of his remarks, which, of course, were not entirely free from purely Protestant views, he said, eloquently and truthfully:

"The sense of the reality of divine and unseen things in Theresa's life of prayer is simply miraculous in a woman still living among things seen and temporal. Her faith is truly the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord was as real, as present, as near, as visible, and as affable to this extraordinary saint as ever He was to Martha, or Mary, or Mary Magdalene, or the woman of Samaria, or the mother of Zebedee's children. She prepared Him where to lay His head; she sat at His feet and heard His Word. She chose the better part, and He acknowledged to herself and to others that she had done so. She washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. She had been forgiven much and she loved much. He said to her, Mary, and she answered Him, Rabboni. And He gave her messages to deliver to His disciples, who had not waited for Him as she had waited. And she was able to say to them all that she had seen the Lord and that He had spoken such and such things within her.

"And hence arises what I may call the quite extraordinary piety and spirituality of her life of prayer. And, then, for all that, it surely follows that no one is fit for one moment to have an adverse or a hostile judgment on the divine manifestations that come to Theresa in her unparalleled life of prayer; no one who is not a man of like prayer himself; no, nor even then. I know all the explanations that have been put forward for Theresa's 'locutions' and revelations; but after anxiously weighing them all the simplest explanation is also the most scientific, as it is the most Scriptural. If our ascending Lord actually said what He is reported to have said about the way that He and His Father will always reward all love to Him, and the keeping of all His commandments; then, if there is anything true about Theresa at all, it is this, that from the day of her full conversion she lived with all her might that very life which has all these transcendent promises spoken and sealed to it."

In alluding to one of St. Theresa's descriptions of her experiences in prayer, Dr. White takes occasion to say:

"He who can read that, and a hundred passages as good as that, and who shall straightway set himself to sneer and scoff and disparage and find fault, he is well on the way to the sin against the Holy Ghost. At any rate, I would be if I did not revere and love and imitate such a saint of God. Given God and His Son and His Holy Spirit; given sin and salvation and prayer and a holy life; and, with many drawbacks, Theresa's was just the life of self-denial and repentance and prayer and communion with God that we should all live."

THE SERAPH OF CARMEL.



ON the banks of the Adaja, in old Castile, surrounded by lofty mountains, lies Avila, one of the ancient cities of Spain. Celebrated in former times for its fine weaving, its university and cathedral, Avila is now of minor importance. It was under the shadow of its stately old cathedral in 1515, that Theresa Sanchez was born, she who was to be the Seraphic St. Theresa, the reformer of Carmel, and one of the greatest of modern saints.

From her earliest years Theresa had the example of her pious parents, Don Alonzo Sanchez and Beatrice Ahumada, to guide her; and piety under its most amiable forms was daily held up to her for study and imitation. She gave much time to prayer; she read the lives of the saints and martyrs and admired the victories they gained over themselves. But in her estimation the martyrs reached heaven all too easily. A brother, Rodrigo, almost the same age as herself, shared her pious views and aspirations, and together, resolved to buy heaven cheaply, they started out to look for martyrdom among the Moors. They had got as far as the bridge that lies outside the city of Avila, where they were met by an uncle who brought them both home.

This childlike fervor was kept up with uncommon vigor till the age of twelve or thirteen, when it began to wane. Fabulous stories of knight-errantry, fictitious tales of adventures, were much in vogue in Spain at that time, and Theresa indulged in this dangerous reading. The conversations, too, of a worldly cousin who used to visit her father's home, made a great

breach in her piety, and the maiden gave herself over to the girlish vanities of dress and show, and the desire of pleasing others. She neglected most of her devotions. Without the formal wish of offending God, Theresa was, however, in the occasion of sin. In after years she recalled the condition of her soul during this period, and she earnestly exhorted parents to watch over their children's reading and company.

She was placed in a convent, where, in a short time the exhortations of the nuns brought her back her former fervor. One of her good resolutions was to give herself to God in the religious life, and she selected the convent of the Carmelite Nuns within the walls of Avila. She made her profession in 1534, at the age of twenty. God gave her a great tenderness of devotion, which rendered her religious duties light, but He was preparing to purify her, as He does all chosen souls, in the fire of sufferings. She was visited with an illness which lasted nearly three years. Sharp pains from head to foot, fainting fits, burning fever, to which must be added extreme spiritual dryness, and disrelish for piety, afflicted her almost constantly during that time, but she bore them all with incredible patience.

These sufferings made her realize acutely how frail is the thread of life. The utter nothingness of earthly things filled her with a contempt for them, and she had only pity for those who vainly sought such empty baubles.

Strange to say, even these convictions grew weak in her convent home. Although, a religious, frequent contact with outsiders again led her into many faults, which she afterwards deplored. Useless conversations dissipated her mind and infused earthly inclinations and affections; she took greater pleasure in conversing with strangers than

with God. She lost all taste for mental prayer, contenting herself with vocal. The devil made her believe that her bodily ailments would not permit her to apply herself to meditation. But she afterwards wrote: "The reason of bodily weakness was not a sufficient cause to make me give over so good a thing, which requires not physical strength, but only love and habit. In the midst of sickness the best prayer may be made, and it is a mistake to think it can only be made in solitude."

Theresa lived in this lukewarm state for years, pursuing amusements innocent, but distracting. God, now and then, was pleased to visit her in her devotions with sweet consolations, in order to draw her away from her imperfect way of living. This was a great grace, but Theresa failed in generosity. She declared later that while in this state she neither enjoyed the sweetness of God's consolations nor the distractions of the world. Like so many in the present day, her desire was to belong entirely to God, but she had not the courage to make the sacrifices that would enable her to give Him an undivided heart.

After twenty years spent in the imperfect exercise of prayer, and burdened with many defects, Theresa found a happy change of soul. Going one day into her oratory and seeing a picture of Christ covered with the wounds of His Passion, she was exceedingly moved; so that she thought that her heart would burst. Casting herself down near the picture, and pouring forth a flood of tears, she earnestly besought Our Lord to strengthen her that she might never more offend Him. At which the generous Savior poured His graces into her soul. He strengthened her against future falls and raised her to sublime heights in prayer. "I never presumed," said she, "to desire that He should give me so much as the least tenderness; I begged only for grace never to offend Him again, and for pardon for my past times." But God who will never be outdone in generosity continued to shower extraordinary graces on Theresa. Her visions, ecstasies, raptures were those of a

seraph, and her heart became inflamed with one passion, that of possessing God.

She withdrew more and more from worldly contact, and under the universal self-denial in body and soul to which she subjected herself, made extraordinary progress in virtue. She insisted on the spirit and practice of poverty, condemning those who live at ease in the world. Her humility, patience and spirit of penance were admirable. In the midst of the struggles she engaged in for the reform of her order, she bore much contumely in silence and even with joy. When slanderously attacked at Seville, she also held her peace, saying only that those who reviled her were the only ones who knew her. Notwithstanding her superior qualities and the supernatural gifts with which God favored her, she was most docile to the will of her superiors. One of her favorite axioms was that a person might be deceived in discerning visions and revelations, but could not in obeying superiors. She called obedience the soul of religious life, the short and sure road to perfect sanctity.

To these virtues St. Theresa joined that admirable gift of prayer which has made her so famous. All her biographers say that if she remained so long imperfect in virtue and so slow in completing the victory over herself, it was because she did not apply herself to the practice of prayer. Prayer assiduously practiced and properly directed is the source of that spirit of devotion in the saints which works reformations in their affection and changes them from carnal to spiritual men.

St. Theresa spent the last years of her life working the reformation of the Carmelite Order. When her death came, sixteen convents of reformed nuns were in existence and fourteen monasteries of friars, who all looked up to her as their mother in Christ. She breathed her last on the fourth of October, 1582, having lived sixty-seven years, of which forty-seven were passed in the religious state. She was canonized in 1621 by Gregory XV.—From *The Canadian Messenger*.

Fra Celestine.

(From an incident related in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, October, 1895.)



IN the stillness of the night-time
When our church was hushed and lone,
Knelt Fra Celestine enraptured,
Near the Sacred Altar throne.

Softly, like a silvery star-gleam,
Shone the fair lamp's wavering light,
With its gentle ray illuming
Garb of brown and mantle white.

Happily the prayerful watching
Glided—ah! too swift away.
Chimed the midnight—but the Frater
Knelt unmoving still, to pray.

O'er those holy heart-communings
Mystic veils were closely drawn,
Till the bell for morning office
Echoed through the early dawn.

Careful was the meek religious
Secrets of his King to keep,
Bearing silently a penance
For his long *apparent sleep*.

But a glimpse of golden glory,
And a wondrous inward grace,
Seemed to shine forth in the brightness
Of his peaceful joyous face.

And when shades of earth o'ercast us,
When our hearts were sad or lone,
Oft-times would his accents cheer us
With the sweetness of their tone.

“O my brothers of Mount Carmel!
Raise your thoughts to Heaven above.
Great the bliss reserved by Jesus
For the service of your love.”

“Did you know the glorious beauty
Of that everlasting prize
Offered to our Lady’s servants
There beyond the azure skies.

“Oh ! how sweet these passing sorrows,
Light the burdens of each day,
When, before our mental vision,
Shines that fair land far away.”

Were its pearly gates uplifted
To that glad ecstatic gaze,
Ere a holy peaceful transit
Closed our brother’s saintly days ?

Ah ! we know not—all was hidden
In his deep humility,
But the secret of that rapture
In God’s light we hope to see.

Daughters of St. Theresa.

“O Beauty of God, too little known !
O Beauty of God, surpassing every-
thing earth has of fair and sweet !
ravish our hearts to thee ! *This* is
why the Carmelites are in Boston.
Not only to pray for us, as night and
day they do pray ; not only to comfort
and counsel and hearten us by their
holy words, when we seek them in
hours of need ; not only to keep up
among us that magnificent tradition of
a religious Order that dates back to

Elias and Mt. Carmel in the Holy
Land, and was old when the Cæsars
first held sway. They are here to
teach us the lesson taught by Mary
the Immaculate at her Presentation in
the Temple, that there is a divine
Lover of souls who calls us to him,
and that it is possible to be content
with him alone. They are here to re-
peat to us by their very presence the
words which St. Theresa kept con-
stantly in her Breviary :

Let nothing disturb thee.
Let nothing affright thee.
All things pass away.
God alone remaineth.
Patience possesseth all things.
Who hath God loses nothing,
For God is his all.”

—The Sacred Heart Review.

TRIBUTE TO ST. THERESA.

"Whoever has read the wonderful story of St. Theresa's life as written by herself cannot but be struck by her extraordinary common sense. It pervaded her whole being; it was the warp and woof of her intellectual nature and was the ferment in which her motives and actions found their vitality. She had thoroughly sounded the keynote of human nature and had run her finger over its gamut from the lowest to the highest note. And she knew how to deal with it in all its varying moods and phases. She could look into the heart chambers of her contemporaries and see there what springs were in motion, what secret recesses were being stirred, and, without revealing to them her deep intuitions, could so determine their conduct that her heaven-inspired purposes would be fulfilled. For all that she had a profound distrust in her own judgment and constantly sought to direct it by heavenly guidance through prayer. She took counsel with her Maker in all her plans, and while her words were marked by cool deliberation and by the sharpest acumen of worldly thought, her imagination was even then kindled to white heat, and her soul poured itself forth in raptures at the foot of the altar. Therein she proved herself a true child of the mediæval Church, one in whom a fervent faith was first and foremost, and gave tone and color to every fibre of her moral and intellectual being.

She reasoned with nuncios, heads of religious houses and papal commissioners, in fearless and convincing tones, and won over to her views the most obdurate listeners by her plain and matter-of-fact statements, and

while her whole exterior gave evidence of a cool head and an unimpassioned heart, her soul was often either a prey to torturing misgivings, or was wrapped in ecstasies of heavenly delight. Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother repaid the saint's heroic fidelity to duty by numerous consoling apparitions, and assured her that her noble and unselfish work was welcome in their sight."—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

I Have No Time.

Out of ten persons who do not fulfil their religious duties, there are at least six or seven who will say to you when you speak to them about it, "I should be glad enough to do so, but I have no time, every one must gain his living. Religion is good for people with nothing else to do, who can live without working."

Nothing is more false than such reasoning as this, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Christianity; religion is made for all, even as God is the Father of all.

This is a very common error amongst the working classes, especially in large towns; and we must say it entirely results from ignorance. They have an absurd idea of religion—they believe that it solely consists of a very great number of outward observances; and the daily work which is absolutely necessary to workmen in order to gain a living, being evidently incompatible with such practice, they solve the difficulty by habitual words, which they lay down as an axiom, but which are in truth an unconscious blasphemy: "*I have no time.*" But tell me, my friend, *how much time* do you need to love God? *How much time* do you need to think of Him sometimes during the course of the day; to ask Him to bless you, to crown your efforts with success, and give you the rest of heaven after the sorrows and weariness of earth?

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

We never grow too old to welcome the month of Mary with almost childish delight ; and we have learned to feel the same about the Month of the the Holy Rosary. St. Alphonsus is the saint above all others who teaches perfect confidence in our Blessed Lady. He says, "Sinners, brethren, if we find ourselves debtors to the divine justice, and condemned to hell by our sins, let us not despair ; let us have recourse to this divine mother ; let us put ourselves under her protection and she will save us."

Surely there is a world of comfort in his words ; and we may well believe him, since he is a doctor of the Church. Now that the glorious month of October has come, with its delightful days full of sweet cool air and golden sunshine, it is a perfect joy to wend one's way to the church each evening, not worn out with a long, hot, weary day, but fresh and fervent and willing to find sweet rest before the altar of the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Dear children, how many of you know, that in his gospel St. Mark tells us that our dear Lord said to His Apostles, "Come apart and rest a little !"

Can you not picture to yourselves that very beautiful scene, when the tired friends of our Lord gladly availed themselves of His sweet and gracious invitation ? Imagine *your*

joy if He should say the same to you. How quickly and willingly you would leave everyone to go with him and not find the time long spent with Him.

Well, now here is the month of October and every evening our Blessed Lady will bring you an invitation, the very same that her Divine Son gave to His Apostles : "Come apart to My Mother's altar and rest a little."

Yes, go dear children, one and all go to the Rosary devotions every evening in October and pile up treasures for yourselves. After crowning our Blessed Lady with the roses she loved best, the Aves of your Beads, she will show you Jesus in His own holy Sacrament, and you will receive His Benediction which is always in itself a foretaste of heaven.

Fr. Faber used to say at Benediction, "And all good things with her," meaning, "Give us Thy Mother and all else will come." Now, in her own sweet turn Mary says to us—"and all good things with Him," in the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. In one of his instructions on the Rosary, Monseigneur Dupanloup, of Orleans, France, told a beautiful story of the death of a young girl whom he had formerly prepared for her First Communion. She was twenty years of age, and just a year before the holy prelate had blessed her happy marriage. She was rich, brilliant and her crowning happiness had come—she was a mother.

"I found her," says Mgr. Dupanloup, "with a smile upon her lips.

Death was close at hand, she knew it, she felt it. Nay, her face seemed to light up with joy at its approach. 'Do you not believe,' she said, with inexpressible sweetness, 'that I am going to heaven?' 'My child,' I replied, 'I have great hope of it.' 'And I,' she said, 'am sure of it.' When I made my First Communion, you recommended me to say the Hail Mary every day and to say it well. I have said it every day, and since I was about four years old, I never passed a single day without saying my Rosary, and that is why I am sure I am going to heaven. 'I can not believe,' she added gravely, 'and it is a thought that has cheered me since I have been ill, I cannot believe that after saying, since I was four years old, fifty times a day to the Blessed Virgin—'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner, now and at the hour of my death,' that now when my death has come she could stay away from me. She is here, I know she is. She is praying for me, and she will conduct me to heaven.' "Her death," continues Mgr. Dupanloup, "was truly heavenly," and so, dear children, I leave you to read over this true story of how beautiful are the death beds of those who love our Blessed Lady and are faithful to her holy Rosary.

Say one Hail Mary of it once this month for

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLERS.

1. In the archives.
2. He can raise them.
3. The king who did murder most foul.
4. In Richard III.—"who will guard my safety while I sleep?"
5. In the dictionary.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. Caroline Herschal.
2. Catharine Howard.
3. Elizabeth Linnaeus.
4. Queen Victoria.
5. Zenobia.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What color should the wind be painted?
2. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?
3. What relation is bread to the locomotive?
4. What is better than God and worse than the devil? the dead eat it, and if the living ate it they would die.
5. What group of islands proclaims that a goddess is out for a canter.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What is the origin of foolscap paper?
2. How came four I's on the dial of the clock?
3. Who made paper cannon for the German army?
4. What flower was named by the Greeks after one of their gods?
5. Name two distinctly American blossoms.

MAXIMS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Ah, me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.—Faber.
2. Let thought go before speech, not
speech before thought.—Ullathorne.
3. "Theresa and one son, are not
much, but Theresa and one son and
God is everything."—St. Theresa.
4. No soul can be happy in trying to
escape from God.—De Ravignan.
5. It is a blessing to have our Pur-
gatory in this world.—Fenelon.

Editorial Notes.

Priest and People.

A correspondent, writing from Mexico, says "That the greatest respect is always shown to the priest, or padrecito, as they call him. Not only do they take off their hat and salute the priest, but, if permitted, they will kiss his hand. This practice is not only used by the Indians but also by those placed in command over them." What a lesson for us. "The man who stands between the people and God, who exercises the sublimest of ministries, must receive from every Christian respect and reverence," says the *Catholic Record*. "He may not be an orator, but the words of a simple holy priest will, because God is with him, produce fruit in human souls. The labors of a priest who is living with his Master will fructify a thousandfold. The words of a priest who has not forgotten his place in the school of the Crucified are burdened with benediction. We should help him, indeed, but we should never permit our lips to frame the words of censure. Parents should bridle the tongues of their too precocious offspring."

The Natural Arbitration.

Nations can be united but under one head. Who is that head? The Pope, naturally. Everywhere his spiritual authority is recognized. He is of no nation; he is the father of Christendom. He is, to quote the *Church Progress*, the foremost representative of the moral and religious forces of the world. He is, therefore, the natural arbitrator of mankind, and his Curia is the only body exercising absolutely world-wide legislative and judiciary functions. All sorts of questions, in-

volving every phase of human interest, are constantly being referred to it from all parts of the planet, and one of its courts, the Rota, was for centuries in actual exercise of the functions of the Supreme Court of Christendom." Let all nations settle their disputes at the court of the vice-gerent of the Prince of Peace, and wars and international disputes will be but matters of history.

Pray for Peace!

The glorious victory at Lepanto owes much to the devout recital of the holy Rosary. In our days, too, we can confidently hope for much from our dear Queen of the Rosary. On the one hand well disposed Christians are craving and praying for universal peace, and on the other threatening war clouds overshadow this earth of ours. If ever we needed heaven's help we need it now, therefore it behooves us to join in united prayer to our blessed Lady of Peace. But we have not so much to fear from them who destroy the body as those who would destroy our souls by robbing us of our precious faith. After imploring the aid of our divine mother we are eager to join in the October prayer to St. Joseph. Let us remember how strongly our own St. Theresa urged us to put our hope in the good Saint Joseph who never fails to help those who cry to him.

A Labor of Love.

The interesting and highly important sketch of "Jerome Savonarola" by the amiable and learned Dominican, Father J. L. O'Neil, is surely a labor of love. This new biography is a worthy tribute to his great Dominican brother. Great men are misunderstood, and Savonarola was no excep-

tion. Much has been written of late to bring out the great Dominican in his true colors. The best is kept for the last, and is now given to us by Father O'Neil. His sketch gives us a correct idea of the life and labors of the martyr-friar. Savonarola may have failed in obedience to Rome through a misunderstanding, but, nevertheless he lived a faithful Catholic and died as such. He was unsparing in his condemnation of the evils of his days, but no one can show proof of any disrespect to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. Even Catholics are apt to get false notions of Savonarola and his times from the writings of those not of the household of the faith. Let them set their minds right now, and listen to Father O'Neil who will tell them the truth and nothing but the truth about so pure and illustrious a man as Savonarola.

October Devotions.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. enjoins that in all parish churches and chapels dedicated under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, the following prayers be recited from the first of October to the second of November: At least five decades of the Rosary, with the Litany of Loretto, either every morning during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or in the evening during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; such exposition to be followed by the customary Benediction. The Holy Father has granted an Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days to all who attend any one of these religious exercises; and also a Plenary Indulgence, with the usual conditions of confession and Holy Communion, to all who shall attend at least ten of these exercises in the Church, or who shall say the prescribed prayers in private when they cannot attend the public devotions. His

Holiness also grants the like Plenary Indulgence to all who, on the festival of the Holy Rosary or on any of the subsequent eight days, shall receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist and pray to God and the Blessed Virgin, in any church, for his intentions.

Danger to Faith.

St. Theresa tells us that "all things pass away." It is a time-worn aphorism. The same can be said of the words of our Lord, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What gain is there in an education which alone fits us for this world. Liberal Catholics say the clergy go too far in condemning secular schools. They point out schools where immorality and bigotry are unknown—schools where Catholic boys and girls are ever welcome and treated as becomes ladies and gentlemen. All very true. There may be no danger as to faith or morals, but where shall the child imbibe the true Catholic spirit? What shall give him strength to preserve the faith handed down to them by religious ancestors? There is always danger outside of a Catholic atmosphere. There are negative dangers, if not positive ones. Listen to a learned Jesuit—Father Rickaby addressing a class of young Oxford students. "Danger," he says, "consists not in anything you hear from lecturers and tutors, not in attacks made by your equals upon your religion, but in that urbanity and courtesy, and gaiety, and good humor and truth, and friendship, and vigor of mind and body, in that host of natural virtues which you admire in the society around you, all independent, it appears, of the grace of Christ and the faith and sacraments of His Church. Then the question

arises in the heart: What is the need of faith and sacraments and the restraints of Catholic belief and practice when such fair gifts are to be had without them? Who wants more than what we can find here, where the Church is not? . . . The natural goodness that you see flourishing without the Catholic faith is a snare and a temptation. Some power behind it seems to cry: "All these things I will give thee if thou wilt resign thy part in Christ and thine inheritance in the Son of Mary!"

Satan on the Stage.

No Christian, nor any decent person can without a blush be a witness of most of the theatrical entertainments now being put on the stage. Vulgarity and immorality stalk abroad and it is frequently noticed in the so-called "cake walks" and the like. Such shows are filled with immoral suggestions. No Catholic can conscientiously be present at such entertainments. Without sin he cannot be a voluntary witness, and the one who becomes a habitual spectator of such low scenes cannot escape being degraded himself. Now, at the opening of the theatre-season, it is good to sound a warning. Catholics who patronize these shows endanger their souls—give grievous scandal and are condemned by decent people. In such matters Catholics will be called to a severer account hereafter, because they sin against light. An esteemed exchange, the *Church Progress* of St. Louis, suggests an excellent remedy—appropriate too for this month—it says: "Meditate on the Seventh Mystery of the Holy Rosary—the Scourging at the Pillar—, and remember that every scandalous spectacle that you witness, every bad book that you read, every improper conversation in which you

take part, is another blow given to the Sacred Body of your Divine Saviour.

Sisters and Seculars.

In these days of small talk when many people have their opinions made to order in the newspaper sanctum, we hear plenty of superficial expressions on education. We are told that the members of the religious teaching orders are not up to date, not progressive and the like. The nun does not mingle with the crowd and hence knows nothing of the world. The teacher in the cloister has to learn nothing from the teacher in the world. In truth, taken as a class, "the teaching nuns," to quote a bright exchange, "have forgotten more about education than the secular teachers ever knew; even as instructors they are superior. If the great American writing and citified public only knew what things were done in the name of education by the young men and women in the country districts schools, they would stop talking about "the bulwark of our Republic." America has not been discovered yet. But even taking the city secular teachers at their best as a class—we are not speaking of the dazzling exceptions—the fact still remains that they have not and cannot have that wondrous hold upon the heart of the child, which would seem to be a part of the teaching sister's vocation. Now it is a commonplace (not overworn, you may be sure in a century and country of fads and follies) that so-called education which fails to reach the heart is a failure." People honest enough to express their opinion are crying out against the crimes committed in the name of education. In plain Anglo-Saxon a well-known Canadian school inspector lately vigorously protested against teaching methods in vogue outside the cloister.

Ecce Vere Carmelita!

An event of great interest was the celebration last month of the *diamond* jubilee of a venerable Carmelite, the Reverend Father Cyril Knoll, who reached sixty years of life as a priest on August 26, last. The jubilarian celebrated the great event at Scipio, Kansas, and it was remarked that on that auspicious day he sang Mass in a strong, clear voice, notwithstanding his having reached ninety years. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. sent the aged monk the Papal Blessing for the occasion. The jubilarian is not only a pioneer priest but indeed the *Father of the American Carmel*. Through his labors and zeal were founded in the United States our monasteries at Leavenworth, Kansas, Cumberland, Maryland, Pittsburg, Pa., and New Baltimore, Pa. His prayers and assistance also helped to build up our Canadian convent at Niagara. God grant our venerable confrere another decade, so he may round out a century and in the meantime encourage his brethren by his exemplary life and ripe experience. Finally, may our Blessed Lady conduct her true disciple to the summit of the true Carmel to celebrate an eternal jubilee.

Truth is Mighty.

St. Anthony's Messenger records the names of six Franciscans, all priests, who died victims of duty in the Philippines during the late insurrection. The *New York Evening Post* tells us that "when the great government of the United States was sending its soldiers into the field without adequate provision for them in case of sickness, Padre Antonio Millon gave his time, his care, and his thought to nursing, feeding, and caring for the sick soldiers

of the United States army." And now comes the publishing house of *Scribner's* publicly apologizing for a "mistake" of one of the contributors to the magazine. And thus by degrees the truth is told, and some justice done to the real friends of humanity, the long-suffering and much-abused friars.

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There is much truth in the saying of an exchange that the "average American Protestant in these days is a well-meaning person, who is rather friendly to the Church and has a suspicion that Catholicity is the true religion, and who is still very ignorant of it, and, owing to his Protestant training, has too little logic and too little sense of personal responsibility to investigate the question until it is brought home to him in some very forcible way. Even those most prejudiced against the Church, with the exception of a few malignant fanatics, who are often rotten at the core, are simply the innocent heirs to the false traditions of Protestantism, and need only to have their ignorance removed."

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It is said that when the Carmelite Cardinal Gotti was quite young an aged monk marked him out as a future Pope, and that the old prophecy which tells the mottoes of each Pope would once more be verified were Cardinal Gotti elected. The successor to Leo XIII. on that fateful scroll bears the motto, "Ignis ardens," and the Carmelite son of a Roman shepherd has a burning torch in his coat of arms.

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The *Illustrated London News* lately gave a picture of a quasi-Masonic apron worn by some of the Philippine insur-

gents on the battlefield. The apron depicted, which was found on the dead body of one of the insurgents after an engagement, represents a gory human head and dagger, indicating pretty clearly that the brotherhood to whom it belonged aspired to deeds of blood. What a contrast to the monastic brethren in those ill-fated islands who love their enemies, do good to them that hate them, bless them that curse them, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate them, as becomes true followers of the crucified one.

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During this month, dear to our holy Mother, all the Carmelite fathers and sisters throughout the land will fervently pray for all the intentions of our friends and benefactors. Members of the Scapular confraternity should always remember that they participate in the spiritual fruits of our Order, resulting from the recitation of the divine office, fasts, prayers, mortifications and other good works, not to speak of the many Masses.

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James R. Randall, the Southern poet, truly diagnosed the situation in France when he lately wrote saying, that nation "is beginning to understand that no true permanent glory or prosperity can come to an immoral nation, that is, a nation governed by infidels, anti-Christian financiers, secret society emissaries and social disorganizers. Italy is groaning under the same conditions and is rotten to the core officially. France must travel the same road or retrace her steps. The latest revelations of the Dreyfus affair would seem to indicate—whether the Jewish officer be innocent or guilty—that the civic and military establishments of France are as unsound as that large body of the people, who,

trusting more to the Code Napoleon than the Lord of All, make war on the family and invite malediction." Germany, too, according to the same writer, is "travelling a thorny road. She multiplies her race, but the fabric reared by Bismarck may totter in social revolution, unless the Catholics of the empire save what may be good in it nationally."

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November is fast approaching and we beg our readers to give us timely notice of the names of dear departed ones whom they wish remembered at the altar of our Lady's shrine at Niagara.

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One of your good works during October would be to honor our dear Queen of Carmel by sending us a renewal of your subscription to this little magazine. It will be an act of kindness much appreciated by us.

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Not long ago His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, officiated at the solemn blessing of the O. & N. Y. Railway. Would that more of these edifying Catholic customs were revived! It would bring us back to the grand old days of faith when men confided more in the divine blessing than in automatic couplers.

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An event of great interest to the devotees of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel will occur this month on the Sunday within the Octave of St. Theresa, namely the dedication of the new church erected by the Carmelite Fathers at Tarrytown, N.Y., under the auspices of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan who will officiate on the auspicious occasion.

PUBLICATIONS.

A splendid story entitled, "The Last Crusade," is running through the "Irish Rosary." If this excellent magazine becomes better known it will create a large circle of cis-Atlantic readers.

An interesting sketch of Catholicity in Pittsburg by Dr. Lambing, and other good things, make up the table of contents in the September number of the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society" of Philadelphia.

"The Flight" sold for only fifty cents a year is published by the zealous "Mission Helpers 412 W. Biddle St. Baltimore, Md." These good sisters are doing heroic work, and as far as temporals are concerned have nothing to look forward to for support. May the Divine Heart send them many helping friends!

Beautifully bound in green and gold and faultlessly printed, there comes to us from the press of Messrs. H. L. Kilner, of Philadelphia, a delightful collection of poems by a sweet songstress in the city of Brotherly Love. The author, Emily R. Logue, will take her place in the front rank of American poets. After reading her last collection, entitled, "At the foot of the Mountain," one can hear, to quote the author, the "Sweet music of a far-off day vibrating in the chords of memory."

"The young woman in the world plods her way along life's thorny path, unseen and unknown, except by those who reap the benefit of her ministrations. Oh! they are the hidden saints, and they know it not," says the good Passionist Father, the Rev. Xavier Sutton who has truly gathered some "Crumbs of Comfort" in a neat and cheap little volume just issued by H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia. This little work breathes the delicious odor of the cloister and it reveals a long experience in the care of souls, above all a heart moved with compassion towards those self-sacrificing and generous souls who forego the pleasures of life to be a help and solace to others.

Wm. Bellinghausen of Freiburg, (Baden) Germany sends a request to all Catholic authors, editors, writers and translators for all the names and addresses deserving of a place in the forthcoming "Catholic Authors' Directory of the English Speaking world."

"Ah me! without trying—by merely being gentle and human and tender to souls astray, what good priests can do!" An autographic quotation from Father Ryan in the September *Rosary Magazine* wherein some more Unpublished Thoughts tell us "just how gentle, and human, and tender, and loyal the sweet singing Poet-Priest was."

"Via Crucis," by Mary Winefride Beaufort is a devotional poem, descriptive of the Stations of the Cross. Three verses are devoted to each Station; and these verses describe in simple but forcible language, the leading features of the Station. The illustrations are beautiful, halftone reproductions of the Stations of the cross by Overbeck. Each picture occupies a full page, and on the opposite page are the verses descriptive of the Station. The booklet is beautifully printed on a very fine quality of paper. A most tastefully designed border surrounds each page. The reproductions of Overbeck's beautiful pictures are alone worth the price asked for the booklet, and the verses, while simple are of a high order of merit.

A complete Church Manual has been issued by the press of the "House of the Guardian Angel, 85 Vernon street, Boston, Mass." The book is all that it claims to be. The proceeds help the orphans. The work is edited by Rev. A. Police, S. M. Musical accompaniment can be had for one dollar. The full title of the book is, "The Parochial Hymn Book, Complete edition, containing devotional exercises for all the faithful, and for different confraternities.—The Ordinary of the Mass—complete Vespers and compline—The Liturgical Hymns for the Year—also more than three hundred beautiful hymns—A Mass for Children—The Little office of the Immaculate Conception. The Litany of the B. V. M.—Antiphons and Mottets, etc., for the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament."

Send one dollar to Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Fremont street, Boston, for the elegantly gotten up work on "Jerome Savorola," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

A western manufacturer of Church goods sends us for inspection a sample of the brown Scapular sold by his firm. The sample is cheap and of the proper material. But something more durable is a desideratum.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Carmelite Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., from: New Koeln, Wis.; Pittston, Pa.; Koeltztown, Mo.; South Bend, Wash.; Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Dane, Wis.

Names received from Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Ann's Church, Newark, N. J.; St. Cecilia's Church, Englewood, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Manayuck, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Chatham, N. Y.; St. Augustine's Church, Lebanon, Ky.; St. Mary's Church, Newark, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Rondont, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, Petersburg, Va., ————— Newark, N. J.; St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; Immaculate Conception Church, Baltimore, Md.; Immaculate Conception Church, Everett, Mass.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.; Sacred Heart Church, East Orange, N. J.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury, Mass.; St. Joseph's Convent, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Patrick's Church, Raleigh, Ont.; St. Benedict's Church, Decorch, Pa.; Church of Sacred Heart, Walkerton, Ont.; Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Louisville, Ky.; Church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Church of Immaculate Conception, Bridgeport, N. S.

Names for registration received at Carmelite Convent, Pittsburg, Pa., from Cappuchin Convent, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, Appelton, Wis.; St. Francis' Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio.; St. Leo's Church, Ashley, Pa.; St. Brendan's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis Church, Makamis, Ill.; St. Mauru's Church, Biehle Perry Co., Mo.; St. George's Church S. S., 31 Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.; Church of the Holy Family, Dodon, Md.; Ridgely, Md., Frederick, Mo., Barton, Wis.; Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, V, 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Special intentions, 2. That a student may pass successfully to a higher grade. That a young lady may overcome stoppage in speech. That two children may overcome certain weaknesses. Special graees, 2. For final perseverance. That a young man may have the grace to overcome temptation to drink. That two families may obtain the grace of conversion. That a reader may obtain a better position in a Catholic family; also money that is due. That a reader may be cured of a sore leg. Spiritual and temporal blessings for one, and the grace of a happy death for two. That a brother may get a good situation at once. That a lady may obtain a good and suitable house. That a very important business matter concerning two children may be settled in their favor at once. Religious vocation, 1. Prayers for a young lady about to enter the convent. That a debt may be paid. Recovery from an illness. For grace of a happy death. Health for two. That a nurse may obtain a good and permanent position. For the success of several nurses. That two members of the medical profession abstain from liquor and build up a practice. That a lady may be guided for the best in a very important step. That God may watch over two

children and keep them from all harm. That two women who have deserted their husbands may make atonement. That the executors of an estate may make good the money lost. That brothers may pay their sisters money owing to them. That a father may return to his family, abstain from liquor, and obtain a position. That a lady's tooth may cease troubling her. Health for many. That several ladies may obtain good domestics. That a lady may be guided for the best. Success in business for many. For the spiritual and temporal welfare of several families. That a brother may abstain from drugs, get a position, and pay all he owes. That a young wife may obtain a large sum of money owing to her, and that her husband may reform and support her. To obtain news of an absent brother. That a brother may cease persecuting his sisters. Prayers for several deceased persons. Several spiritual and temporal intentions. That a subscriber may regain health. That a family may be enabled to pay their just debts.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MR. DEVLIN, Feb. 13, Woburn, Mass.

MRS. DENNEHY, of New York City.

MRS. MCAULIFFE, July '14, Woodslee, Ont.

MISS MARY HAYS, Aug. 18, Pittsburg, Pa.

MRS. ELLEN FITZGERALD, Aug. 9, Sunderland, Ont.

MISS MARY CULLEN, who died lately at her home in Ottawa. She was one of our old subscribers.

SYLVESTER TOPPER, a devout client of our Blessed Mother and wearer of her livery, who departed this life at his residence in Camden, N. J., on Aug 1.

MR. JOHN P. KEENAN, Sept. 1, Cortland, N. Y.

MRS. M. D. MARKOE, Aug. 15, St. Paul, Minn.

We beg the prayers of our pious readers for the eternal repose of the soul of the late Major Creery, Surgeon, U. S. A., who died on board the transport Catania, returning from Cuba Aug. 23, and was buried at sea. He was a model Catholic, devoted to his country, a martyr to duty and a loving son who leaves behind him a good and pious mother, who deserves the prayerful sympathy of every reader of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from Mrs. E. M. R., New Baltimore, Pa.; Mrs. F. S., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; W. D.; Miss E., Washington, D. C.; J. J. O'R., Philadelphia, Pa.; F. W., Paterson, N. J.

Thanksgiving.

CARMELITE FATHERS, Niagara Falls :

You offered prayers on my behalf last spring that I might obtain a certain position. Those prayers have since been answered.

K. McC.

Caledonia, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1898.

Bear calumnies and insults patiently ; oppose to them meekness, silence, and forgiveness, and the victory is yours.

There are few more efficacious ways of atoning for our sins than by bearing unjust censure meekly. Let us avail ourselves of it.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls**. The **Upper Rapids**, **Goat Island**, the **Three Sister Islands**, the **American Falls** and the **Gorge**, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





The Loss of a Friend.



I.

NOTHER voice is silent
 That o'er the ebb and flow
 Of changeful joy and sorrow
 Oft whispered soft and low.
 And in our thoughts and feelings
 Its tones would gladly blend.
 How sad it is and lonely
 To lose a cherished friend !

II.

It is not like those cloudlets
 That overcast the day
 And then, in beams of sunlight,
 So quickly pass away.
This shade is never over,
 A heart has been most dear :
 As life flows on how often
 Its loss will re-appear ! *

III.

It seems so very needful
 To hear a voice once more
 Whose dear, familiar accents
 We heard with joy, before.
 But mournfully the echoes
 As of a sad refrain,
 Are wafting through remembrance,
 It may not be again !

* "The loss of a friend is never over—it is always re-appearing."—FR. FABER.

IV.

And still we are not friendless.
 O kneel in silent prayer
 Before the holy altar,
 Our *dearest* Friend is there.
 And all the kindest feelings
 That friendship can impart
 Are beating in those love-thrills
 Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

V.

A day will come when partings
 Will be to us no more.
 We'll see those well-known faces
 So loved, and lost of yore.
 The ties of tender friendship
 On earth were loosed with pain,
 But in our home for ever
 Dear friends we will regain.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

A Sister's "Undying Love."



HE sent me a little emblem,
 A delicate snow-white spray,
 Like her own pure, gentle spirit
 Now far from earth away.
 And to cheer my onward pathway,
 To raise my thoughts above,
 She wrote, with tender meaning,
 Of her "*undying love*."
 On our Blessed Mother's birthday
 My darling was laid to rest :
 She will rise in immortal beauty,
 And mingle with virgins blest.
 Oh ! those words, like a stream of music
 Softly wafting on zephyr's sigh,
 Often whisper to my spirit
 Of love that can never die.
 The eyes with their lustrous meaning,
 Have closed to the light of day,
 And the warm heart has stilled its beating,
 But her love lives far away.
 And, like to a silvery star-gleam,
 That ray of "*undying love*,"
 Shines forth in the night of sadness
 That preludes the day above.
 And I know that her heart thrills responsive
 And echoes each breathing of prayer,
 For love that is living in Jesus,
 Is purified, perfected there.

—E. D. M.

"In Memoriam," Rev. Mother M. Gertrude.—R.I.P.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE—UNIVERSAL LEGATE OF THE ORIENT—BISHOP OF
CORON—RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE—NEW CONFERENCES—
SURPRISE OF THE FORTRESS LAMPSAQUE—1359.



THE return of Peter Thomas to Avignon caused a great revival of Catholic sympathy in regard to the Oriental Church. His report confirmed the account already received from Constantinople, and was a source of the deepest joy to the Roman Court. With one accord the members of the Sacred College resolved to agitate, with all the energy of which they were capable, the best method to accomplish the much-desired re-union. And to bring the negotiations to a happy termination where could they find a more fitting mediator than he who had been so intimately associated with the Orient? The letter of John Paleologus, as also one which King Hugo wrote, were full of laudatory expressions of the marvels which the saintly Legate had wrought. These two epistles went far towards augmenting the confidence of Pope Innocent, already very great, in the energy and wisdom of this faithful prelate. Thus

he unhesitatingly made known his design of entrusting him with a second and more important mission to the Orient. Blessed Peter was not the one to paralyze the universally manifested inclination, neither was he—above all—given to weighing in the balance a sacred desire with his own particular tastes. He knew well that this appeal for a public benefit as expressed by legitimate authority should silence his own views, even in regard to *humility*. Besides his fervor had kept pace with the rich guerdon of spiritual benefits granted him from above. The recollection of the services which God had permitted him to render during his former mission impelled him to accept the position, but on a far greater scale, which would entail similar duties and trials. So far from asking a respite he found his pleasure and his recompense in the opportunity to serve the Church with renewed devotion, and declared his readiness to obey the wish of Christ's Vicar on earth.

Several Bulls were therefore issued. By one Blessed Peter Thomas was appointed universal and special Legate of the Holy See for all the dependent countries whether of the empire of

Constantinople or the kingdom of Cyprus, as also for Thrace, Greece, the isle of Candia, the Archipelago, and the city of Smyrna.

By another he was named Inquisitor of the faith for all those countries. Like Isaiah and St. John the Baptist, it belonged to him to make the crooked paths straight and to smooth the rugged ways. Like Jeremiah, it was his mission in nations and kingdoms to tear up and destroy, to build and to plant—that is to chastise the infidel, to lead back the erring, and to sustain the faithful Catholic. A tribute to the newly appointed Legate accompanied his nomination. The Sovereign Pontiff declared him *to be penetrated with the fear of God, thoroughly informed in all matters of faith and discipline, eminently prudent, and specially capable of acting for the best under circumstances the most difficult.*

Still another Bull announced that the project of a crusade was under discussion. The Legate was commissioned to prepare the soil with the numerous prelates to whom the letter was addressed—viz., the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Archbishops of Nicosia, of Crete, of Smyrna, of Patras, of Athens, of Thebes, of Corinth, of Colossus, of Naxos, of Durazzo and other suffragans.

In order that his special representative should enjoy perfect liberty of direction the Sovereign Pontiff, by a fourth Bull, suspended the power with which all the other legates of those countries were invested at the time.

And something else in the interest of this ministry was done by His Holiness. A few days previous to the departure of Bishop Thomas, Innocent VI. thought best to transfer the See of Patti and Lipari to that of Coron. This city was situated in the most

southern part of Greece, and belonged to the Venitians at that time.

The Bishop, Luigi Turiano, had just been promoted to the Patriarchate of Aquilia. Peter Thomas was transferred to the vacant See of Coron, either for the reason that, in his mission to the East, communication with his flock and with the Vicar who had charge of it would be less difficult, or because, the resources of Coron being richer than those of Lipari's volcanic territory, the revenues of the Bishop would be in keeping with his enlarged sphere of action.

For the latter reason, according to the Bollandists, the Holy Father gave him as a benefice in perpetuity the bishopric of Negropont, an island also under Venitian rule, and in view of the varied nature of the services he was to render to the universal Church, he dispensed him anew from residing in those places.

Blessed Peter had, in fine, jurisdiction not only over the spiritual interests of religion, but over the temporal interests as well. In the Levant he was actually "Commander-in-Chief of the Christian forces, thus in his office as universal Legate of the Orient he was invested with the most extensive authority which the Holy See could impart. But if his powers were immense, we will see that his zeal, fully as great, displayed an ability and virtue equal to his glorious duties.

That he might the more readily gather an army of recruits eager to unite with the holy cause, the Legate bore with him a treasure whose power to win was mighty and whose priceless value was fully recognized by the eyes of faith. He was authorized to proclaim a PLENARY INDULGENCE for the benefit of all who would enroll them-

selves for the approaching campaign, or who would assist by way of subsidies.

The Pope and the Cardinals, joining example to precept, sent considerable sums which permitted the procuring of several galleys, providing for the crews, and supplying the soldiers with arms.

As lieutenant for the military department, the Legate appointed a Knight of St. John, Nicholas Benoit, formerly in charge of the commandery at Venosa in Apulia.

These preparations accomplished, our saint knelt for the last time before Innocent VI. to receive the Apostolic benediction, and then, without delay, hastened to the post of honor, and of danger too, to which he had been assigned. The early summer of 1359 witnessed a fleet of galleys, three abreast, furnished by the Venitians and Hospitalers, ready, under the auspices of our holy Church, to set out upon their glorious mission to the Orient. In the course of the voyage the papal representative visited several isles and cities included in his legation to recall to the people, in a practical way, that they had not been forgotten by the Holy Father, who considered their cause his own. Having taken in supplies at Smyrna, he soon arrived at Constantinople. John Paleologus, always at variance with the Ottomans, was at this very time in the greatest distress. The return of "the holy Legate," as he was generally styled, the sight of the imposing escort in attendance, not less than the attitude of the Latin chevaliers revived his fainting courage, and confirmed him in his political and religious alliance with Rome. Notwithstanding the vehement opposition, which unhappily was never withdrawn, he

avored even more ardently than before the development and the solidity of reunion.

Under the auspices of the Emperor, the Bishop of Coron, knowing well that ignorance is the principal cause of schism, and indeed of all those evils which tarnish the beauty of the soul, hastened to enkindle, as before, the flame of his irresistible eloquence.

Endowed, as we already have seen, with admirable resources, which enabled him to delight the varied tastes of his hearers, he lavishly offered, in turn, erudition and subtlety, mildness and impassioned fervor, enlightenment upon many necessary points, and a tender persuasiveness that could not fail to win.

It would seem that nothing was wanting *this* time to touch the hearts of our erring brethren. The Legate whose authority was accompanied with such eloquence, force and sanctity, became an object of great veneration. His very presence seemed to breathe a benediction, and was, we can truly say, one of the greatest graces vouchsafed by our Lord to lead back those misguided souls.

And yet it was not sufficiently appreciated by the majority of a people deeply imbued with prejudices and suspicions regarding Rome. If vast throngs hastened to St. Sophia and the other churches to hear Blessed Peter Thomas, all were not inspired with the same good intentions. Whilst every day produced some new token of the love felt for the Legate, the basest animosity, which had not been so evident during his first embassy, now boldly traduced him with no attempt at concealment. The jealousy, alas! so deeply rooted, of whatsoever related to the primacy of the Holy See assumed a more venomous character,

and refused to be influenced either by patient kindness or severer methods. But, generally, the saint presented to these personal attacks only humility, the practice of mortification, the permanent sacrifice of his life, and an indefatigable activity in his multiplied duties. His journeys from the city to the army were frequent. After having fulfilled the functions of "Controversialist" he went to his post as commander of the forces, where he might be seen opening the attack against the pirates, making them disgorge their ill-gotten goods, and successfully combatting against the Ottoman battalions. God evidently sustained him and the divine blessing crowned his zeal. The intrepidity of the hero went hand in hand with the power of the Thaumaturgus.

Amongst the exploits accomplished by the combined fleet of Constantinople and the Church, one of the most memorable was that in which the city Lampsaque formed the chief point of interest.

This city (now called Lampsacus) was situated at the western point of Asia Minor, in the centre of the Dardanelles. It was a most important place in regard to maritime communication. The Turks who had taken possession of it were most aggressive and caused the greatest trouble to European navigation. They had built a strong fortress at some distance from the sea, and from its almost impregnable walls they would, from its secure refuge, watch for the propitious moment to carry out their unlawful schemes.

Acting under the command of Peter Thomas, the Christians invaded the fortress of Lampsaque.

After a siege of several weeks, they gained their point and pulled it down. Satisfied with the victory, won by the

most heroic efforts and invincible bravery, they retreated to their vessels never dreaming that a treacherous foe was nigh. Suddenly, at either side, arose a perfect forest of lances, and fierce looking janisaries precipitated themselves upon the lately jubilant Christians in ever increasing numbers. The savage yells, the multiplied charges, the sea of glittering angry eyes produced the wildest confusion and terror. Eager to reach the safe refuge of the vessels they deserted their standards, threw down their arms and made the best of their way to the sea. Upon beholding this weakness, the holy Legate sent forth to heaven his cry of alarm, for it was useless to call back the panic-stricken fugitives. Rallying around him, however, fifty chevaliers or esquires of his military department, of the order of Hospitalers, he exhorted them not to betray the honor of the Christian name, which was so closely interwoven with their ranks. From that moment, as though his invincible soul had found a mate in each of those noble knights, they foiled, with their saintly leader, the efforts of that dark phalanx and made an honorable retreat to the sea. But the valiant are not always invulnerable. In a short time seven of those brave men had fallen beneath the Moslem's hand. The assailants, on the contrary, constantly gained new reinforcements. From every side they came, their swarthy faces lighted by glittering eyes, gleaming with rage and hate. But nothing could daunt the courage of the little band. Bleeding and decimated, but sustained by Christian heroism, they marched nobly to their ship.

Their honor was saved, the panic averted and the surprise avenged. Three hundred slain of the Turkish

force covered the soil, whereupon the brave and heroic comrades of the saint had met a noble death. As to the latter, we are permitted to believe that he valiantly and with his own hand attacked the infidel foe, for the prevailing customs of the middle ages authorized such a proceeding.

Mezieres says in several instances: "*Personaliter certando, corporaliter bellando*," thus showing that his heroes really fought sword in hand with all the bravery of a belted knight.

During this campaign, the splendid qualities of the *monk, now general and even admiral*, were displayed in all their greatness. Whether sailing with a fleet or with a small light vessel, whether he had to encounter the fiercest storms, to face the rigors of the severest winter—or feel that treacherous foes were nigh—he never for a moment faltered. Now he would present himself at Candia, then at Cyprus—Constantinople would not be forgotten.

The Archipelago would be included in his mission. The Turks received so many lessons, in the way of defeats from him, and were so impressed with the supernatural character of this friend of God, that discouragement and disunion soon began to penetrate their ranks. One of their Chiefs, the ruler of Alto-Laga, (the ancient Ephesus) made his submission to the Legate, paid tribute to him, and ever after treated his Christian subjects with deference and respect. The holy Legate manifested then, in those vast countries, an activity far beyond the greatest of human efforts. Consoler of the Greeks, invincible foe of the Turks, mandatory of the union, and *above all* the orator who, with eloquence keen as a two edged sword, waged war against every vice. Such was Blessed

Peter Thomas. Is it necessary to say that to us his life stands forth a *marvel*, a truly celestial and perpetual prodigy? Through his mediation the light of faith—of Catholicism—burned with resplendent lustre in the capital of the Orient, and, with its re-enkindled radiance, confidence was again revived in the hearts of a people whom unpropitious circumstances had always held in apprehensive consternation.

The Byzantine Empire found itself ready to resist, with greater assurance and courage, the ever increasing invasions and encroachments of Mahomet.

Thus, by the grace of God, a mendicant friar was enabled to stretch forth a helpful hand to imperial potentates—the son of a Perigordian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A touch of a kindly hand will oftentimes render more help and comfort than the most eloquent words. Our hands were made for helpfulness, and they are never more worthily used than when they are stretched forth to lift the fallen, to aid the weak, or to comfort the sorrowful of heart. Oh! for a touch of the Master's hand! Oh, for a baptism of the Master's spirit, Whose hands were ready for all helpfulness, even to being nailed for our redemption to the cross of shame.

"By the prayers of the holy Church, the profitable sacrifice and alms bestowed upon the faithful departed leave no doubt, that the deceased are delivered. For this practice, delivered unto us by our fathers, is observed universally in Christ's Church that prayers should be made for the departed."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Our Lady's Presentation.



POTLESS as a stainless lily,
With love glowing like the rose,
Mary, from her home and kindred,
To the Lord's bright temple goes :
Oh ! the sweetness—the completeness—
Of that kindling sacrifice ;
From Light's blossom to Love's bosom
Blessed Perfumes Godward rise :
She doth run on the sweet odors
Of the Bridegroom, she doth fly,
Amorous Dove, to Heaven's bosom
Lost, embraced in love most high ;
Ah ! for sweetness, what completeness
Burning in the sacrifice ;
God's Dove's cooing softly wooing,
Wooing Heaven from Paradise—
God's Dove's cooing softly woos
Heaven to earth from Paradise !

Little life of Wisdom's flowers,
Great in love breathed sweetly through,
Busy hands so filled with graces,
Feet so faithful, heart so true ;
Such rare sweetness of completeness
Crowns this blossoming sacrifice,
Full of yearning, ever turning,
From the earth her heavenly eyes :
Lowly, holy, like the Virgin
In God's temple, let us be ;
With each breath grow nearer, dearer
Unto Jesus, as did she :
Then, faith's sweetness in completeness,
Mary's children's sacrifice,
Shall rise purely, through her, surely,
Heaven-bless'd from Paradise—
Shall rise purely, through her, sure
Of hope's crown, love's Paradise !

—SISTER W., O.C.C.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)



FLOOD of sad thoughts ran in his brain as he looked on her face, showing now more plainly than ever, in its death-like mask the pathos life had boldly traced, and pity for it all, fierce

remorse that he had by even a word, done aught to add to her suffering, made the tears creep into his eyes. He called her name loudly, or whispered it softly, and after a time that seemed eternity to him, Judith's white lids fluttered, unclosed and meeting the tear-wet glance bent on her, feeling the tender protecting arms around her, her first awaking thought was that she had died, and this heart happiness was her first taste of Heaven. But Bluebell's brown head over her, the great liquid eyes, almost human in their sympathy, fixed on her, would be, she sharply realized, no part of her hereafter bliss. She drew herself away from his clasp, and sitting erect, feebly pushed away Bluebell's head and glanced around bewildered. When her eyes came back to him it did not need his words to tell her how deep and lasting was his regret; but she said it was standing in the sun that had caused the faint, and there was no reason why he should take any blame to himself. After a while she rose and announced her intention of returning

home. She declined his offer to accompany her, and seeing she was suffering from excitement and wanted to be alone, he gently assisted her to mount Bluebell. With an effort to regain her natural self, she bade him good-bye and rode away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Filled with a variety of contending thoughts, Mr. Gray wended his way toward his hotel. A new element had entered into his interest in Judith Sanders. That she knew, or at least, had a suspicion who was the real murderer of Jake Sharkley he felt convinced, but that she should have kept silence during all these years while an innocent man languished behind prison bars was one of the greatest surprises of her character. That behind this silence lay a reason, he knew; but what reason, he questioned, could possibly be stronger than the divine claim of claim of justice? Always when thus perplexed he would turn to his ever-ready wheel and betake himself to the country; so, after the noon-day meal, and a brief rest, he started, following the old Maysville turnpike. Half-a-mile from the hotel rises the little white meeting-house, and directly back of it is the famous battleground where Daniel Boone and his brave pioneers met disastrous defeat from the hands of the treacherous Indians, who greatly outrivalled them in number, and in their knowledge of the weedy recesses of the deceptive hills and valleys. But

the church, this Sunday afternoon, was deserted, and down the long white stretch of road no object showed, save a few cows, leisurely cropping the grass fringing the way on either side. Once in the course of an hour he met a couple on horseback, a young girl who stared at him from under her pink sun-bonnet in wonderment, while her companion, a stalwart country swain, with handsome, boyish face and honest brown eyes, divided his attention between him and the frisky colt, coquetting from one side of the road to the other at sight of the bicycle and rider. Mr. Gray heard their laugh as he sped on and with good-nature admitted mentally he must be a mirth-provoking object, covered as he was with dust and warm with his exertions. At one point an old wagon road, smooth and hard as a race track, and deeply overshadowed by foliage, tempted him from the dusty highway. Lost in thought, he followed its quiet path, heedless of the passing of time or the changing face of the sky, seen at intervals through the canopy of green ; but as he proceeded, a streak of lightning shot its zig-zag course through the gathering gloom, while a low, ominous growl of thunder announced the storm's approach. The prospect of encountering a summer storm in the fierceness with which it breaks over such desolate places was not a pleasant one, and as he gained the brow of the hill he sprang from his wheel and searched the landscape, hoping to sight some habitation. All that met his view, however, were hills—hills bare and rugged, hills covered with deep undergrowth or showing an occasional patch of young corn or wheat—nothing but the everlasting hills. Yet how beautiful was the prospect under the gloom and hush that come with a gathering

storm ! The soft purple haze that had bathed the land was being slowly gathered up, the while the thin sheets of the approaching rain were spread like an unbroken line of sails along the horizon. In a few minutes, he knew, that phantom fleet would have gained on him to pour down its merciless shot and shell from its unseen guns. As he was debating whether to turn back and give it chase, or press on, the friendly bark of a dog from the hollow below came to his glad ears. Springing on his wheel, he dashed forward and soon reached the bottom of a hill, where stood a comfortable log house, in the yard surrounding which sat a man, reading, while a little boy and girl played on the grass near. Over in the barn-lot a flock of sheep were being turned into their shelter for the night by a shaggy shepherd dog, whose bark pleasantly broke the stillness. A man stood at the gate counting his white sheep as they passed him in huddling groups, while at a short distance was a woman, her attention between the calf she was feeding from a pail and a number of turkeys spread around, impatiently awaiting their expected supper.

"Nettie," she cried to the little girl, "bring me the chicken feed, quick !" and as the child sprang from the grass to do the bidding, she caught sight of the minister now leaning against the fence, regarding the scene with pleased eyes. He smiled back at the girl's startled glance, wherewith she scampered off, followed by her brother, to whom, by some mental telegraphy, she had communicated her knowledge of the stranger's presence. A few first big drops of rain warned the minister to secure shelter, so lifting his wheel over the low stone wall, he crossed and announced his approach to the unconscious reading man by a

friendly "Good afternoon!" Very slowly the man withdrew his eyes from the pages and seeing the stranger said in even tones, with a rich Irish accent, "Goodevening to you, sir!" His face was yellow and dry as parchment, his eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, his hair was of a peculiar dead blackness and was smoothed so closely over his head it more resembled a tight-fitting cap than the natural covering. His frame was spare, and the sunken chest did not need the short, dry, occasional cough to confirm the indications of ill-health.

"It is going to rain," remarked Mr. Gray, feeling he should give the reason for his intrusion on this strange person, "will you allow me to stand on the porch until it is over?"

The man lifted his yellow face to the sky.

"We are going to have a storm, sure," he commented. "We'd better get inside." Then remembering the other's question, he said: "I'm only a passing guest here myself, but I know Mr. Hetting will be pleased to see you. They are clever people. I've been putting up here nigh onto three years. I'm a dry-goods pedler," he explained, as they turned toward the house.

The room they entered was large and comfortable, its floor covered with a new rag carpet, its white-washed walls adorned with prints that hideously represented sylvan scenes. In one corner was a tall-posted bed, with a rude home-manufactured couch pushed under it for the children. A rocking chair stood in splendid isolation in the middle of the floor, and at proper distance apart, six hard-bottomed chairs, painted a bright red, were ranged along the wall. A tall clock was on the mantel-piece above the stone fireplace, whose wide mouth was concealed by a

screen made of newspapers, fitted smoothly over a cloth tacked on a slender frame. A pin-cushion hung against the wall under a small mirror, and on a rude stand, covered with a white towel, were a lamp and an old Bible. Mr. Gray took in these simple details as he drew the chair indicated by his fellow guest toward the door, where together they watched the coming of the rain. As the drops began to fall with increased rapidity and force, the master of the house, attended by his great dog, blustered in, but seeing the minister, he drew himself up and taking off his hat acknowledged that gentleman's introduction of himself.

"You're welcome, Brother Gray," he said, extending his hand. "It's lucky you happened to be this near, for I think the rain's a-goin' to keep up all night, an' it's a pretty uncomfortable feelin' to be out in a sto'm in these pa'ts, 'specially when a feller ain't got his hoss."

"How far am I from the Springs?" asked Mr. Gray, a little dismayed at his host's prediction regarding the rain.

"It's nigher eight miles than seven by the pike, but less'n five ef you cut across an' hit the Parks' Ferry road. But you're welcome hyar, Brother Gray. Mr. Daly 'll tell you we Kentuckians hyarabouts are just as glad to see strangers as you fellers uv the Bluegrass."

"I took the liberty, Dave, of extending your hospitality to this gentleman," said Mr. Daly, in his quiet voice. "It's the right disposition to have, sir," he continued, addressing the minister, "this hospitable one. It's fulfilling the Scriptures, taking in, as your own, the stranger at your gate. I've travelled a great deal through the country,

been in 'most every State in the Union, but I find the Kentuckians are the best people in this line."

"What do you think of the South Carolinians?" asked the minister, a twinkle in his eye.

The old pedler caught it, but the knowledge he was to speak of a people to one of them did not influence his answer.

"They're a very fine people, what I know of them, hospitable and kind; but you don't find them as frank and open as the Kentuckian. They are more reserved in their intercourse with strangers, a sort of dignified friendliness. It makes you feel at home with them, however, because you know they are sincere."

"I see," said the minister, smiling, "you are loyal to Kentucky. Though my adopted State for a years only, I admit its people are all you claim them to be. I am from South Carolina myself."

"I thought so by your accent," said the old pedler, lookin' out at the rain and relapsing into silence. Mr. Hetting took up the conversation until the appearance of his wife, with the two children clinging to her skirts.

"Are you a Methodist, Brother Gray?" she asked, and at the negative reply the disappointment she felt showed itself on her comely face.

"Couldn't you a-told that, honey, without askin'?" questioned her husband, with a quizzical laugh. "Ef he was a Methodist, he'd a-had us singin' hymns afore this. As it is, he ain't even quoted a line from the Script'r yet."

His wife's face flushed under the words, as she said to the minister, excusingly:

"Dave oughtn't to talk like that, Brother Gray. He j'ined with the

church when we was married an' tried to do what's right ever sence."

"Yes, I turned my coat to get a wife, Passon," said Dave, taking a seat and drawing the children to his knee. "I was a Campbellite raised. Not that it made any diff'rence, that I c'uld see; an' one 'ud do much fur a gal like Hattie was an' stick to it fur the wife she tu'ned out to be."

"O, hush, Dave!" said the wife, a flush of pleasure chasing away the momentary annoyance from her face.

"What do you say to that, ole man?" asked Dave, leaning over and slapping the pedler on the shoulder, for the grim smile that had crossed the old yellow face during the conversation had not escaped the host's sharp eyes and he wanted to know the thought that had prompted it.

"Just what you said, Dave. It don't make any difference with *you*."

Mrs. Hetting had left the room to prepare the evening meal, so her husband felt free to continue the conversation.

"But it would have with you?"

"Yes, Dave, it would have with me."

"Do you mean to tell me you wouldn't have turned ovah frum the Cath'lic Church fur a woman you loved an' who wouldn't marry you 'less you did?"

"I mean just that, Dave," said the old man.

"Then," laughed Dave, "you nevah was in love!"

The pedler made no reply, but the minister filled up the gap by saying:

"That is too sweeping a statement, Mr. Hetting. There is many a man who sets his conscience above everything in life, yes, even above a woman's love."

"Dave would have done it himself,"

interposed the pedler, with fine loyalty to his friend and host, "if conscience had had any voice in the matter. But it didn't, for it is true what he said, it didn't make any difference with him."

"Do you think it made any difference, Mr. Daly?" asked the minister, leaning slightly forward. The question plainly embarrassed the old man, and the minister, noting this, said:

"I ask for your frank opinion. I am accustomed to meeting men who differ from me in religious views. If a minister, Mr. Daly, I am not a bigot."

"Well, my young friend. I do not think it did," said Mr. Daly, fixing his deep-set eyes on the minister's pale, reposeful face.

"Why not?" asked he.

"Mr. Gray, down in your own State I once stopped at a house where I had two young lady customers," began the pedler, after a thoughtful pause. "In those days I used to carry jewelry, though I since stopped it, as I found it often tempted women to buy it when they needed other things for their house and children. I had that day two rings, with imitation turquoise settings. They were alike in price and make, but the color of one was somewhat lighter than the other. One of the young ladies wanted a ring. Of course, she wanted a good one, but as I did not have it, she concluded to content herself with the imitation. She couldn't, however, decide whether she wanted the lighter or darker set, and turned to her friend for advice. "Why," said that young lady, "what difference does it make which one you select, since neither is the true gem?"

The minister smiled as the old man finished.

"So the inference I am to draw is: What difference does it make whether

our friend here stays Reformer or turns Methodist, since neither is the true creed?"

"Yes," said Mr. Daly, calmly.

"Mr. Daly," asked the minister, a nervous quickness running through his tones, "is it not rather un-Christian in you Catholics thus taking to yourselves all the merits of the Redeemer's life and death?"

"But we do not want to keep them for ourselves," returned the pedler. "The heart of the true Catholic longs to see all mankind embracing the truth."

"The truth!" repeated he. "May it not be possible we Protestants hold the truth, also?"

"When you do you are no longer Protestants," returned the pedler. "The Catholic Church is not made up alone of those who openly profess membership with it. Every earnest seeker after justice and who lives up publicly and privately to the natural truth which he finds in his soul, belongs to the Catholic Church, although the outward expression of that truth may take a various form; it may, as in your case, make him the minister of a false doctrine."

Mr. Gray looked on the face before him with a slow dawning of surprise in his eyes.

"Do you mean," he asked, fixing the blue light of his clear direct glance on the dark eyes, deeply set in the parchment-like face, "you think I am a Catholic?"

"Yes," said the peddler, rising, as one who was tired, not of the conversation alone, but of all things in life, "you are a Catholic at heart. but you do not as yet know it," and he went out to the white-washed porch and lighted his pipe, while the minister sat gazing at the place he had vacated,

with a glow indescribable, but exquisitely soothing, in his heart, and never before experienced. He a Catholic! He repeated the thought, lay it on his soul and in his ears he felt a strange, yearning listening as if for a voice beloved. Over this deep moment his host's voice unwelcomely broke, as he said in low, earnest tones:

"Brother Gray, all the good men ain't left this earth yit. Thar's one uf them in that ole peddler out thar. One time he ust to run a big lickin' place in some Noth'n city. He wus rich an' had a wife an' two little gals. But his wife died an' then, whateveh was the cause uf it, he shet up shop. He tole me he tuck the money he had made, a pow'ful lot, an' giv' it some Church s'ciety to be used by it fur keerin' fur fam'lies of drunkards. Then, he tuck his two little gals and put them in a convent school an' he went out peddlin' to make a livin' fur them and himself. He walked over the whole country an' it was sometimes two yars afore he'd see his children. He ben a doin' this near thirty yars, now. His gals is married now an' want him to live with 'em, but when I asked him why he don't, he said; 'Dave, I caused much sin in my early life an' I must do penance while I live.' But that won't be fur much longer," concluded Dave, sadly, "fur he's growin' weaker an' yallerer every time he comes back. He's a strange feller, too. Them piercin' eyes uf his'n seem to see moh than any one elses. I asked him once how it was, an' he said much sorrow makes folks wise. That was 'long when I fust knowed him an' when I tole my ole mammy I reckoned that was why I was allus such a stump as I'd nevah had any trouble all my life, she said: 'David, don't be a seekin' aftah the wisdom that sorrow bring. It

comes soon enough.' But it seems it's goin' to furget me entirely," and he laughed.

"God grant it may!" said the minister, fervently, looking on him as he sat with a shy-faced child on each knee.

Mr. Gray seemed to shun conversation with the peddler when the simple evening meal was over and the little family returned to the room. But the peddler smoked his pipe in deep thought, from which he was drawn occasionally by a question of Dave's. That night when the two men, thus strangely brought together, had retired to the bed-room in the loft, which they were to share, Mr. Daly asked, suddenly:

"Is that nigger man you saved from being lynched still living?"

"Yes," said the minister, wheeling quickly from his position by the small open window, through which the moonlight, the clearer for the newly-washed sky, was pouring her holy silvery beams.

"The last time I was in Frankfort," said the peddler, "about a year ago, that was, Father Williams told me the nigger was sick and that he might die."

"He had a serious illness," said the minister, "but we pulled him through. His constitution is not good and the confinement is trying on it. But Father Williams and I brought our influence to bear on the Governor and secured for Pete more comforts, for he must not die before his innocence is established," finished the minister, more to himself than to his listener.

"How are you going to do that?" asked the peddler, his eyes on the floor, showing white under the rays of the moon.

"By finding the real criminal," said the minister, decisively.

"Was that what brought you down here?" asked Mr. Daly.

"Principally, yes," returned Mr. Gray.

"Do you think you acted with wisdom? Do you not know that if your mission is suspected by the real criminal, supposing Pete is innocent, and that he is living here, if he did not hesitate to take human life once for revenge, he will pause now when his own is in danger? You don't want to pile up crime on his soul!" finished he, a shudder running over his frame.

"Nor do I want to see an innocent man suffer the penalty another should pay," said the minister, the light flashing out of his blue eyes.

"Should pay?" asked the peddler, looking for a second at the straight, young figure and the fine profile of the face well outlined against the moonlight. "Do you know the soul of man so slightly as not to think that murderer is paying a penalty each day, nay, each moment of the day, past the power of all human authority to administer? Do you think the irons of the criminal, the darkness of his cell, are any comparison to the weight of unacknowledged sin, the blackness of God's withdrawal from the soul? To stand before one's fellow man an admitted sinner, and receive his punishment, destroy the keenness of Remorse's arrows. We show a superiority of moral courage, too, that in spite of himself, he must admire, however much he may detest the deed and the doer, for it is a quality our very condemner may not possess. Place in the sinner's shoes, not all the throwers of the stones would have the courage to admit their punishment was their just reward. But think of going down one's days with the great mountain weight of hidden guilt on one's soul,

afraid to meet the eyes of an honest man, afraid every wind that blows carries away with it our secret, afraid the very bird from the tree-top is proclaiming it."

The low voice sounded preternaturally loud along the moon-lighted space separating them and gazing on the figure seated on a low chair, with his arms hanging by his side, his yellow face and black head showing more strangely in the semi-gloom, Mr. Gray felt as if in the presence of something not entirely of earth. He regained himself soon, however.

"That is not the point at issue," he interposed. "It is an innocent man suffering the human penalty belonging to another. It is an innocent man branded with the crime of the guilty. It is an innocent man with his whole future ruined, while the culprit is living, honored, perhaps. It is the injustice of the case."

"Have you ever thought of that other?" then asked the peddler. "Have you ever thought of his home? There may be a wife, a virtuous, good woman, ignorant of his crime, and there may be innocent little children. Have you ever thought of the community in which he lives? If you have thought of these, do you realize what your discovery of him means to his wife, his children and his friends?"

"No," said the minister, "I never thought of these. But now that I do, it would not deter me from placing my hand on that man's shoulder and saying, 'You have no right to be here, free, happy in your family, honored in your social relations, while a poor, friendless, unloved negro is wearing your clothes in the Frankfort jail.' Do not think me a merciless man. I would take that wife and family, if they needed assistance, and do for them

as if they were my own. They should never miss their natural protector, as far as providing for their material comforts went; but I would have the wages of sin paid and not by the innocent. There is no punishment of crime but brings with it its own train of sorrow to the innocent, yet we know it also brings its warning. It is the most forcible sermon on the impossibility of escaping God's justice ever preached."

In the partial light he could not see the glow that over-spread the parchment-like face of his listener nor how the deep-sunk eyes turned on him with an admiration that made them almost beautiful in their intensity.

"When you come to see your duty you will do it, no odds what the consequences are," he said, half-aloud.

"I did not understand you," said the minister, thinking the muttered words had been addressed to him.

"You know Father Williams?" asked the peddler.

"Slightly," replied Mr. Gray. "We are both engaged in work among the prisoners and so meet occasionally."

"You must never," said the peddler, in his slow tone, "in any way interfere with his work there, even if it should cross your own in a manner you naturally object to."

Mr. Gray was taken back by the words. He half-lifted his head to make the reply that might have been expected from one under the circumstances when there suddenly flashed through his mind the remembrance of a line he had read that morning in his Testament, "For he spoke not as the Scribes and the Pharisees but as one having authority," and the suddenness of its recalling chained his tongue.

"And you must," continued the peddler, "act with caution while you are in this neighborhood. We may

sometimes ourselves be held, before a higher tribunal, as accessories to the evil men do to us."

The next morning as the peddler was about to start, his host asked him concerning his route.

"I ought to start direct to Mount Olivet," replied he, "as I need to buy some things for a customer of mine, but the last time I was around here I promised to bring Mrs. Burns a book she wanted, so I must first go around to her place."

"Why don't you send the book by Brother Gray and save yourself that long tramp?" asked Dave. "He stays at the Springs and it is not so far from there to her house."

"Well, now, I never thought of it," said the peddler.

The minister hastened to express the pleasure it would give him to be of any service, while Dave gave a few explicit directions how he was to find Mrs. Burns' place. The minister placed the little paper-bound volume in his pocket, then he and Mr. Daly shook hands, and after bidding the little family farewell, both left the old house and turned their faces in different directions.

CHAPTER IX.

As Bluebell dragged her feet over the stony road that Sunday, on Judith's brain, with that dull mechanism on the will seems paralyzed and could no longer direct the thoughts, surged the words: "Short years pass away and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." Reaching the stile, she dismounted and led the horse around to the stable. She sat down on its doorway, fashioned from a narrow log, and while Bluebell crunched her corn in the stall behind, Judith's benumbed

senses slowly began to recover themselves. First she felt shame that her physical courage had so basely deserted her, that she, at the first hint of danger, had dropped over like any faint-hearted woman; then, she experienced fear, a fear that touched her soul, that made her clasp her brown hands together and raise her face to the blue, sun-flecked heavens. Sorrow followed, a sorrow that bowed her head on her knees, that shook her frame, that scalded her eyes and cheeks with tears and left her as limp as when she had lain unconscious in the arms of the minister. But, lo! over all these emotions swaying the young heart, one first, then another, until its pain was physical, a presence seemed to move and a world of joy and gladness followed. It came with the thought of Silas Gray's face as she had seen it bending over her, all-comprehending sympathy in the blue eyes and around the sad mouth. She knew that in all her life she had never experienced such a complete happiness as had followed that first conscious moment, such was it, she had gladly, had the power been hers, dropped into death's unbroken dreamless slumber that this one perfect span of time might take up a tranquil continuance in eternity. It had broken on her soul as she had often seen the sun cleave its way through the autumn clouds that herald the equinoctial storms and it seemed to fill her whole life, past, present and to come with a radiance surpassing what even her childish dreams had been of Heaven. She knew this was love, the love she had read about, the love she had seen bring such changes in lives around her, but a love, as we imagine even of our own possessions, surpassing aught that earth had ever known. It bound up

her wounded soul, all the knotty problems of her existence were solved by it, it made her dull, barren life to glow with beauty and her face to grow into a wondrous loveliness.

"O God," she said, again lifting her eyes to the sky, her words unconsciously falling into the Biblical form familiar to her, "I thank Thee that Thou has brought me to this hour. Often did I fret under Thy ordinances, often did I question the purposes of Thy plan. Now I see that Thou wast thoughtful of me. Thou didst hold back Thy own most precious hour until heart and mind and soul were ready for it. Thou didst cast me down to lift me up speedily and set me forever among Thy most happy ones. My God, I thank Thee! I pray Thee, make me worthy of Thy blessing!" And she again buried her face on her knees and wept, but this time for joy. Then, as one newly girded with a courage to brave the future and strength to endure, Judith rose and walked toward the house. But as she entered, she was struck with a chilling sense that she was not the same girl who had left it a few hours ago, neither was it the place she had known. She tried to dispel this feeling, and set about preparing her simple mid-day meal; but it would not assert itself. Finally she laid aside the uncooked food and turned toward the front room for her one never-failing solace, her books. It was as she had left it, except that the Bible was not on the table and the muslin curtain was drawn across the two rows of shelves. But these differences she did not note and she walked toward the shelves. As she raised her hand to draw it aside, it suddenly recurred to her that in leaving this morning she had not, as was her wont, replaced the curtain. Re-

membering the Bible she had left open, she turned her eyes toward the table and seeing it gone from its place, she snatched down the gathered piece of muslin; and then a short, sharp cry broke from her lips. Her books were gone! She stood gazing at their vacant places with that expression of face one wears when told suddenly a friend is dead, hopeless, tearless, passionless, that first terrible moment when the heart seems as cold as the loved one that has ceased to beat with our own. Then, she went back to the chair by the table and sat there through that long Sunday afternoon, her eyes fixed on the catalpa tree, pressing its green leaves against the panes of the small window. When the rain began to fall, she suddenly recollected her young chickens. Rising like one in a trance, she placed a shawl about her head and shoulders and going into the yard, unfastened the coop doors and stood watching her poultry as they hastened into the welcome shelter. When all had huddled down, she closed the doors and, unmindful of the beating rain, crept back to the house. As she was passing through the small kitchen, the half-cooked meal on the table caught her eye and she again placed it on the stove and stood watching it as it began to simmer over the fire she had replenished. Mechanically she removed it, and setting a plate on the table made an effort to partake of the food, but she pushed it from her after a few mouthfuls and re-entered her deserted room. Her loss, the very greatest that could befall her, had deadened her mind, she could not cry nor think clearly. As the evening drew on, she turned to her usual work, and when this was finished, as her cousin would not return until the morrow, she called in the dog to keep her company, and

locking the door, threw herself on the bed dressed as she was, and there through the greatest part of the night she lay, staring out into the soft darkness enveloping the room.

When she woke on Monday the sun was trying its bright darts against the broad shield of the catalpa tree and tiny spots of light lay on the carpetless floor. Unclosing her eyes, she thought not of the trouble she feared was coming, nor yet of the loss of her uncle's books, but of Silas Gray's tender glance and sympathetic face and she buried her head in the pillow to the longer keep that vision before her mind. But it was not powerful enough to ward off remembrance and slowly the details of yesterday's occurrences struck against her waking senses. She sprang from the bed and her eyes seeking for, and seeing, the dismantled shelves, she fell on the floor and broke into a passion of sobs. The old dog rose from his place near the hearthstone, the dog had been her Uncle Brian's favorite, to whom he turned when books and pipe and friends alike failed him, and, to whom his appeal for comfort had never been made in vain. When the master had died, because neither brute nor man can stand alone without some affection on which to rest, he had taken the wealth of his dumb, loyal love to Judith, and, too, to her became more companion than dog. He went to her now, where she lay on the floor, and strove to thrust his slender cold nose between her face and the shielding arms; and this failing to rouse her or quiet her sobs, he began to lick her temples and red-brown hair. But not even his affection could compensate her for her loss and his action only seemed to awake a keener sorrow. Finding his efforts useless, he flung himself beside her and resting his black head on his fore paws, gazed at her, a piteous whine escaping him at intervals. There they lay, girl and dog, until a knock on the door aroused them. The dog sprang up barking fiercely, while Judith rose and wiping her eyes, unfastened the door and admitted Bud Logan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

An Invincible Rampart.

In 1597 the people of Holland fought the Spaniards, who had taken possession of their country. The Hollanders knew that the garrison of the city of Geldern was not strong, and, besides short of ammunition. Therefore they resolved to re-take Geldern, but they did not know that this city had a powerful protector in Mary. Mary loved Geldern because its citizens were devoted to the holy Scapular.

As soon as the authorities of Geldern heard of the plan of the Hollanders, they knew that human means to defend the place would be without avail. It was impossible to defend Geldern against a disciplined army, an army great in numbers and fanatical.

It was the day after the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular which had been celebrated with great solemnity by the good people of Geldern.

The statue of the Mother of God, followed by the clergy and the faithful, had been carried in grand procession through the streets of the city. Was it possible that this demonstration in honor of Mary could be followed by universal grief?

The Blessed Virgin showed to the pious people of Geldern that she knows how to bestow benefits on those who honor her publicly.

At the first alarm the mayor, the members of the city council, the clergy and the people went to the Carmelite church and there prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular. It was a truly touching spectacle. All the people surrounded—like a group of children—

the statue, full of fear and ready to perish near their Mother. Tears flowed and suppliant prayers were said.

Then the mayor solemnly deposited the keys of the city at the feet of Our Lady of Carmel. All exclaimed: "Oh, Holy Virgin, Mother of the Lord of hosts, be to-day our refuge, shield our city, which has remained faithful to you. Do not allow that it falls into the hands of heretics and enemies of your son. We promise to persevere in our Faith, and to revere you most ardently."

Mary was not insensible to this cry of distress. Of a sudden a terrible tempest came, which confounded the enemy, who fled in great disorder, leaving behind munitions of war and provisions.

We shall not attempt to depict the enthusiasm of the good citizens when they saw their city thus preserved. Expressions of gratitude were heard everywhere, and the munificence of the beloved Queen of Mount Carmel was praised by all. The citizens gathered all objects of value the enemy had left behind and deposited them at the feet of the statue of Our Lady of Carmel. A Latin inscription remains to-day commemorating this event.

When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost, all virtues are lost.

Whenever you are found fault with on any point, receive the reproof with both interior and exterior humility, and pray to God in behalf of the person who reproved you.—ST. THERESA.

The Return of the Dead.



FELT thy presence like a breath
Of morning, moist with dew
And fragrant with the balmy words
The buds in greeting threw,
Fall o'er my soul and soothe its pain
And raise my drooping hopes again.

Then sad unrest, my constant guest,
And doubt and every ill
Were as those waves that heard, long since,
The great command, "Be still!"
While joy broke on me as doth fall
The redbird's note at morning's call.

So those we love betimes come back
To share with us their bliss,
And wait expectant at the door
For tender hand and kiss.
Pray God, that, when they homeward turn,
Nor change nor sin their eyes discern!

—ANNA C. MINOGUE, IN *The New World*.

To My Blessed Mother.

VIRGO Sanctissima! Mother my own;
Bending before thee
Lost and alone.
O! wilt thou hear me, feeble my cry,
See me in darkness—
O! art thou nigh?

Sorrow oppresses me, sin bends me low,
Weary, dear Mother,
I long for thee so.
Take thou my hand, and lead thy poor child,
Out of the darkness—
Mother most mild.

Virgo Sanctissima, ne'er will I sigh
Feeling that earth is drear
When thou art nigh.
Thou hast been all to me, Mother my own,
E'er when I called thy name—
Joy have I known.

—NELLIE BRADY.

ST. JOSEPH PROTECTS HIS CLIENTS.

St. Joseph, Refuge of Poor Sinners, at the Hour of Death.

"Some years have passed," said the priest, "since I beheld extended upon his death-bed a young man, twenty years of age. Given the care of his soul, I placed him under the protection of St. Joseph, and it was on the first of March that I gave him the Holy Eucharist and administered the last anointing.

Although he had always kept up some practices of religion, perhaps even more than strict obligation required, he had never evinced any special piety. Now, however, it was not long before I perceived a wonderful change. Eight days after he had received Holy Communion, he said to me, Father, I do not know how to thank him." He evinced the most tender sentiments of devotion and love to the Holy Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Not long after he had received, he said to me, "Will you not soon bring me Holy Communion? O! if my young friends only knew the strength that is contained in that heavenly food." On the eve of his death he said, "If our Lord would call me now, I would be happy." Then he added, "I am very ill. I am going soon to see the Blessed Virgin in heaven—O! Father, pray for me!"

Some hours afterwards on Wednesday, the day of the week dedicated to St. Joseph, he died. It was in Holy Week, and he died with the image of his Saviour on the Cross in his hands. His last words, uttered in the most touching accents of love and devotion, were: "O! Jesus, I am about to die for Thee, as Thou didst die for me. Dear Lord! soon will I see Thee face to face."

The Good St. Joseph Assists a Faithful Client to Defray a Troublesome Debt.

It was the month of March, which is dedicated to St. Joseph. It occurred to M. de Sonis that this celestial friend of the family hearth might aid him in a certain financial difficulty, and he promised to make a novena every year of thanksgiving if he granted his request. This was that during the present month the sum of money required would be forthcoming. The next day when writing to a friend of his—M. de Melcian d'Arc, also a good Catholic—he told him confidentially of the promise he had made. The friend was full of sympathy, and greatly admired the sentiments of the letter, every word of which evinced the most lively faith.

He in turn confided the facts to a pious and wealthy friend. "Well," said the latter, "this is the first mission with which St. Joseph ever honored me, and I will not refuse it. Do not say a word. To-morrow I will send 7,000 francs to the brave and good Col. de Sonis, as if it came from St. Joseph." And, sure enough, the money went with no other letter or explanation save a slip on which read, "*From St. Joseph.*" The secret was kept for some years. M. de Sonis thanked St. Joseph faithfully, entirely ignorant of the instrument he had chosen. One day, however, it came to him that M. de Melican had had something to do with it. The latter, not wishing to be credited with what he did not deserve, related the story to M. de Sonis. Confused, yet full of gratitude, the good man wrote an admirable letter in which he expressed his feelings to the medium selected by the dear Saint. M. de Sonis (now a General) looked upon the debt as an obligation of justice and, despite the refusal of his benefactor, he never stopped—even at the cost of repeated sacrifices—until he had accumulated it all. Then he hastened to pay the generous emissary selected by the dear St. Joseph to aid him in his hour of need.—FROM *Chroniques du Carmel*, BY S. X. B.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS' DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE.



AS devotion to the Holy Face is so characteristic of Carmel, our readers may welcome a little suggestion on this subject, namely to imitate the example of St. Thomas, the "Angelic Doctor," in the practice of this act of religion. The well-known prayer, "Anima Christi," generally called "The Prayer of St. Ignatius," because he loved and used it frequently, is, in reality, an out-pouring of the glorious Dominican's love. We quote the following extract from his life, recently published in *The Saints of the Rosary*, an interesting series of short lives, written by members of the Order :

"To the pen of St. Thomas, we are also indebted for the 'Adoro Te,' for beautiful devotions before and after Holy Communion, and many other prayers solid in doctrine and beautiful in expression. It is a tradition that he composed the well-known prayer, "Soul of Christ sanctify me!" which was a favorite with St. Ignatius, who introduced it into his book of Spiritual Exercises, though leaving out the lovely petition, 'Light of the sacred countenance of Jesus, shine down upon me,' ('Lumen vultus sacri Jesu, me illumina,') which is found in the old forms of the prayer. This petition occurs in the version of the 'Anima Christi,' found in an old prayer-book called the 'York Hours,' where it is stated to have been indulgenced by Pope John XXII., when said after the elevation at Mass.

"This prayer-book was published in

1517, four years before the conversion of St. Ignatius."

This is not the only time we hear this great saint sighing after the light of God's Face. In the "Adoro Te" we find these beautiful words :

"Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.

"Jesus, whom at present veiled I see," etc.

Now that he is gazing on its unveiled beauty, will not a new thrill of joy be added to his bliss, when these words, breathed forth lovingly on earth, are echoed above? Will he not pray that in all vicissitudes of life the "Light of the Sacred Countenance" may "shine down upon us," and that we may, hereafter, see Jesus "Face to face?"—
E. D. M.

The Catholic Church is indestructible. It cannot be conquered. For twenty centuries states, rulers and societies have tried to crush it. If it had been human, they would have obliterated it. But it is Divine. It is the work of God. It has the promise of perpetuity, let nations or individuals rage as they please against it, for Christ Himself declared that He would abide with it forever. It, therefore, fears no man and no combination of men. It will last until the end of the world.—*Catholic Columbian*.

"Prayer for the dead is more acceptable than for the living, because the dead are in the greatest need of it, and unable to help themselves as the living are.—ST. THOMAS.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The month of November, with its dark days and cheerless skies, is in striking contrast to the charming Indian summer, which makes October the queen month of the year.

And yet this bleak sunless November holds in itself a strong reminder of the lesson, which our holy mother the Church, in her wisdom, desires to teach her children.

The mournful sound of the wind, as it falls on our ears, seems like the voices of our dear dead calling to us from their exile in that sunless land of souls where they yearn for the sight of God, which is the perfect day of eternity.

November, cold and bleak and mournful as it is, does more work for the glory of God than any other month of the year. See how unselfish people grow during this month of the holy souls, as it is lovingly called.

Comfort, and pleasure, and self-indulgence are all forgotten where there is question of the beloved dead who have carried away with them our very hearts, so hard does it seem to live on after them and take up the burden of a life which without them is desolation.

In November a strange peace steals into the souls of the sorrowing, as the world disappears and they live another life drawn nearer to God and the holy dead.

God in His tender mercy seems

prodigal of consolation at this season of the year, and eyes long unused to tears shed them in love and submission, without a thought of bitterness against that adorable Will, which does all things well.

Dear children, you will say, *we* do not want to hear a prosy talk like this about death and tears and suffering—they are not for us now.

No, I fondly hope they are not for you now, nor may they be for many happy years—but sweet sympathy and love for those who suffer, THAT is for you now, all the sweeter because it comes from your young hearts, to whom sorrow is a stranger.

Even the very little ones of the household can be taught to pray for the dear dead. The Secretary knows a darling little boy not five years old who prays morning and night for his dead father and talks about him as “waiting to see God.”

Let every boy and girl, who reads this letter, try to become “helpers of the holy souls.”

In New York there is a band of devoted women, religious, who are known by this touching name, and who are doing great things for God and souls all for the holy dead who are prisoners of divine justice.

Think, dear children, what it would be to spend years and years dying of hunger and yet unable to die. That is just the case with the holy souls in Purgatory. The pain of loss, as it is called, the being shut out from the sight of God's face, after having seen it for the first time at the particular

judgment, *that* is a hungry pain which is so awful that only the saints of God know what it means. Now, if we loved our dear dead in life—and oh! how tenderly we *did* love them, *can* we be idle in November, when they are calling to us so piteously for help?

Oh! no, a thousand times no. We will work for them and suffer for them, and make a ladder of our prayers whereby they may quickly mount to heaven. Why, we can be *so* busy with their cause in November that we will have no time to think of ourselves—no time for sin, nor foolish talk, nor silly reading, nor selfishness of *any* kind—and oh! how our dear angel guardian will smile as he sees us fast growing into saints all because of love for our dear dead. But, you may say, *I* have no dear dead—all I love are around me. Well then, dear children, learn to be generous and *buy* your future happiness by charity to the dear dead of God. They *should* be yours also—for in November the whole world is one—all are kith and kin in praying and weeping for the Church suffering, and the prayers of the young are especially dear and precious in God's sight.

So now set to work. One little aspiration: "My Jesus mercy!"—that is all—but, 100 days' Indulgence for it every time. So who would not be willing to say it over and over again—going along the street, in school, at play—any time, every time you think of it? Let it rise like a mountain to the heart of Him who, "like all good fathers, wants his children home."

Bishop Grant, of England, lovely, saintly soul as he was, used to teach the children, who were happy enough to hear him talk, this little aspiration: "Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the suffering souls

in Purgatory!" He used to write it on the blackboard when he visited a school, he taught it to grown men and women, and now in turn the Secretary teaches it to you. Use it—write it down, say ten copies of it—become missionaries for the poor souls during November, and you will only know in eternity how very generously God remembers charity to his suffering children.

Dear children, learn to comfort those who are in sorrow. Oh! if you only knew what it is to have a kind and tender heart which is only happy when it is making others so. Be very sweet and loving to those who are in trouble—and how many are. An act of kindness shown us when we are in sorrow is never forgotten. A poor child in a great public school of New York was crying bitterly one day, because some one was talking of loving one's dear mother and holding on to her as the most precious thing in *life*. She was a dull stupid-looking child, and a trial in the school. The lady who was talking saw the little one's grief, and, without seeming to notice it, passed down the aisle of the class room, still talking, bent down and kissed the child.

It was like a miracle. That child was starved, hungry for kindness, for love, and her poor little heart was touched, not by her own sorrow, but another's responded to sympathy, and the once dull, uninteresting child changed, and came out of her shell as it were, all because of one kind act.

No one can resist kindness. Show it then lovingly and faithfully all this month to those who need it most. Your turn will come some day—and as you sow, so shall you reap.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Blue (blew).
2. Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.
3. Bread to the mother is a necessity—the locomotive is also a necessity—and necessity is the mother of invention.
4. Nothing.
5. Hebe—rides.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. Charles II. on seeing the stamp of Liberty ordered by Cromwell to be placed on a certain sized glazed paper said: "Take it away! I have nothing to do with a foolscap." The term thereafter applied to that sized paper.
2. Because of the obstinacy of Chas. V. of France, who would not be corrected when told that IV. was the proper Roman number for 4.
3. Krupp, the great gun-maker.
4. The pansy after Pan.
5. Indian pipe and blood root.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What is the third and a half of a third and a half of ten?
2. What is the difference between a wood pecker and a peck measure?
3. What is that which a boy has not, does not want it, but if he had it he would not sell it for a million?
4. Read: If the B putting:
If the B Mt, put:
5. A goose weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ its own weight and 10 lbs.—what does it weigh?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where was the first Catholic college in America founded?
2. Who first taught the principles of mineralogy?

3. What three plants were introduced into Europe by the Jesuits?
4. Who invented fire works?
5. Who was England's first printer?

MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. We do not sufficiently remember our dead, our faithful departed.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. Kindness has converted more souls than zeal, eloquence or learning.—Faber.
3. The friendship which ends with death is never true.—St. F. de Sales.
4. There's no to-morrow for the Christian.
5. Charity to the holy souls is rewarded in time and eternity. 'Tis well to make God one's debtor.

Of all creatures, the highest, the purest, the most beautiful, the most loving, the most divine, is Mary.

When you have offended or pained any one, extract from his heart, by expressions of regret, the arrow where-with you have wounded it.

Give no one any just grounds for censuring you; but should you be blamed undeservedly, accept it without complaint through a spirit of penance.

"Habit" is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, "a bit" is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a "bit" left; while if you take off another, the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must shake it off altogether.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Thanksgiving Story. Not Long. But Sad.

There was once a fat old turkey

Of very handsome feather,

Who went walking in the barnyard

In every kind of weather.

And he gobble-gobble-gobbled

While his birdly head he wobbled,

And smacked his lips together.

For there dwelt a caterpillar

In the yard where he was living—

So extremely fat and juicy,

That she set his bosom heaving.

And he gobble-gobble-gobbled,

With such joy he fairly hobbled,

While planning for Thanksgiving.

At last it was November,

And the turkey was no thinner ;

He lost his head one morning,

And himself was served for dinner.

He was gobble-gobble-gobbled,

And the gravy round him bubbled

As became so old a sinner.

But the caterpillar started

On a tour far warmer weather,

And reflected as she travelled,

On her friend of lordly feather

Who had gobble-gobble-gobbled,

And his head toward her had wobbled,

When they used to live together.

The Way to be Happy.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a
grot,

And the way to be happy they said he
had got.

As I wanted to learn it, I went to his
cell,

And when I came there he said,
“ Well,

Young man, by your looks you wish
something, I see ;

Now, tell me the business that brings
you to me.”

“ The way to be happy, they said, you
have got

And as I wished to learn it, I have
come to your grot ;

Now I beg and entreat, if you have
such a plan,

That you'll write it me down, and as
plain as you can.”

Upon which the old hermit went in for
a pen,

And brought me this note when he
came out again :

“ 'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having* that
make

All the pleasures and pains that men
partake—

To *be* what God pleases,—to *do* a man's
best,—

And to *have* a good heart,—*is the way to*
be blest.”

November.

Oh ! dear old dull November,

They don't speak well of you ;

They say your winds are chilling,

Your skies are seldom blue.

They tell me you go sighing

Along the leafless trees,

You have no warmth or brightness—

All kinds of things like these.

But deary me, November,

They quite forgot to speak

About the wealth of color

On each round apple's cheek ;

How yellow is each pippin

That in the meadow lies,

Almost as good as sunshine,

And better still for pies.

Why yes, dear old November,

You've lots of pleasant things ;

All through the month we're longing

to taste your turkey wings ;

What if you are a trifle dull

Or just a little gray,

If not for you we'd never have

Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

Editorial Notes.

Requiem in Rome.

"The Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was celebrated on Monday the 19th inst. in the Church of *St. Maria in Transpontina*, and was of a most imposing character. Special places were reserved for the representatives of various continental governments, and also for the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See. His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, Pontifical Secretary of State, pontificated. The Mass was celebrated by command of the Holy Father. Various members of the Diplomatic Corps were absent from Rome at the time of the assassination of Her Majesty, but they received instructions from their governments to return in time for this Solemn Requiem. The scene in the church was intensely impressive, and the crowd enormous. The number of ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes, either of scarlet or purple, contrasted strikingly with the full dress of the foreign Ambassadors, and the military uniforms of different nationalities. The music was magnificent, its solemn tones appealing to the very hearts of the worshipers, whose feelings, already overstrung, found vent in tears." Thus the Roman correspondent of the Chicago *New World*. To this we add the fact that Santa Maria in Transpontina is the mother-church of the Carmelites and to it is attached the residence of our reverend Father General.

Seasonable.

Up to this issue we have fortunately been able to print a seasonable frontispiece each month. The one of St. Theresa in October was much praised. Strange to say this month's illustration seems out of place. Nevertheless it is inserted intentionally, simply because our limited means force us to use what

we have—and it is something borrowed at that. However, we hope our readers will soon help us to continue a series of appropriate pictures. It is not hard for the pious imagination to make the present cut of the Visitation a seasonable one—for will not our divine Mother, urged by our prayers, make frequent errands of mercy to Purgatory during November? Besides, we are reminded to visit our graveyards this month—there to pour forth our charity in prayers for the suffering souls.

The Religious Garb.

Our American monks and friars should wear their religious costume always and *everywhere*, according to the *Church Progress*, for "a religious without his habit is like a fowl without feathers." The advice is good, and the sight of the religious garb would be an object lesson to our separated brethren. In some parts of this land our Carmelites, dressed in their habit, go abroad for long distances unmolested. It was an odd sight at first, but people soon became accustomed to it. By degrees the custom can be introduced elsewhere. However, *festina lente!* The habit is a blessed article, and it seems imprudent in some places to expose it to disrespect. When feasible, superiors will make the continual wearing of the habit obligatory, and their subjects will be glad to obey. The comparison of the *Church Progress*, in advising the monks to do as the nuns do, does not seem a just one. Woman, religious or secular, is respected throughout the length and breadth of the land, and can go where she pleases. She can dress as suits her own sweet will, with or without feathers. The day will come when the esteemed editor of the *Church Progress* can hang a holy-water font on the door of his sanctum with impunity, and the "featherless" friar wear his habit always and everywhere.

After the Strife.

Divine Providence brings good from evil, and well does this apply to cruel war. Many a reckless soul has made peace with its Maker during the last days of strife. The truth and beauty of God's Church have been more and more revealed, and the well-organized system of charity within the Church has found a large field in which to operate. No doubt many a humble Sister's diary could unfold to us plenty of edifying death-bed scenes. There is one pleasing incident mentioned in connection with a Protestant clergyman's visit to a hospital where there were sick soldiers. In his intercourse with the soldiers, this minister came across a Catholic who had lost his Scapular, and who regretfully made mention of the fact. When the minister left the hospital, he started to the nearest Catholic rectory to obtain a Scapular for the sick soldier. These are edifying incidents which augur well and hold forth bright hope for a re-united Christendom at the commencing of the twentieth century.

Cause and Effect.

Press and pulpit are in these times loudly bewailing the fact that the masses are becoming indifferent to religion. One secular journal, the *Toronto News*, tells non-Catholic clergymen that "they seem to be dead, or, at least, silent to this quiet but resolute opposition to church government, and indifference to church worship." But, what can these men do—even the best of them? In these latter days the sectarians have resorted to every means to allure the crowd. *Cui bono?* What have they to offer? Things that tickle eye and ear. Music has its temples—so has oratory, and there is no need seeking it in the house of worship.

Any church must fail if it lacks divine guidance. No one can preach the truth if he has not found it. In churches outside the true Church, the rich pewholder is not at home with the company he finds around him, and the poor man feels out of place. What inducement is there to attend? All these churches offer can be had in the newspaper at the cost of one or two cents. On the other hand, in the Catholic Church one at least hears the gospel preached—and more than that, he finds the means in the Sacraments whereby he can live up to the Gospel. Dr. DeCosta, an Episcopalian clergyman, lately said that one "hundred years ago there were 1,000,000 people out of the church. To-day there are 50,000,000 out of the 70,000,000 people in this land who are either hostile or indifferent to the teachings of the church." And listen to the comment of the *Boston Republic*. "That," says this eminent journal, "is the record of Protestantism in the United States for the century. And for nearly half a century it had the field practically to itself. It was in full possession. It controlled church and state. It framed not only religious ordinances, but civil statutes. It rigidly excluded those who did not agree with the men in control, and it persecuted those who squeezed in and remained recalcitrant. And after 100 years of labor its failure is acknowledged by one of its ordained preachers, who says that there are 50,000,000 people either hostile or indifferent to Christianity in the United States, and that "blatant" infidelity prevails throughout the land." What of the Catholic Church during that period? To be a Catholic 100 years ago in this country was to be a despised, disfranchised, suspected person. In some of the states Catholics were

denied civil rights. The avenues to profitable employment were closed to them unless they renounced their religion, which many of them did. They were too poor to build churches or to support priests. Yet the vast majority preserved the faith and struggled with sublime perseverance and courage against the terrible conditions confronting them. To-day there are over 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States; the Church is flourishing, and thoughtful Protestants who see, as Dr. DeCosta sees it, the utter failure of Protestantism are quietly entering the Catholic fold. The contrast is, indeed, striking; the lesson it conveys is eloquent and convincing."

"Tolle! Lege!"

"Our German-American brethren deserve credit for their zealous support of the Catholic press. The importance of good reading is never lost sight of by clergy or laity." This well-deserved compliment comes from the *Ave Maria*. It is to be regretted that we cannot say the same of all our brethren. God grant the day when we all join hands to support the struggling English-Catholic publications. Why should all our spare dimes and nickels go to support the secular press? All the advice and exhortation of the clergy will count for nothing without the co-operation of the heads of families. Father Cruise lately said some things in Toronto concerning the press which, if taken to heart by those who heard him should bear great fruit. Let the Truth societies, or those who have the means, put Father Cruise's lecture in pamphlet form and send it into every Catholic parlor or kitchen defiled by yellow journalism.

Remember Them!

Over fourteen hundred years ago a Catholic Bishop—St. John Chrysostom—in 407, said we ought to "mourn and

weep over the dead and help them according to our ability" And the saint, asking how is this to be done, answers: "By praying for them and moving others to do the like." Alas! we well know our duty, but need too often to be reminded of it. Perhaps the gentle St. Francis of Sales would say to us to-day what he once said to those of his day, namely: "We do not sufficiently remember our dead." We are indeed ungrateful if our love does not pass beyond the grave. Let not "out of sight, out of mind" apply to us in this matter. The poor souls will remember us. What a consolation for us to go back to the thought of those we loved in life! We will feel like that pious deputy in the German Reichstag, who one day exclaimed "When the waves meet over my head, when fear and apprehension fill my soul, when I do not know which way to turn, I have one last place of refuge left—my mother's grave. There I kneel down and say an "Our Father."

Flowers of Carmel.

In commemorating All Saints this month, we are reminded that a special day is put apart—the 14th—on which we pay honor to the glorious saints of Carmel. They are of the Eastern and Western Church, and few indeed are inscribed in the calendar, but they are legion. We are well acquainted with St. Theresa, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, St. Simon Stock and St. John of the Cross, whose feast occurs this month, but there are hundreds unknown, who some day we hope to see raised up for veneration—for instance, the many Sisters who suffered during the French Revolution. Apropos of this subject, Father Villigers, the Jesuit, writing this month in the *Messenger*, says: "There are writers

who state that the number of martyrs in the East, belonging to the Carmelites, monks and nuns, amounts to more than forty thousand, a glorious tribute to the faith, which they loved to the shedding of their blood."

A Sister in a famous teaching institution in the West recently told us that wonderful favors have come to the school since they enthroned the Divine Infant of Prague in the class-rooms.

Novenas of Masses will be offered up for the poor souls by our fathers at the privileged altars of our Blessed Lady's shrine during November. Send us the names of your departed friends and relatives, so they be not forgotten.

During this month we should be mindful of the many graves filled during the late war by Catholic soldiers. These brave men, who during life sought glory at the cannon's mouth, now need and ask our prayers.

This month the members of the Sacred Heart League are asked to pray for "Charity to the Poor." And the poorest and most helpless are the souls in Purgatory. It costs nothing to help them, and by assisting them we ourselves become rich. "Charity covers a multitude of sin."

We are getting towards the end of the year now, and we will be pardoned if we remind some of our readers that we are waiting to hear from them—for some we have waited a couple of years. We dislike plagueing them with bills, nor have we cut their names off our list, hoping that some day their subscription would be paid. Better late than never, and *Now* is the acceptable time. Make a note of it: and remember THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

In spite of every effort on our part to please our readers, mistakes will happen. Some of our friends complain of not receiving this magazine regularly—others say they receive it in a mutilated condition. Those responsible for this are beyond our control, nevertheless from time to time we have made vigorous protests. Under these circumstances we beg our readers to be patient with us. Let us know when you fail to get your REVIEW and we shall gladly send you another copy.

A daily prints a paragraph saying: A museum in Berlin has secured possession of Luther's bible, which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the reformer's handwriting. It was printed in Bale in the year 1509, and is said to be in an excellent state of preservation. To this we may add the fact that to-day in the library of the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the visitor can feast his eyes on a beautifully printed and perfectly preserved copy of the holy Bible, which was printed in 1483—nine years prior to the discovery of America and seven months before the birth of Luther.

SOULS AND THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

From the earliest times under the Old and New Law, Sacrifices have been offered for particular objects and persons.

They have also been offered for the souls in Purgatory. The greatest love and mercy we can show to the souls in Purgatory is to pour out upon them the merits of the Cross through the Mass. The Mass avails the souls in Purgatory both as an *impetratory* or *supplicatory*, and as a *propitiatory* or *satisfactory* sacrifice.

Consider what Purgatory is. A realm of pain created by infinite Justice for the punishment of souls.

No doubt there are degrees of punishment; but the least degree of purgatorial pain is keener and intenser than all the pains of this life put together.

You ought to get as many Masses as you can said for your deceased friends and benefactors. They not only expect this service from you, but they will at once repay you by becoming your most grateful friends and intercessors with God.

You may now perhaps ask: What are you to do when you desire to have a Mass applied according to your intention?

You must ask a priest to offer the Mass for you. Of course he is not obliged, and indeed he may not be able to do so. But you need have no delicacy in asking him, because this relation between the priest and the people is regulated by the Canon law, which supposes that a *honorarium*, *tax*, *stipend* or *alms*, as it is variously called, should be given on the occasion.

The Holy Scriptures lay down the principle that they who serve the altar shall live by the altar, and that they who minister to the people spiritual blessings, shall receive, as St. Augustine puts it, "their support from the people and their reward from the Lord." Whenever, therefore, you ask that the Sacrifice be offered up, especially and exclusively for your own intention, it is right that you should practically recognize this principle. If the priest accepts the *honorarium*, it is a pledge to you that the Mass will be offered exclusively for your intention; for he is then bound by justice and under pain of sin to offer it.

The stipend or *honorarium* must not be regarded as the price or equivalent of a Mass. Such a thought would be blasphemous, the Holy Sacrifice being beyond all price and of infinite value. It may be regarded, however, partly as the Canonical daily maintenance of the priest and as a slight recognition of the time and labor actually spent for you, and of the long years of self-denial and study by which the priest prepared himself for services of which the people reap the benefit.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Ave Maria of October 15 last contained a beautiful sketch of St. Theresa, by Ellis Schreiber.

That peerless publication, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, besides a host of good things, has a beautiful article in the current number on "Mount Carmel in Palestine."

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario is now published from 510 Queen St. West, Toronto. The editor is E. O'Sullivan.

The leading article in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for November is a discussion of the origin of the peoples which originally settled middle America. Prof. E. S. Morse, the author, is well known as a scientist and traveler, and his views on such a subject are of great value and interest.

The Christian Housewife, from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel, has just been put on sale by B. Herder, of (17 South Broadway), St. Louis, Mo. Considering the fact that this is a neatly printed book, strongly bound in cloth, the price, forty cents, is very low. Every mother should read this book—or let someone read it to her. It is full of truth and contains many consoling sayings.

A treasury of wise sentences, pregnant with consolation for many religious souls is *Striving After Perfection*, by Rev. Joseph Bayma, S. J. We are sure that when once known a copy of this excellent work will be seen on the kneeling-bench of every English-speaking religious. It is a book suitable for daily wear and tear. Pages, 264. Price, \$1. Write to Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York City.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession, by Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J., is a true story, founded on fact, which vividly pictures the extent to which a priest is bound to guard the seal of confession, even when his own life is at stake. It is a book that interests and edifies. It is sold at one dollar, and can be had by mail from the publisher B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The Weekly Bouquet, of Boston, says: "Miss Anna C. Minogue is now at work on a series of sketches of Catholic Southern writers, to be published in *The Weekly Bouquet* during the coming fall and winter. Mrs. Theresa B. O'Hare will be the subject of her first sketch, to appear in October. Miss Minogue, although still very young, is herself a Southern writer of note, and an estimate of her work will appear soon in our columns."

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from : Miss S.N.B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; M.D., London, Ont.; J.W., LaPorte, Ind.; M.A.D., Middletown, Conn.; H.D., Guelph, P.O., Ont.; Miss R.M., No. Ridgeville, O.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

PATRICK MCMAHON, who died at Bay City, Mich., last September.

MISS AGNES SCRAPPEN, of Pittsburg, Kans., who for ten months patiently endured a most painful sickness, finally passing to her reward on Aug. 31.

MRS. HARAGAN, whose charitable life ended peacefully on Sept. 22, at her home in Kinkora, Ont.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, V, 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Special requests, 5. That an absent son may return. Conversions, 1. That a young man may obtain the situation he is seeking, and may have grace to overcome temptation. That a man may be cured of a running sore on his neck, and an ulcerated tongue. That three of our collectors may recover their health. That a father and brother may attend to their religious duties. That a subscriber may obtain suitable employment. That a brother may have grace to overcome temptation to drink. That a brother may obtain a position near home. That a brother may recover a sum of money which he lost. Health for a paralyzed child. That a young lady collector may obtain a situation. That a young man may be reinstated in his old re-

munerative position, and be able to meet a note which is soon due. That a young lady may recover her diamond engagement ring, which was stolen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at our Monastery in Scipio, Kansas, from : Catholic Church, St. Charles, Mo.

Names of persons enrolled have been received for registration at our New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery from : Peoria, Ill.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Venice, Ill., and Annunciation Church, St. Louis, Mo.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from : St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Augustine's Church, Wawanosh, Ont.; St. Philomena's Church, Rudolph, Wis.; St. Vincent's Arch-Abbey, Beatty, Pa.; Church of Mary Immaculate, Cincinnati, O.; St. Francis Xavier's Church, N. Buffalo, N.Y.; Holy Saviour Church, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, N.F.L.; St. Peter's Church, Jeanette's Creek, Ont.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N.Y.; Sacred Heart Academy, London, Ont.; Sacred Heart Convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Nativity, Williamstown, Ont.; Church of St. Anthony of Padua, Camden East, Ont.; Church of St. James, Kenosha, Wis.

Thanksgiving.

KINKORA, ONT., Oct. 7.

REV. FATHER,—Please accept the enclosed offering and have a Mass said in thanksgiving to our dear Mother for a favor obtained from her. I promised to have it published in your REVIEW.

Miss C. W.

A. B., Brantford, Ont., writes wishing "to thank the Divine Infant of Prague for a number of financial difficulties satisfactorily settled."

LETTER FROM THE KLONDIKE.

KOSOREFSKI, YUKON, ALASKA,

August 19, 1898.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, Ont.:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—What I have seen and heard during the last two months, confirms what your Reverence expresses in one of your letters—that Alaska is now-a-days attracting the attention of the world. Three years ago we had only some four or five boats running on the river, last year there were a few more, but this year there are already more than eighty boats, steamers making their way up to the gold mines. Most of them seem to be destined for Dawson City on ClonDIKE Creek where, it is reported, the precious metal abounds in the veins of mother earth. Some, however, go only as far as the Koyukuk and intend to make their fortune somewhere on the banks of that river. A large crowd, too, goes some four hundred miles farther up, as far as Rampart City, near Menook Creek, where they have very rich mines, discovered last winter. General Carr, of Washington, D.C., and another gentleman, his companion, stopped here at the Mission for a while, February last, and showed some nuggets of these latter mines, which promised indeed a great deal. Again, there are other people who say that they are going to Eagle City, a place some two thousand miles up the river, near the boundary line, but on American ground. These are then the places to which people from all parts of the world are rushing, in order to make, as they say, their fortunes—that is, to gather some wealth. And is there any hope that they will succeed in this? There can be no doubt that at least many of them will become rich. They say that last year at Dawson City, one miner, with the help of a few workmen, made in 40 days 40,000 dollars; thus, one thousand dollars per day. Others come down the river with the news that in about half a year they succeeded to make sixty and others seventy thousand dollars. At Dawson there is actually a man who is estimated to be worth at least ten millions. It can, therefore, not be denied that gold can be gotten in Alaska. And, I

am glad to say, that some of these miners have found here in Alaska even greater things than the gold of the earth; some, I have been assured, faithful to the guidance of Divine Providence, have found the true way to the kingdom of heaven, and one or two even most probably heaven itself. Dawson City is rather a swampy place, they say; the many marshes surrounding it have, during the summer months, a bad influence upon the air, and hence scurvy and typhoid fever have already thrown many miners on a bed of suffering. Some time ago, a Protestant, a man who had already in some way made his fortune, being the owner of a very good claim, took sick and came to be treated in the Catholic Hospital. It seems that it was that true charity which reigned there that caused the man to reflect and brought about his conversion. In any case, he died in the Catholic Church, after he had written a most touching letter to his children and relatives in the States.

Some four weeks ago I left, together with two Sisters of the congregation of St. Ann and some eight children, our Coast Mission, to return to Holy Cross Mission, Kosorefski. At Hamilton Station, some thirty miles above the mouth of the Yukon, we were happy enough to get aboard the steamer Merwin. We expected to be home after some two or three days; but we were to be disappointed. The Merwin, though one of the fastest river boats, could hardly make any headway, impeded as she was in her course by a very heavy barge which she had to push ahead. And, thus, it took us fully eight days to make a trip of some two hundred and fifty miles. Surely, such slow travelling was by no means agreeable to many a passenger on board, nor to the captain or the owner of the boat himself; but to the latter it brought not a small gain. Besides other freight, there were on that barge four thousand five-gallon cans of coal oil to be delivered to a company at Dawson City. Now, the freight of this coal oil alone run up to twelve thousand dollars. And a man on board the steamer told me that one gallon of coal oil is to be sold at Dawson for five dollars. Among the passengers, who were almost all miners, some came

from Canada, some from Rhode Island, some from New York; others from the south and west of the States; others from Europe, and two even from Japan. And we were told that a whole family from South Africa was ahead of us in another steamer. We were scarcely aboard when we were surrounded by a crowd eager to hear something about the country around the Yukon, about its climate, its gold mines, etc. And, of course, they, in their turn, gave us the news of the States—of the war against Spain, and of the great excitement Alaska's gold mines have created all over the States—and also how this thirst for Alaskan gold had caused the life of many. Among other things, I was told by a Canadian, a Catholic, coming from the States, how he and a partner of his were saved from a shipwreck. The little steamboat, he said, on which I had bought my ticket for the Yukon country, left Seattle, I believe, Thursday afternoon, May 19th. After a voyage on the sea for about two days, several on board observed that the life of the passengers was in danger, that the boat, loaded as she was, could hardly withstand the rough sea much longer. On Saturday evening I warned my companion, and told him we ought to be on the lookout. He, however, and many others, did not see the danger so great and went to bed. About two o'clock on Sunday morning cries of distress were heard, and in about ten minutes after the little steamer, with thirty-four passengers, was swallowed up by the fury of the sea; twenty-seven of us had time enough to save ourselves in a launch accompanying the boat. And now, of course, we had to work hard to bring our launch safely to the shore, which was certainly pretty far off. After we had gone on for a while, one of our crowd remarked that he heard some human voice. We stopped, looked around and finally we saw that a short distance off a man was trying to save himself on a large plank, a remnant from the lost steamer. Of course, we waited for him, picked him up, and to my great delight I saw that it was my partner. "Yes, Father," he said, I was really glad at that moment to see him safe. He is actually here on the Merwin, too; and I think we shall remain faithful partners as long as God wills.

Everybody on the steamer seemed to be well pleased with our children's behavior, and praised them for talking English so well. One evening an Irish young man came to me and said: "Father, I was present last night when people after supper were talking of your school children. One of the more prominent men, a Protestant, made this remark: 'Now, if I look at these Eskimo children, trained by the Sisters of the Catholic Church, I can't but say that the Catholics are the only that can bring about such fruits of education, and if there is a true religion, it must be the Catholic.' Another young man, an American, about 20 years of age, gladdened my heart by coming and asking me for a Scapular. So, you are a Catholic and a child of Mary, I said. Oh yes, Father, he replied; and saying this he showed me his Rosary.

It makes me pleasure, indeed, to know and to see that in Alaska, too, Mary has her faithful clients; let us pray that their number may increase.

Enclosed find my subscription of THE CARMELITE REVIEW for next year.

Recommending myself and our missionary work in your prayers and Holy Sacrifices, I remain,

Your humble servant in Chr.,

J. Post, S. J.

[The above letter was not intended for publication, but being so edifying and interesting we presume on Father Post's permission and print the same.—Ed. C. R.]

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Morseshoe Falls**. The **Upper Rapids**, **Goat Island**, the **Three Sister Islands**, the **American Falls** and the **Gorge**, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



THE DIVINE MOTHER AND HER BABE.



The Divine Mother To Her Babe.



IFE of my life ! leap into Thy nest,
And press Thy soft cheek close to mine :
Thy clear eyes shining,
Thy warm arms twining
My neck, that thrills to this touch of Thine !
Love of my love ! cling close to my breast,
All fears and tears and doubts resigning,
Lie close, my Beautiful, my Best !
My Dove, my Darling, my Lamb divine !

Heart of my heart ! there is nothing worth
In the whole round world, but this Babe of mine,
This God-Man holy,
So meek, so lowly,
Who hides Him here in my bosom's shrine.
Soul of my soul ! I gave Thee birth,
Yet, little Babe, Thou art simply, solely,
The joy of heaven, the hope of earth !
My Love, my Lily, my Lamb divine !

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

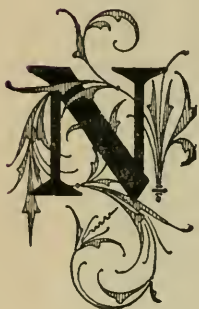
DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN CRETE AND AT SMYRNA—PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE CRETAN HERETICS—
CANDIA IS PLACED UNDER AN INTERDICT—PUNISHMENT OF THE
PRINCIPAL OFFENDERS—DEFENDER OF SMYRNA—1359.



NUMEROUS as the provinces might be, of which Peter Thomas had the care, not one of them escaped his watchful supervision, and no insidious foe was ever permitted to threaten any among them with impunity, so untiring was the holy Legate's vigilant solicitude.

A heresy, which can only be described by the word *abominable*, began to gain some vantage ground in Crete. It was therefore the *spiritual sword* which this time was to leap from the scabbard in the defense of the truth. The valiant knight of the Church hesitated not to leave unfinished, for a while, the work so happily begun, to hasten to Crete and undertake a mission more important than any in which he had as yet been engaged. For the principal mission of the Papacy is, as it has ever been, all through the long vista of ages, to guard and maintain intact the apos-

tolical faith, the most precious treasure that God can bestow upon man. It seemed, however, that disastrous results might arise from this voyage. The first adverse circumstance would be the absence of Blessed Peter from the Christian troops. The captains of the Venitian vessels, although the term of their engagement had expired, had promised to remain for some additional time in the service of the holy cause. Might they not, forgetful of that promise, or negligent, decide amongst themselves to depart? And even if they were willing to remain, and loyal to Blessed Peter, might they not be compelled to go, their leader being no longer there to command? Was there, then, any one so powerful, and, at the same time, so full of malice as to send them off? Yes, the governor of the island, whose authority extended over the affairs of Venice throughout the entire Levant, who would, beyond a doubt, exact immediate tribute for the prolongation of the service. And the pontifical treasury, so generously opened since the inauguration of the war, could not possibly respond to such a demand.

Still more—the governor's wife was closely related to the chief promoter of the Cretan heresy. Was there not grave cause for apprehension that this relationship might influence the ruler until his animosity, already great, would lead him to extreme measures? But the saintly athlete feared rather to offend God by neglecting the least duty than he feared to contend with any earthly power whatsoever. Setting aside all human considerations, he landed at the city of Candia, the capital of the island.

The sentiments of the governor were certainly embittered by this bold proceeding. So far from wishing to honor, in the person of the Bishop of Coron, a worthy Legate of the Holy See—an ally of Venice even—he received him almost as a public enemy. Almost upon the instant, immediate payment for those above mentioned expenses of the fleet were demanded in the most threatening manner. But Peter Thomas, skillfully parrying the demand, succeeded in postponing the definitive appointment of the day when the sum must be paid. Meanwhile he diligently sought for the propagators of the heresy. Amongst the number, besides the relative of the governor's wife, were to be found bourgeois and nobles, all of whom were summoned to his presence without ceremony. There were, alas! many who had embraced the new heresy which was spreading with the rapidity of a blazing fire, or a pestilential contagion.

At the meeting, however, they presented a bold and insolent front, absolutely refusing to reply to the questions of the saint.

The Bishop of Coron, seeing through their idea, thought best to disband them, and submit them to a separate

investigation. His paternal kindness had no effect whatsoever. There remained but one resource—to appeal to the arm of the law.

It was the duty of the civil magistrates, fully recognized at that period by the Christian states, to lend all possible aid to the Church, but the representative of Venice, already incensed by the retarded payments—as above mentioned—assented to the suggestions of his wife to do all that he could to foil the efforts of Blessed Peter.

He never went near the latter except with evil intent, refused all concurrence whatever and went so far as to threaten him with imprisonment.

Thus encouraged, the heretics and their friends disseminated a fanatical agitation throughout the island, especially in the capital. They threatened with death not only the Inquisitor and those who accompanied him, but all the faithful clergy who had remained steadfast, and the Catholics of the Latin rite.

The Legate felt not the least anxiety at the rumors of the threatened misfortune with which the very atmosphere was permeated; but those who had, with him, braved the perils of the campaign were not so quiescent. They could not at first concur with their dauntless leader who had perfect confidence in our Lord and in the "Virgin most powerful." And then the thought of dying a martyr's death had for him no terror, but, on the contrary, brought joy to his soul. And, thinking that it should be the same with his friends, he represented to them that his urging them to accompany him to these scenes of danger was also inviting them to participate in the greatest glory, thus eventually, by his exhortations and example, over-

coming their dread, as also the fears of the Latins. The slightest delay in acting would have intimated uncertainty upon his part, and a want of conviction, which was far from being the case.

The very day after the insolent refusal of the governor, the Legate, whilst the mournful tolling of the bells heralded the momentous event, fulminated the sentence of excommunication against that obstinate functionary, and placed the entire city under an interdict. By this sentence, the public celebration of the divine offices was suspended, the churches were closed, and all access to presbyteries and convents was forbidden to the laity.

In another interview with the Venitian officer, the Legate, with undaunted firmness, reminded him of the then universally acknowledged right enjoyed by the Papacy of bestowing upon those states, which remained faithful, cities or kingdoms. He charged him to warn Venice, that if, through the governor, it would persist in sustaining those heretics, the Sovereign Pontiff would proclaim it deprived of the possession of Crete.

That he might obtain a happy result of these severe measures, our saint had recourse, as was his wont, to penitential exercises and prayer. He addressed himself, above all, to her who is styled by St. Andrew of Crete, "*the inexhaustible fountain of divine inspirations.*"

Thanks to this blessed influence, the governor began to reflect upon the power of God and the dignity of His Vicar upon earth. The numerous miracles wrought by the holy Legate recurred to his memory. He submitted the cause to the administrative council of the island, which body

wisely advised him to repair in person to the Inquisitor and formulate his regrets for what had passed.

The humble Carmelite received him with kindness, and even expressed his sorrow for the misunderstanding which had arisen between the two powers, and especially for the deplorable cause thereof. The mild persuasiveness of his manner caused the last trace of prejudice to vanish like mist before the morning sun, and transformed the bitter feelings of the governor into sentiments of a very different nature. Finally, Blessed Peter obtained his concurrence in the requisite proceedings against the promoters of the heresy. At the investigation which followed, the guilty parties could no longer deny the pernicious doctrines they had disseminated. The most influential amongst them—of whom one was the relative of the governor—were condemned to suffer the punishment of fire.

Although they humbly solicited the boon of life, the petition was not granted. They were delivered to the secular courts, and adjudged deserving of being publicly burned.

The primary author of the heresy, it seemed, was able to defy all inquisitorial proceedings, having been dead for some time, and judged by a higher than any earthly power. Yet, might not he still exercise a malign influence upon the imagination of the people? The wise judge knew how to avert so great an evil. He instituted proceedings against him as he would against any other heresiarch. His memory was dishonored, and, with the same end in view, his bones (he had been buried at la Camee, formerly Cydonia) were exhumed and cast into the flames by the hand of the executioner.

A severe punishment, but a neces-

sary example to restrain those sectaries who sow disturbance in the conscience of the people, and inspire a spirit of revolt against their religious superiors. A just proceeding from a political as well as from a religious point of view. For if such revolts against the faith are not severely dealt with *at once* they will become fatal disturbers of the public welfare. The poignard of the assassin—the touch of the incendiary never comes into play so readily as when the way has been prepared for them and the path indicated by the fanatical hand of a perverted dogma. For great evils then supreme remedies must be employed. In all such cases the supreme ruling power should, after the example of the able surgeon, hesitate not to cut off the injured corrupted limb to save the entire body from ruin.

The Cretans had special need of energetic government. One of their ancient poets, Epimenide, who was born at Gnosse, gives this unflattering description of them: "The Cretans are always untruthful, perfidious, voracious and idle," and St. Paul, recalling this dictum to Titus, their first bishop, thought it his duty to add: "This testimony is true. Govern them, therefore, with firmness that they may remain true to the faith."

Friar Peter, having been formerly professor of Exegesis, no doubt thought of that advice and punctually followed it.

The effect of his vigorous repression was marvellous. The people who at first had, as it were, gnashed their teeth in rage and hate, now regarded him with profound veneration. The governor and the nobles now held him in such esteem that henceforth they would concur in whatever he suggested.

The heresy was thoroughly extir-

pated. Faith, pure and entire, illumined with its splendor all the island of Candia. The saint hastened to disclaim any merit in the affair and would fain have dispensed with their tributes of love and veneration which he advised them to direct towards heaven. Having finally set sail, he visited several points en route, and arrived happily at Smyrna.

This important point had for a long course of years been subjected to the most cruel vicissitudes.

Taken by the Turks from the Greek Empire in 1094, it was re-taken by the latter in 1097. A second time it became the prey of the Mussulman in 1312, but the Christians, uniting together, reconquered it in 1344.

From that time the Roman court was most liberal both in solicitude and largess towards a city the possession of which was so very desirable.

At the suggestion of Pope Clement VI., an agreement was entered into between the Holy See, the Republic of Venice, the Knights of St. John and the Kingdom of Cyprus, the tenor of which was to provide for the security of this last refuge of Catholicism in Asia. But this treaty, unfortunately, was not faithfully kept.

In consequence of the strained relations with the other powers—who, at the same time, had to be treated with all possible deference—the office of nuncio was a particularly laborious and difficult one.

A bishop of Thersuania, Raymond Saquet, formerly counsellor for the parliament at Paris, had been the first to hold the position. But the quarrels of Genoa and Venice, as well as the indifference of the other allies, ruining his authority, he returned to France. Ursus, who succeeded him, hesitated not a moment when Innocent VI. de-

sired him to resign his office in favor of the Bishop of Coron. (1359).

How eminent soever the ability, generosity and courage requisite for the duties, the new Legate was fully qualified for the post. With him at the command, the soldiers of the garrison were assured that they would never be left unprovided for. His first care was to give them a worthy chief in the person of the noble chevalier Nicholas Benoit, to whom he confided the defense of Smyrna as a sacred trust.

He was not content with fervent exhortations to be faithful and brave, but upon more than one occasion he led them on *himself*, and, by his dauntless heroism, succeeded in repulsing the enemy.

"No tongue can tell," exclaims Mezzieres, "the labors of the saintly prelate, the sacrifices he made, and the dangers he incurred in the faithful discharge of his duty."

Money, the vigor and sinew of the war, was wanting for the payment of the auxiliaries. The sums received from the Apostolic treasury being sufficient only for the most urgent necessities, the Legate, in his discourses at various points, solicited alms and subsidies from the faithful. And, that his words might be more effective, he set an example of liberality himself. The special emoluments, which the Pope had assigned to him as Legate, were first sacrificed, and that without the slightest hesitation. That was not enough for his noble soul—for does not generosity engender a spirit of still greater magnanimity, and an inclination to deprive self of all but what is absolutely essential? Quite different from avarice, which degenerates into a miserable spirit of selfishness, it en-

nobles the giver, and inspires others to follow its lead.

It was not long before the revenues of various bishoprics were given up in aid of the suffering troops—and that with an almost joyous alacrity. And so the treasury of the arsenal was soon amply supplied from the salaries of those self-sacrificing prelates.

Thanks to such assistance, the city, during the administration of Blessed Peter Thomas, in its numerous attacks on the part of the Turks, could always maintain a bold front, and keep those marauders at a distance. After his happy death, the city was given over to the care of the Chevaliers of the Hospital, who successfully defended it until the invasion of Tamerlan's innumerable hordes in 1398.

The arms of the Holy See, in unison with those of Jerusalem, which are still to be seen graven in various points of the city, bear testimony to this long and glorious occupation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow, brother, of its sorrow; but, ah! it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day. For every day has its own burden. God gives us power to bear all the sorrow of His making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—IAN MACLAREN.

Our Lord, before giving great treasures and graces to His servants, sends them great trials and temptations, in order by these means to prove whether they can drink His chalice and help Him to carry His cross.—ST. THERESA.

A Christmas Memory.



For all the olden tales we hear
When Christmas winds are roaring,
I like that legend quaint which tells
Of ox and trees adoring.

For I mind me then of children two
Who crept through the gray one morning,
Expecting again that wonder great
Their Christmastide^{ly} adorning.

But the ox slept on in his quiet stall,
And never a tree was bending,
While over one heart swept a fear
That never has known an ending.

But the other child raised her solemn eyes
To the East, where a star was bringing
A message from Dawn, the while on a tree
A sweet brown bird was singing.

* * * *

Ah! happy I call you of all mankind,
Who when knell of earth's faith is ringing,
Can lift your eyes to one bright star
Hear one bird sweetly singing.

ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Milldale, Ky.

Virgo Amabilis.

THE ancient world lay shadowy and chill;—
Wailing its loss of bloom, its barren years,
Its sin and pain, gray doubts and unshed tears,—
Ere th' Almighty arm wrought His sweet will
And song and shine fell in ecstatic thrill
From His full cup of love. Lo, one appears,
A Rose, all virginal!—Celestial spheres
Held nothing sweeter, our earth-cries to still.

Thou, amiable most—yea, steeped in love,—
Who, through thy Son, hast won our rebel hearts,—
Pure Blossom of the earth, white Star on high,
Behold the narrow round wherein we move!
Console us, feeling every tear that starts,
And show us our Redemption drawing nigh!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

TRANSLATION OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO.

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.



THE close of the thirteenth century saw the triumph of the Mussulman arms in the East, and the opening of the fourteenth beheld with dismay the rise of the Ottoman Empire. In the year 1290, the Sultan of Babylon took Acre, the last stronghold possessed by the Christians in Syria, in spite of the efforts of the Kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, who with the Templars, Hospitalers, and the Christians of Palestine, made a gallant stand against overwhelming odds, to protect it from the yoke of the Barbarians. Tyre and Beyrout fell without a struggle, and the Latin Empire—the glory of the chivalry of the European nations, fell into the hands of the Sultan.

In vain did Nicholas the IV. appeal to the European monarchs; the voice of the Holy Pontiff was drowned in the discord of the Western nations occupied in deadly strife with one another. Thus Egypt, Palestine and Syria were held in the firm grasp of the Sons of the Prophet, and for the last six hundred years no combination of the Christian nations of Europe has risen in its might to rescue these fair provinces from their degrading yoke.

It was during these passing events, in the year twelve hundred and ninety-one, that the ever-memorable translation of the holy house of Nazareth occurred. It was in this house, according to the most reliable authorities, that the most Holy Virgin first saw

the light. It was there in that obscure valley that the most perfect and the most exalted of created beings was born. Jerusalem, the chosen city of God and of His people, its glorious temple, its altar of sacrifice and of incense, the holy of holies, where the high priest entered but once a year with the blood of the victim, the tables of the law, the flowering rod of Aaron and the loaves of proposition were but the mere emblems of Him and of His Mother, who dwelt in that lowly house where the Word was made Flesh. There, for thirty years and nine months, heaven was lowered to earth, the Eternal Father did not see in Jerusalem, nor in its glorious temple, nor even in the highest heavens, such ravishing glory or such transcendent sanctity as He beheld in the humble home at Nazareth.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, Catholic faith, I almost said Catholic instinct, drew numbers of Christian pilgrims to Nazareth. There, on the very spot in the house where the Saviour of the world became Incarnate, with glowing hearts they poured out their devotion and sought alleviation from the pent-up sorrows that are so frequently the inseparable companions of the weary pilgrims of this life. Among others who looked with veneration and reverence, and who sought consolation and hope at the shrine of Mary, was Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. As her son adored the Cross and made it the imperial standard, so the Empress would do honor to the house where the Holy Family dwelt. Outside of it she had a magnificent temple erected, which in the course of ages was destroyed by the barbarian hordes.

But God would not allow His holy Sanctuary to be defiled. It is true, He permitted the abomination of desolation to stand in the holy place, as He

Himself foretold, and the temple to which this prophecy referred, He allowed to be destroyed. But He rescued from the profane touch of the infidel the house where He and His Virgin Mother dwelt. Christian pilgrims were no longer allowed to enter the sacred shrine and in the month of May, twelve hundred and ninety-one, the holy house was lifted from the foundation on which it had rested for over twelve hundred years, and carried away by angels. From there it was borne by them to Dalmatia, and placed on an elevation midway between the towns of Tersatto and Fiume. Those living in the neighborhood were astonished to see a strange house, about thirty feet long by thirteen feet wide, resting on the ground without a foundation, having inside an altar and a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child. They knew not what to think ; being well acquainted with the locality, they were fully convinced that up to that day no house had ever stood on the site now occupied by the Santa Casa. What puzzled them still more, a house could not have been built in one night, and, if possible, it would show by the new materials the proof of its recent erection, whilst the house in question had no foundation, and in every part bore testimony to its own antiquity. We may mention here that the place where this event occurred, was not far distant from the Adriatic Sea. The inhabitants were not slow in recognizing that the translation of this house, from where they did not know, was done by a miraculous intervention of Divine Providence, and with haste bore the tidings of the strange phenomenon to Tersatto. The ecclesiastical superior of that place was named Alexander, a very holy man, who at the time was seriously ill, being in-

formed of the miraculous event, he greatly desired to know from whence this strange house had been borne. For this purpose he prayed with all the fervor of his soul, and whilst employed in sending up his humble petitions to heaven, the Blessed Virgin appearing to him imparted the knowledge he desired, and gave his immediate recovery as a pledge of the reality of the vision. Next morning on awaking he found himself enjoying perfect health, and, immediately arising, gave thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for the great favor she had bestowed upon him. With heart filled with gratitude and joy, without loss of time the holy man wended his way through the streets of the town, informing the inhabitants of the revelation confided to his care by the Mother of God. As soon as they understood, that it was revealed to him, that the Santa Casa now in their possession was no other than the holy house of Nazareth, they all, fired with the greatest enthusiasm, followed him to where it stood, and, prostrating themselves, gave humble thanks to God for the innumerable favors bestowed upon them. Pilgrims came in great numbers to the Santa Casa to seek relief from their maladies from the Mother of God, and the number of ex-votos in thanksgiving for temporal benefits received, as well as spiritual favors, speak more loudly than our pen is able to record.

Nicholas Frangipani, being governor of Dalmatia at that time, though a good Catholic, and believing in the miraculous translation of the house, endeavored to collect all the external evidence bearing on the fact, that he could find. He accordingly selected a delegation of three personages distinguished for their learning and known to all for their integrity of

character, whom he sent to Nazareth to examine the foundations of the holy house. Having measured the length and width of the Santa Casa, and having taken note of its interior, and the stone of which the building was constructed, the delegates took their departure for the East. Arrived there, they found many Christians still residing at Nazareth, whom they informed of the object of their journey, stating that they came to gather all the information to be found on the site where the holy house once stood. The Christians declared that all they knew of the matter was that the holy house was no longer there, that it was unaccountably taken away on a certain night, giving the date, that where it was at present they knew not, and that in the interior were an altar and a picture of the Mother and Child. Having received this information, the delegates, by a large sum of money, purchased permission from the infidels to enter and view the foundations. Having measured them with the greatest care, they found them to correspond exactly with the dimensions of the Santa Casa in Dalmatia, and they also found that the material of which they had been constructed corresponded in like manner. The time of its removal and its arrival at the place where it then stood, according to the information collected from the Christians, agreed, and the delegates knew that the altar and the picture spoken of by them, were at that time resting in the holy house.

This investigation confirmed the revelation made to the pious ecclesiastic, and from that moment a large concourse of pilgrims flocked to the holy house. If there could be any doubt of the revelation, the investigation made by men of such integrity

and intelligence, would have dissipated it. But God confirmed both by the numerous miracles wrought in favor of the pilgrims who came to the holy shrine for the cure of their infirmities.

The people of Dalmatia enjoyed possession of the holy house for three years and seven months, when to their great consternation it was taken from them, being carried by angels over the Adriatic, and placed in Italy on December 10th, 1294. The place where it rested, this time, was a grove near Anconda, the property of a rich widow named Lauretta. Some writers think that it is from this lady Loretto derives its name, whilst others are of the opinion that it derives its name from Lauretum the name of the wood, so called on account of the laurels which grew there in abundance. But about this matter we will not dispute, as it is quite immaterial as far as the subject of which we write is concerned. Here, as in Dalmatia, the people were astonished to find a house without foundations, remarkable for its antiquity, resting in a wood, where, to the knowledge of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, no house ever rested before. This being noised abroad, pilgrims came in great numbers, as was the case in Tersatto, their faith and devotion were rewarded by the Mother of God, for many who bent beneath the burden of their infirmities, returned from the Santa Casa rejoicing in the possession of perfect health. This event to the inhabitants of Recanati, was a deep source of consolation, and no doubt many of them, as well as the pious pilgrims from afar, found consolation and drank deep drafts of love in the holy house before the image of Our Lady and Child. The world has its saints, laboring in the midst of its turmoils, frequently heavily

burdened with the weight of its cares. All the saints are not confined to the hermit's cell nor to the cloister, we find them in all the walks of life, and at times filling the most difficult positions, coming forth pure and undefiled from the fiery ordeal. All Catholics throughout the world have the same faith, the same sacraments and sacrifice, the same means of salvation, and yet what a vast difference between the lives of the just and the wayward sinner. Opportunities for good to the just makes them more holy, while at times they are lost on the sinner, or are by him converted into occasions of crime. This was the case in the woods of Lauretum, the brigands were abroad maltreating, robbing and even on some occasions, murdering the poor pilgrims. This conduct would appear unaccountable, in the presence of such graces, only we know that the culprits were few, though powerful for evil, and that we are informed by naturalists, that whilst the bee draws honey, the wasp draws poison from the same flower. But God would not allow such foul deeds to continue in the vicinity of the holy house, and in less than eight months after its arrival it was again carried by angels only a few miles distant and placed on an eminence convenient to the town of Recanati. But the site on which it rested was the property of two brothers belonging to a nobility. At first they rejoiced, but afterwards quarrelled regarding the ownership of the property. It had hardly rested there two months when it was miraculously removed for the fourth time only a little distance and placed on the public highway, where it stands to this day, a period of six hundred years. The inhabitants of Dalmatia, hearing of the frequent removals of the holy house, came to the conclusion that it might be the one that had been

taken from them. Crossing the Adriatic and arriving at the place where it stood, they immediately recognized it. Prostrating themselves on the ground and weeping bitterly, they solemnly implored Our Blessed Lady to return to them, exclaiming, "Torna torna a noi, Bella Signora, con la tua casa." We may here mention, as an additional proof of the authenticity of the Santa Casa at Loreto, that in the seventeenth century, when the Franciscans were guardians at the holy shrine at Nazareth, they excavated the place and cleared away the debris, where they discovered the foundations of the holy house whose dimensions agreed exactly with Santa Casa at Loreto.

It may have occurred to some people that the frequent changing of the holy house is unintelligible, as God had it in His power to translate it directly from Nazareth to Loreto. But instead, by the ministry of angels it was carried to Dalmatia, afterwards to Lauretum, then to Recanati and finally to where it now stands. God could undoubtedly have transferred the holy house directly to Loreto, but we are not here writing of what He could have done, but of what He did, and we know He does all things for the best. If we weigh this matter a little more carefully, we will easily see the wisdom of changing the sacred building so frequently, in its translations to Loreto. In the history of the apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes to Bernadette at the rocks of Massabielle, an incident occurred which seemed at first to disappoint the fervent clients of Mary. She told Bernadette, in one of her visions, to go into the grotto and there eat of the herbs and drink of the fountain. The innumerable spectators who, a moment before, saw the child all radiant wrapt in ecstasy, and who felt a holy influence permeating the atmosphere, knew not what to think when they beheld her dragging herself on her knees into the grotto, and saw her eat a leaf or two of the herbs growing there, and scooping the earth with her little hand. They looked at each other in amazement. After all, was the child demented? But from

beneath her hand, in the little cavity she had made, drops of water began to spring forth, as though they would fill it up, but the water mingling with the earth formed only a pool of mud. It was immediately noised abroad that the Blessed Virgin told Bernadette to drink of the fountain in the grotto, but the child, finding no fountain, scooped a portion of the earth with her hand and that water began to flow drop by drop. If the water had burst forth in great volume, how pleased would the clients of Mary have been, but it was not so. As soon as the infidels and philosophers of the day heard of a spring miraculously rising beneath the hand of Bernadette at the grotto of Massabielle, they examined the place carefully. They reported that after examining the grotto carefully, and after mature investigation they found only a little mud puddle, and that there never had been a fountain there, and that there was none at present. This report was published far and wide in the journals of the free thinkers, and was copied in the official journal of the Department, an extract of which, Lasserre informs us, he took from that paper.

It was only six weeks, after Bernadette had scraped a little cavity in the ground, though coming slowly at first drop by drop, increasing day by day till the fountain produced twenty-five thousand gallons of water daily. If when she had been told by the vision to enter the grotto, and to eat of the herbs and drink of the fountain, a miraculous fountain had burst forth, producing the above-mentioned quantity of water, the infidels would have declared and would have published all over the civilized world, that the fountain had been there always. But they could not go back on their own investigation, the extracts from their own organs, and from the Official Journal of the Department, declaring at the time of the investigation that there was no spring there, nor that there never had been, bear full testimony by the enemies of religion, to the authenticity of the present miraculous Fountain at the grotto of Lourdes.

There we see how God confounds the wisdom of the wise, and we also see His wisdom displayed in the various translations of the holy house of Nazareth. Had it been directly transferred to the public road at Loretto, where it now stands through the lapse of ages, people would not be wanting who would have asserted, with assurance, that it always had been there. But its translation to Dalmatia, and its resting there for three years and a half, drawing not only the attention of the people of the immediate neighborhood but a large concourse of people from distant parts of Europe, made it a notorious fact in the world worthy of the attention of all. Then its second translation to Lauretum in Italy, leaving the people of Tersatto and Fiume inconsolable for its loss, brought them across the Adriatic, to Italy, and there identified the holy house that had remained with them so long, and in which so many cures had been obtained by suffering people. All Italy was astir at the report of a strange house having suddenly appeared at Lauretum. Pilgrims came in large numbers and many and various cures were wrought within the precincts of the sacred building. But about eight months later it was again transferred, by night, only four or five miles distant to a hill near Recanati, and in three months after removed only a short distance and set down in the middle of the public thoroughfare, where it remains to this day. Taking all these facts into consideration, the translation of the holy house four times in five years, people of the neighborhood seeing a strange house where no house had ever been before, and in eight months after seeing the site on which it stood vacant, and seeing the same house five miles away on a hill, and then in three months' time seeing it resting in the middle of the public road only a short distance from where it had been. With all these facts before us, it appears to us, that any sane man who would trouble himself to give them ordinary attention, could not for a moment doubt the authenticity of the holy house of Loretto.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Whatever's happened to yoh, Judith," he asked, in alarm. "Mother was skeered when she didn't see yoh about this mawnin.' Has anything happened to Miss Lacey?"

"No," said Judith, "nothing has happened to her."

"Nur to Bluebell, er the stock, er turkies?"

"Nor to them," replied Judith.

"Wall, Bruno's hyar, an' yoh'r all right; what er yoh cryin' about?" he asked, greatly puzzled.

"My books are gone," she said, the tears again gathering into her eyes. "Someone stole them yesterday while I had gone down the road after Bluebell."

He glanced quickly toward the corner where the books had been, and a gleam of joy lighted his small, mean face. But he was sharp-witted enough to keep his satisfaction to himself.

"Thet's awful!" he said. "Who'd a thought any body'd go a stealin' uf them books! Who d'ye think done it?"

She shook her head, saying,

"I cannot imagine. If I had known any one wanted to read them, I should have been only too happy to loan them; but to come and steal them, to take them from me forever, Uncle Brian's books"—

He stood looking at her, not knowing what words to speak to this proud girl who never before had shown him she was capable of such a weak thing as tears, while Bruno sat on his

haunches, his fierce eyes on the man toward whom he had never been known to show the slightest degree of friendliness. Judith pressed back the moisture from her eyes and her gaze coming back to the young fellow, standing sheepishly before her, all her old petulance against him and his officious mother returned.

"Did you say your mother wanted something?" she asked, shortly, dimly remembering he had mentioned his mother's name.

"No," returned he, glad to see that the girl was herself again. "She was afærd something had happened when she didn't see any smoke comin' out of the kitchen chimney."

"It must keep her busy," remarked Judith, "to have an eye on my chimney as well as on her own," and with slight ceremony she dismissed him.

Toward noon her cousin returned, and when informed of the loss of the books, her face lost all the color the warmth of the day had brought into it. She made no attempt to console the girl, who was standing with her back to the light to screen the swollen eyes and pale face, defiance showing in every line of the up-drawn slight figure, and hatred against her despoiler vibrating in every tone of the low voice.

"The 'bad blood' Brian always feared is up at last," thought Mrs. Lacey. "God grant she may not discover the wretched creature who took from her her one precious treasure, nor

have her suspicions aroused. I do not think she would be accountable for what she would do."

"Judith," she, then, said aloud, "you know, my dear, how grieved I am, as much for my own sake as for yours, for I got a world of comfort out of the books, or rather out of your reading them to me. Now, I am going to set myself to find them, or rather the thief. I want you to promise to let me attend to this matter."

The girl did not answer, and it seemed to the older woman every line of the figure grew hard as stone. She felt Judith had determined to call her four brothers to her aid, and well Mrs. Lacey knew if the thief was within a radius of a day's journey of their wiry horses, he would be discovered and the after-consequence none could determine, for they were men who would resent to the death an injury done to one of their blood; and, though they had no great affection for her, still Judith was their only sister.

"Do not say anything about it to the boys, Judith," pleaded Mrs. Lacey. "Let me have the first trial of finding Uncle Brian's books, so no trouble will come out of it."

"How much time do you want?" asked Judith, and even in that moment Mrs. Lacey found herself admiring the perfect control the passionate girl held over her emotions, for the question was asked as calmly as if she had enquired the hour of the day.

"Two weeks," replied Mrs. Lacey, scarcely knowing what she said.

"That is a long time," replied Judith. "If you are not successful, see what I have lost! Two weeks, fourteen long days, during which time the thief can have gotten far away or destroyed the books."

"If they were stolen to be destroyed they are so already," remarked Mrs. Lacey; "and if the person intends getting out of your way, he is miles off by this time. I do not think either supposition is true, however. Wait for the two weeks, my dear, and see what I can do," pleaded Mrs. Lacey.

"Very well," said Judith, turning from her, as if dismissing the subject.

Early that afternoon, Mr. Gray turned his steps toward Judith's home, for so constantly had she been in his mind during the past twenty-four hours, he had half-convinced himself she must be ill. Mrs. Lacey met him at the low door, over which the Virginia creeper, now in full bloom, was climbing, and in her troubled face he saw the confirmation of his gravest fears.

"How is Miss Sanders?" he asked, and at the anxiety in his voice, the woman bestowed on him one keen, sweeping glance. When she gave him the information contrary to what he had feared he was to receive, the troubled expression left his eyes. A few questions, guardedly asked, assured him Judith had told her relative nothing of her fainting spell on Sunday, and while he wondered she should be so reticent, he respected her evident wish the circumstance should not be mentioned.

"Where is she now?" he asked, kindly.

"Somewhere in the orchard. Will you go out and see her, Mr. Gray? The poor child is heart-broken, for her books were more to her than food or shelter."

Judith was sitting under an apple tree. The apron she had been mending lay on her lap and her hands were folded on it idly, while her eyes were

fixed on a wild rose, that clambered over an old stump, lifting a hundred delicately pink blossoms to the June sky.

All the defiance of face and figure, that had so sorely grieved Mrs. Lacey a few hours ago, was gone. The dream of a smile hovered around her lips and in her eyes was a swimming glory. She did not appear to the approaching man the wretched girl her cousin's words had led him to believe he would find, rather, with her sewing resting like that on her lap, with that rapt expression on her face, she dawned on his vision as a living, breathing expression of happy womanhood.

"Is it ever possible to accurately gauge her?" he questioned, mentally. "One time she is a woman, carved from stone, the next a simple girl who blushes at a question or falls into a fainting fit with equal unexpectedness. Here I expected to find her in tears over her loss, and instead she is as radiant as if the gifts of the gods had just been poured into her hands."

As he mused, he came nearer, but not until he was almost at her side, was Judith aware of his presence. As she turned her head and saw him, she sprang to her feet and for an instant it seemed as if she intended to take refuge from her immediate embarrassment in flight. He took off his hat and, smiling at her, said,

"I fear I gave you quite a start, Miss Sanders? I tried to announce my approach, but you were lost in your dream and old Bruno has become so accustomed to my presence on his reservation he doesn't think it worth while to proclaim my coming any more by those fierce barks that used to terrorize me at the first."

All this running fire of small talk

put Judith at her ease, though she did not take her place again at the foot of the tree.

"You are feeling quite well this afternoon?" he asked, with that tenderness in his voice that soothes some women when a man inquires for their health, and irritates others beyond the point of endurance. If you, reader, be a man, and have a rightly adjusted sense of discrimination, you will carefully avoid thus questioning one of those highly wrought, finely balanced women on the subject of her physical well being. It may be, and you may know it, and very likely she does too, that her stock of vitality is small, and that at the rate it is being drawn upon to sustain this nervous pitch and high pressure, it will quickly give out; but if you would preserve her friendship, close your eyes to the fact. Her sister over there with the listless air and not enough energy to keep her blood in circulation, who is apt to forget the small courtesies of life in the securing of her own personal comfort, will hail your question and entertain you by the hour with minute accounts of her ailments. So Judith resented the question addressed her by the minister, and, after briefly answering she was quite well, abruptly changed the conversation by drawing her visitor's attention to the rose bush.

"Uncle Brian planted that for me one spring when I was quite small," she explained. "I had always felt sorry for the old blackened stump forced to stand here among the living trees; in a few summers it was the joy of the orchard. I think Uncle Brian grew to admire it, too, for he often came out and sat under this tree with his"—

She stopped short, and her listener

noticed the slow-gathering of the anguish that came with the remembrance of her uncle's lost books.

"Mrs. Lacey has just told me," he said. "It is too bad. I never heard of anything like it, to go deliberately into a house in open daylight and, leaving everything else undisturbed, steal those books, which, of course, were of no special value to any other than yourself. It must have been some enemy who knows how to wound you keenest."

"But I have no enemy," she said, looking at him.

"Somebody has said that the one who has no enemy has done no good in the world," he interposed. "Now, we know you have done much good, and, believe me, you have thereby won hatred for yourself. There are two classes of persons who are hated: those who deserved to be and those who do not; Judas belonged to the first, and our Lord Jesus to the second. Between these two extremes runs a third class, neither very good nor very bad. They seldom gain much love, never hate. They are people you wouldn't make friends of one, nor dignify into an enemy. And yet, sometimes, one of this middle class steps out to do a treacherous, unforgivable deed, spurred out of his or her (and it is more frequently her) insignificance by a petty malice or revenge. It is hard to meet and deal with such persons. I have always found it best to trust to their own miserable insignificance in the world to render their work powerless. Time is the great avenger. True, we suffer, but so do they, if such miserable creatures are capable of such a thing as suffering, when the world finally sees them rightly classed. Whether it is through such a one as the last you have suffered, of course, I

do not know; but you will always find it is the smallest and basest foe that strikes unexpectedly at your one vulnerable place. They know their weak, poison-tipped dart would be ineffectual against the bold armor we turn to the world; they never meet us as brave men do, but as an assassin, steal up on us from behind."

As she listened, there was unfolded to her the utter baseness of that man or woman who thus steals from us what we prize most highly, whether a few old books as in her case, or, as alas! too often in our own, the good will of those whose friendship we hold, the name we proudly bear for clear honor, hospitality, sincerity, magnanimity, these single virtues which the fine-souled value above all worldly possessions, she felt her own hatred abate somewhat. To stoop to hate one so vile was to debase one's self; yet there was a slow-gathering wrath against the thief, which would not down so readily.

"But," she said, looking from the rose-bush to him, "I intend finding those books, and when I do find them,"—and the eyes that seemed to scintillate sparks, finished the sentence.

"When you do find them," said Mr. Gray, "in your great joy you will forget the very existence of the thief."

"I am not fashioned out of that fibre," she said, looking direct at him.

"Perhaps few of us are," Miss Sanders, he replied, the old sadness unconsciously creeping back into his tones, "but we may become such. You would not spoil the future reading of your old books by a revengeful act?"

"Not revengeful," she corrected, "but strict justice."

"Ah, but you know we are out of the law which demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"But never past the law which declares the wages of sin must be paid," she interposed.

"Ah, if you take it to that ground, you are right," he replied. "It was a sin which always demands punishment. But if restitution is sufficient under the civil law, don't you think God can be trusted to mete out the penalty under the moral law? Don't you think, if we will not make ourselves our brother's keeper, neither should we make ourselves his judge and executioner? Don't you think the forgiveness of an injury a finer thing than the exacting of strict justice? But," he concluded, breaking off, "I only meant to say I am very sorry for your loss and I hope you will find them. But if you should not, there are other copies of those books to be had. It is not as if you had lost Bluebell or Bruno, a life to which nothing similar on earth can be found."

"I could not care for other copies of those books," she said, a quiver running through her voice.

"None?" he asked. "Not even if I were to give them to you?"

It was a simple question and any one, man or woman, asking it had placed, as did he, the little emphasis on the personal pronoun, but to her, with her new-born love ready to give everything its roseate hue, it was as a drop of Heaven's own comfort to her hungry heart. She lifted her eyes to him and the flood of light they poured out seemed to make a glory around the place. Another man would not have mistaken that expression, but the minister was totally devoid of personal vanity. He noted the light of the

eyes and the tender, inexpressible beauty they threw over the face, but he attributed it to the gratitude of this strangely constructed child-woman, and it warmed his heart toward her as the glance from no woman's eye had done since he had looked for the last time into Judith Evans' and read his love's farewell therein. The yellowish-brown eyes, lighted by that incomparable glory, seemed to lead his way as, an hour later, he retraced his steps to the hotel; and once when he awoke in the night they seemed to lean over him out of the soft, deep gloom.

"The dear child!" he murmured, unconsciously repeating a pet phrase he had, in his long-past boyish days, given to a little sweet-heart, and ever afterwards it was thus he thought of Judith Sanders. And the childless man felt his heart warm under the thought. He might not have had a daughter as old as Judith Sanders, but life's sorrows and experiences had placed him so far ahead of her on the road of time, he felt he might claim for her, in thought, at least, this fatherly affection and care. Her loneliness appealed to his; the fine vein in her nature awakened all his admiration, and though what to him seemed its waywardness, if not harshness seemed at times to all but overshadow that better part, it but needed time and more happy conditions, he told himself, to mould her into what that other lost and loved Judith was, "a perfect woman, nobly planned." So, after that day, his attitude changed toward her; he found himself less in the office of judge and more of sympathetic defender, and the girl's heart began to blossom under it, as a rare flower unfolds itself before the light of the sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Immaculate !



IMMACULATE ! What human mind can know
What words can tell the sweetness of thy name
"Above all names," but His? O who art thou?
That first fair beam which softly heralds in
A golden day of grace. That lily chaste,
Which springs in beauty 'midst our earthly thorns,
Into thy pearly chalice mystic dew,
So long desired, shall fall. O image pure
Of Him thy heart shalt love e'en as thy Child!
But these are human words! List to the praise
Most softly murmured by angelic lips
And let that music echo through the aisles
Of spirit, in celestial melody.
Immaculate ! the "Ave !" came to thee

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

"Only Flowers."

[FROM A DEAR ONE'S GRAVE.]

"ONLY flowers" of the Spring-time
From a holy place of rest,
Snow-white, like their stainless spirits,
Azure, like their dwelling blest.
"Only flowers!" but they teach us
In a whisper low and sweet,
That our loved ones now are blooming
At the Saviour's sacred feet.
"Only flowers" fair and fragile,
Soon their beauty fades away,
But God's blossoms ne'er shall wither
In the light of His blest day.

—E. DE M.

THE SAND BANK.



At a distance of some ten miles from Saint Riquier there is a parish which is scattered over so wide an expanse that to faithfully attend it the devoted priest who has it in charge must needs labor from early morning until the shades of evening have fallen upon the earth. Doing his duty with a zeal and ardor which never flagged, he was at the same time so retiring and unostentatious, that one would never imagine him to have been a participant in one of the most thrilling episodes that can be conceived. Having heard something to that effect, I entreated the good Father to relate the event for my benefit—a request which was complied with without affectation or hesitation on his part. And thus I found myself a deeply interested auditor of the terrible experience which had traversed the current of an otherwise uneventful life.

"Thirty years ago," he began, "I was young and full of the enthusiasm of youth. I wished to devote the first years of my sacerdotal life to the missions wherein the greatest danger was to be found. I embarked at Havre for North America, where in the "far West" I had an uncle, a priest, who held the office of Vicar-General, and who would, I fondly hoped, assign me to some point where I could labor among savage tribes, and not only win their souls for Christ, but gain for myself a martyr's crown. I was strong as a Huron, and blessed with a sound-

ness of constitution which seemed to me would be thrown away in the peaceful ministrations of parish duties.

From one cause or another, my departure, which was to have taken place at mid-summer, was postponed until early in the winter season, but I consoled myself by the thought that when the beautiful feast of Christmas would dawn upon the world I would be in some pretty forest chapel, the rude walls hidden by the fadeless evergreen, and the altar decorated with graceful garlands of the same, while glittering lights, like stars, peeped out between. Yes! I could see my dusky children of the forest as they knelt at my first Mass in the wilderness, and fondly did I hope that they were so far advanced as to join in some Christmas hymns.

I cannot tell you the degree of latitude in which we were when a terrible tempest arose and we were driven hither and thither by adverse winds. The captain put forth his best efforts, and the crew worked with the energy of despair, and when a little favorable progress was made the tempest's rage would drive us back until it seemed that we were to spend the winter upon the angry waves. At last the crisis came,—a whirlwind—a tornado—nay, a cyclone of the ocean caught the vessel in its merciless grasp, overturned it as if it were a tiny toy, its shattered parts were driven here and there, and every one felt that his hour had come. Oh! how fervently I hoped that my words of exhortation had borne some fruit, that those poor souls were not unprepared to appear before the Sovereign Judge, that the words of absolutism which I pronounced when I realized that the dread moment was nigh

had been ratified in heaven!

I could not swim, and even had I been master of the art, such was the fury of the elements that the knowledge could have availed me little. Crossing my hands upon my breast, and fervently recommending my soul to God, I gave up my body to the waves.

After some time I found that a piece of wood, torn from the rudder, had floated to where I was buffeting the storm, and with a great effort I worked myself upon it. Thus I floated until I felt my feet entangled in something soft, and so clinging that I could scarcely extricate them. At the same time I saw at some distance three heads looming up from the water; they were followed by three bodies with the exception of the feet, which, like mine, seemed captured by something less restless than the ocean. Then a wild commotion prevailed for a while. "*Saved!*" cried a voice, which belonged to one who was apparently the most important of the party—I did not recognize him at first, for the tempest had not given him time to don the gold spectacles and spotless collar and cuffs which formed component parts of his daily wardrobe. "*Saved?*" repeated Louis—one of the sailors—"Do not flatter yourself, sir. We are on a sand bank. The falling tide has uncovered it by degrees, and another hour will permit us to see it wholly. In five hours the tide will be at the lowest ebb. In six more the bank will be covered with water, yes, to the depth of ten feet. We will be drowned, we four, there is no escape, but it is something to have eleven hours of life given us. How many who have been lost at sea have not had the favor of one quarter of an hour wherein to prepare for the great voyage to eternity."

"It is just as if we were prisoners

under sentence of death," said Diogenes, a journalist, "awaiting the arrival at six in the morning of the warden to lead us to the chair. The rising tide in this instance will fill the office of warden."

Plutus, the millionaire, could scarcely contain himself at this announcement. "And you, sir," he said to the journalist, "your jesting is extremely ill-timed. Why not think that there may be some means of escape? A portion of the wreck with which to construct a raft—a sail—yes, a vessel may come, and save us yet."

"A raft of our making could not live in these turbulent waters, and it is but rare at this time of the year that vessels sight this point to which our own luckless ship was driven," said the sailor, whereupon I asked for their attention. I had a strangely diversified audience—Louis, the sailor, Plutus, one of the wealthiest bankers of Paris, enroute for America to arrange for the culmination of some gigantic affair, Diogenes, a journalist, attached to a sensational paper of the American metropolis,—a paper through which many souls were ruined—alas! But unlike as they were, these three men were united in the bonds of one common misfortune. Neither the sailor, whom I had so often heard take the holy name of God in vain whilst at his post, nor the journalist who seemed to be a free thinker, nor the man of millions who gave one the impression that he did not *hate*, but what was perhaps worse, he *despised* and *scorned* the cassock, manifested any sign of going away,—you may say—"How could they?" Well, they might have requested me politely, or for the matter of that, rudely, to keep quiet.

I began by reminding them how thankful we should be to our Lord who

had preserved us from the sudden death with which He had seen fit to visit our fellow passengers and given us time for reflection before we were landed upon the only shores which, it seems we will ever touch—the eternal shores. “Louis,” said I, has spoken well when he rejoiced at the eleven or twelve hours vouchsafed us before our death. “What will you do with those hours,” said I, turning to the sailor.

“An easy thing to decide, Reverend Father. Do you not think it wonderful that of the four saved from the wreck one should be a priest? My advice is that we ask you to hear our confessions, and we will traverse the unknown seas with greater ease. As for me I have not lived as I ought to have done, and when I look back upon my thirty years of life I recall many a gruesome passage. But I have always hoped to return to God and lead a good life. My mother awaits me in her little home, we looked forward to a happy Christmas together, and now I will spend one part of that blessed day on a vanishing sand bank, and the other, by the grace of the Holy Infant, will launch my bark in Purgatory. But come, Mr. Plutus, you can go first, it is perhaps some time since you have gone. *Tant Mieux!* You can sum everything in a few words “Except that I have neither murdered, nor stolen, I have been guilty of all.”

“For a financier,” said the journalist, “that formula would be a little risky—a banker who has been strictly honest! That would be a saint to be venerated upon our altars!”

Plutus kept silent. It is doubtful whether he ever heard the jest of the irrepressible journalist. “Leave those two to their reflections,” said I to the sailor, “you see they have not as yet decided. Since you, my dear friend,

have made up your mind, raise up your heart to God, and let us begin.” “Willingly, Father,” and he followed me to the end of the bank. His confession was simple, candid and entire—the confession of one who had abandoned without premeditation, and under pressure of circumstances, the practice of his religion which he had always believed in and always loved. He wept for joy when I gave him absolution, and when he rejoined the others his first words were “O! what a blessing has this ship wreck proved! Go to confession and you will tell me that you are as happy as myself!”

The journalist had probably done some very hard thinking during the half hour occupied by the confession of Louis—and thus he spoke: “Reverend Father before you hear my auricular confession, which I promise you I will not delay very long, I wish to make here a sort of public confession and thus begin to unburden my conscience. You think me perhaps a hater of the church and her ministers—nothing of the kind. I was a young man in whom the evil passions which strove ever for the mastery did not always gain the day, but I was greatly in need of money. If the religious party had offered me the position of editor of the “*Catholic Watch Tower*” I would have faithfully served the good cause for a good salary. But how often it happens that capability realizes but little pay in the cause of right, and so I gave my talents, such as they were, to journals wherein I wrote against the Church, and I painted priests in a way that I knew was void of truth. It was a taking subject and my empty purse was replenished. Born in France, but brought up in the New World, I wished to amass an honest (?) fortune there. Then I intended to retire and enjoy life, far

from journalism which I abhor, but near the range of good dinners, horses, etc. Then when my thoughts wandered to that uncertain age which begins at fifty years, and is lost amid the thick mists bordering upon decrepitude I always intended to cry "*Halt!*" before my death. I would return to the religion of my mother, and to her country as well. I would seek the old priest from whose hands I received my first communion, I would marry, I would buy a charming estate in Normandy, and crown the Queens of the rose. I would exert myself to the utmost to suppress wicked journals and prevent them from ruining our youth. I would probably have children whom I would bring up in the fear of God and the horror of journalism. This, Father, is my story—what matters it that I am twenty-five or fifty years of age? Our Lord in granting me ten hours reprieve on this sand bank places me as near the death for which I will prepare as He has led me far from the mad follies and worthless pleasures from which I had not virtue nor strength sufficient to turn away. Christmas is about to dawn, Father, and, with your kind aid, may it be a blessed one to me. If our third confere is not ready I will take my turn."

We went aside as I had done with Louis. Diogenes was truly a noble soul, but he had missed that virile education which would have shown him that in religion alone can be found, even for the weakest soul, the means of conquering passions, be they ever so strong. He could not sufficiently thank God who had been so good to him. "I might never," said he, "have broken the chains which held me fast to an evil which I detested, and prevented me from seeking the good towards which I longed to turn. God has

deigned to favor me,—but what if we might possibly be saved? I almost hope *not*, for I might not persevere in my new life."

"Do not fear," said I, "with God's help, you will not fail. Having tasted the sweetness of divine love you will find that God alone can satisfy the true lover, and that without Him all other things are frivolous." "Well, let it be as He wills, I am ready and resigned."

And now there remained only Plutus. "I have still eight hours," said he—Are you sure, Louis, that the sea will cover this little isle? And you, Diogenes, all that you have been saying was only to please our reverend friend and to persuade me—to work on my feelings so that, the danger over, you can turn me into ridicule and say:—"Look at the great Plutus, the first banker in Paris, foremost in every gigantic scheme, rich and aristocratic; in the face of death he was afraid, he confessed like a coward—to a priest. "*Ma foi*," said the journalist. "Mr. Plutus, as to the greatest coward of the three, certainly it is neither Louis, nor myself." "Without doubt," said the banker as if communing with himself, "whoever said that indifference might do well enough to *live* in, but that to *die* in religion was the thing, did not say such a foolish thing. And if I were *quite* sure that all is over, that I must leave my millions—my *dear* millions! I think I would take the step." "My *dear* friend," said I, "I implore you, do not think of your millions at this solemn hour. Have you faith?" Plutus was not very sure that he knew what that was, and was even less certain that the virtue had any place within his heart. A silence fell upon the group, even as the sea became calm and still, the constellations above grew visibly brilliant, the moon, full and

beautiful, seemed nearer on sea than land. Christmas had dawned, and I could almost hear a faint and far off sounding "*Gloria in excelsis, Deo!*" from my little church amid the vine-clad hills of France.

Diogenes and Louis drew near and took my hands. I gave them my blessing, and they withdrew. It was farewell. I thought it best to leave Plutus to his reflections and I saw, with joy, that he began, step by step, to where I knelt in prayer. We were now fully conscious that *the tide was rapidly rising*. Be merciful, O Lord! Plutus had reached my side, when he exclaimed: "No, no, decidedly I have not faith—just Heaven, *a sail! a sail!*" and repulsing the hands I had held out in welcome, he frantically tried to attract the attention of a vessel which indeed appeared to view. We were all taken on board, Diogenes and Louis, happy that it had not come sooner, or they might not have gone to confession; Plutus, happy that it had not come later, for he had begun to be impressed by the approach of death, and he might have done as the two others. But of what use since he was saved?

Miserable man! He continued for years to hold the first rank amongst financiers. He died last year of apoplexy. He was Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, nobles—nay, princes mated with his daughters, his name had a world wide reputation—he had just gone to the Senate. But—"quid prodest homini si mundum universum lueretur, animæ vero suæ detrimentum patiatur?"

Diogenes and Louis remained true to the lessons of that fearful morning. They did not acquire wealth and in the eyes of the world they are not specially fortunate. The former wages, with his trenchant pen, an unceasing war a-

gainst journalism as he had formerly practiced it. They are both rich with the gifts of heaven, and in all life's trials their hearts are filled with joy.

As for myself I labored for a number of years among my dear children of the forest, and when recalled home, I parted from them with deep regret. I failed to win the martyr's crown, for those dusky warriors loved me far above my deserts. That is my story, and it is always more fresh in my memory as the Christmas Feast draws nigh. How vividly it brings back our vigil when the blessed day dawned for us on a frail little island which awaited a sure destruction from the rapidly rising tide.—*From "Contes d'un Promeneur,"* By S. X. BLAKELY.

Of the Advantage of Adversity.

It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities; for oftentimes they make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is an exile, and place not his hopes in anything of the world.

It is good for us sometimes to suffer contradictions, and to allow people to think ill and slightly of us, even when we do and mean well. These are often helps to humility, and rid us of vain glory. For then we more earnestly seek God to witness of what passes within us, when outwardly we are slighted by men, and incur their discredit.

Therefore ought a man so firmly to establish himself in God, as to have no need of seeking many human consolations. When a man of good-will is troubled, tempted, or afflicted with evil thoughts, then he best understandeth what need he hath of God, and that without Him he is incapable of any good.

Then also is he sorrowful; he sigheth and prayeth by reason of the miseries he suffereth. Then is he weary of longer life; and wisheth death to come, that he may be dissolved, and he with Christ. Then also he well perceiveth, that perfect security and peace cannot be realized in this world.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The last month of the year has come to us, and we are all, in spite of ourselves, looking backward. How much this closing year has held for many of us! How many happy days, when God's goodness was so evident that we were almost forced to cry out with the holy man of Tours, "How good is God! Let us repeat it a thousand times." How many graces have been ours during this year of '98. So many joys which came from Him alone—the devil gives us only pleasure which is not always Christian—our joy is always the gift of God.

And the dark days—what of them? They are past and we still live with our faces turned to the sun, still live, feeling that another year has gone, and so we are that much nearer to heaven. That is the real meaning of each passing year. A mile-stone on the journey—so much less weary way to travel, and so much nearer the end which means heaven and home.

St. Theresa talks about life as being only "a night in a wayside inn." Surely she was the saint of good cheer, and large-hearted hope.

We always think of her as a strong woman, who could lift us clean off our feet, as we jump up as little children—and that is just what she does do with those whom she teaches to spring up above the world, remembering that "all things pass away, and God only remaineth."

December brings us the sweet feast of the heart and home—Christmas and the dear Christ Child, and with the thought of Him comes the thought of the poor. Let us not forget them during the days of plenty when the whole world is partaking of good things because of God's best gifts to the world. It is a very great grace to love the poor; to

feel for them as if they belonged to us; to give them, not alone material aid, food, money, clothing, but what is worth more than all—sympathy. Even God deigns to plead for it, so what must its real worth be? Think how many lonely, desolate hearts there are at Christmas time. Pray for such who are living in the happy past, to whom this day brings only tears and a yearning which the dear Babe of Bethlehem alone can satisfy. What *would* we do without God in the world? Is it any wonder that the saints who loved Him supremely were almost beside themselves thinking of sinners who have lost God? Let us pray for them, too, for they are the real poor. Not all of us can help in any other way but by prayers, either for God's poor or poor sinners. Why not be generous then, as we pray during these December days which bring us such sweet and holy thoughts of the coming of our Blessed Lord to His own. Let us go to the holy house of Nazareth and ask our Blessed Lady to teach us how to prepare for His coming—that is what Advent means. A time of longing for God. St. John, the Beloved Disciple, gives us the prayer for Advent, "Come Lord Jesus, come; come quickly!" Every breath our Blessed Lady drew was an offering of this beautiful prayer of St. John. Let us make it ours all through Advent, and surely the human heart of the Divine Christ Child will be touched by our entreaties, "*Come quickly!*" Who that loves us would not respond to such an appeal? It is such a beautiful petition to say over and over again before Holy Communion, and now when we are expecting the dear Babe of Bethlehem and saying, come Lord Jesus, come quickly, that on Christmas morning our Blessed Mother would really place Him in our arms to press to our hearts in return for our pressing invitations all during the four weeks of Advent. It

pays to be generous with God, He pays back so royally.

And, now, a sweet holy happy Christmas to you all, dear children, with lots of good things, and joys dearer and brighter than ever came before.

Don't forget the poor nor the suffering, and pray for

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Whole, I am God's gift ; behead me, I am what is not always to the swift ; behead me again, I am too familiar to many.

2. Who is the spiciest man in the world ?

3. What port is sought by every one ?

4. What word represents company, avoids company, calls company ?

5. What is the count on which you always lose ?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who composed the *Adeste Fidelis* ?

2. Where was the first celebration of Christmas ?

3. Why is the juniper used at Christmas ?

4. Why is the rosemary used in Spain for a Christmas tree ?

5. With whom did the Christmas cards originate in England ?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Two and a half.

2. One holds a peck, the other pecks a hole.

3. A bald head.

4. Twenty pounds.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. At Quebec, 1635.

2. Abbe Haury, a French priest in 18th century.

3. Quinine, rhubarb and ginseng.

4. The Florentines and Siennes.

5. William Caxton, a model Catholic.

MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. A God who was born to save us, is not willing to lose us.

2. My Lord and my God !—St. Thomas !

3.

Lo ! to grant a pardon free ;

Comes a willing Lamb from heaven ;
Sad and tearful hasten we,

One and all, to be forgiven.

4. Let your words be few and sweet, few and good, few and simple, few and sincere, few and pleasant.—St. Fr. de Sales.

5. All is little that ends with time.

OUR DAILY BREAD; OR CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

One cold, stormy night, on the 24th of December, 186—, a little, homeless bootblack, hungry and tired and cold after an unsuccessful day, curled himself up in a corner between the steps and wall of a church in New York. There he was somewhat screened from the full blast of the wind that swept through the streets, carrying the fast-falling snow-flakes before it. Far up on the almost invisible steeple could be seen the faint outline of a cross, which had caught the gleam of some far-off light, and looked like a sign set in the heavens. The boy, shivering with cold, lay down with a thought of his old dead mother, who once sold apples and candy at the corner close by, and who, with true Irish fidelity to her religion, had always taken him with her on Sundays into this church, to pray before the altar, all gay with sweet flowers and starry lamps. He thought of the grand cross within with Jesus on it, and the white Virgin Mother with lilies in her hand, who looked like an angel out of Heaven, and he began to say the few prayers he knew—those dear, simple prayers we all know, but which are the holiest and best, because not made by man. While feebly and wishfully saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," he fell asleep, his heavy eyes all wet with tears, and one of his hands still clinging to the beads in his pocket.

But though cold and hungry and homeless, the good God was not un-

mindful of him. He was a steady, truthful, honest lad, and he was about to receive his reward. He passed daily through a city reeking with sin, without defiling his soul. He saw sinful deeds; he heard sinful, blasphemous words; but they left no impression on his heart but horror and disgust. The waves of sin passed over him like rain falling from the plumage of the dove, leaving no stain. This instinctive aversion to evil made him avoid bad companions and recoil from the patronage of the wicked. But it produced a timidity in his manner that was fatal to his success; bold boys pushed before him and took away his custom. This day the few who knew and encouraged him were missing from the streets. For days he had only got money enough to barely sustain life. And now the sudden cold weather made him feel more sensibly the want of food. But he did not forget the wants of his soul, and lay down, as we have seen, with prayer, and fell asleep, murmuring words that were once on the holy lips of the Lord Jesus.

Forth from the dark church, where only burned a low, dim lamp on the altar, flew one of the angels of the sanctuary, his face like the evening star, his silvery wings gleaming in the flickering gaslight, and his heart full of the tenderest love. Wherever good angels go they carry blessings with them; they banish evil impulses from the heart and keep us from sin; they inspire us to love God; they especially love to watch over the young who are innocent and pure. There is one near us all, though we see him not.

"Thy beautiful and shining face,

I see not, though so near,

The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear."

This good angel hovered with pitying look over the poor boy crouched against the church wall, and let a tear fall on his pale, pinched face, all begrimed as it was. He looked into the lad's heart and saw a light, bright and steady, burning like the little lamp on the altar. It was the light of God's Presence in the soul, as it is in every soul that is free from mortal sin. The heart

of a pure child is like the beautiful tabernacle on the altar, full of the wondrous light of God's Presence.

"Thy home is with the simple, Lord,
The simple are Thy rest:
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there Thy nest."

The holy angel bowed his head reverently before that Presence, and murmured an act of love and adoration in tones so sweet that they sounded like the silver bells that ring at the elevation of the Host. Then he folded around the boy his white wings, all warm from the fire of God's altar, and fragrant as the clouds that curl up from the censer. The grateful warmth and the familiar odor seemed to affect his senses, torpid as they were. A dream of hope crossed the poor child's brain—such a dream as angels bring to those who hate all sin—and he murmured, "Our daily bread," as if his heart still watched and prayed.

That cry for bread troubled the Angel of Mercy, and he floated away down the almost empty streets, till he came to a carriage with bright lamps and jingling bells, full of gay young people returning home from the theatre. He beat against the window with his wings, the very vibrations of which gave forth exquisite music; but their ears, still ringing with profane songs, were deaf to heavenly tones—their eyes were so dazzled by the brilliancy of the stage that they heeded not the soft dewy light the angel diffused around him. He flew away.

Meanwhile the boy grew colder and colder, but it was still warm at his heart where God was. He moaned as he lay. The snow was drifting around him.

The lights in the houses were fast going out, but the angel flapped his wings at a casement where a young student still trimmed his midnight lamp. "Help!" cried the angel, "help for the Child Jesus, who is cold and hungry and dying." For he said truly, for, as our Lord Himself says in the Gospel, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." An act of charity to any one, if only done with the right

intention, is the same as if done to our Saviour Himself. What a delightful thought! All day long we can be waiting on our Lord! Can any one ever be tired of that sweet service?

Learned as the student was, he comprehended not the tongue of angels; but at the holy name of Jesus a trembling came over him. He knew not why, but thought he trembled with the cold. Even innocent pursuits and lawful pleasures may so engross our minds as to make us deaf to the call of charity.

Then the angel passed on till he came to a half-open door that led to a hall full of happy, or at least gay, young people dancing to the sound of lively music and dressed in the richest apparel. There he repeated his cry for help. One pure young heart alone, whose nature was half angelic, felt the invisible presence and heard the tones of entreaty. She cried to her companions that some poor soul was suffering from the dreadful storm, but they only stopped from their giddy round to laugh at her charitable instincts and tell her it was only the moaning of the night-wind that sounded like some imploring human voice. The angel let fall a scalding tear into her heart, that burned there many a day like a pang of remorse, and then floated away like a wreath of snow before the wind.

Again and again he made his appeal, but there were so many ears deaf to angel voices—there were so many blind eyes that the fingers of Jesus had never touched—so many hearts insensible to suffering, because they had never known sorrow, or whom sorrow had only hardened instead of softening.

Almost in despair, the angel flew along the streets, till he came at last to a priest who had been on some midnight errand of mercy to the sick, and whose kind heart was still throbbing with a pity and compassion which made him akin to the angels. He felt the divine impulse hurrying him homeward. He had served too long at the altar where angels veil their bright faces and cry "holy! holy!" not to catch something of the appeal. He yielded to the attractions that drew him on through the wild storm, till he reached the

church. The angel had preceded him. The little shoe-black was covered with a pure white garment of snow, which the priest soon removed. He rubbed his cold hands and felt his failing pulse. Then unlocking the door of the church, he bore the lad into the sanctuary, where the lamp still burned, and succeeded in restoring a feeble remnant of life. But he saw it was only a momentary reanimation. He unlocked the tabernacle and took forth the sacred vessel. The church was filled with dark shadows; there was only a faint glow around the altar, before which lay the almost lifeless form of the boy. Around the priest, who held up the Divine Host, bent the angels of the sanctuary, who filled the arches with a divine music inaudible to sinful ears. The priest, full of holy awe, tremblingly said, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!" The lad looked up with a smile of hope, and said, as if lingering on the words, "Our daily bread," and closed his lips on the Bread of Angels, never to open them more.

Then the Angel of Mercy rose joyfully up, upbearing with him the soul just freed from earth—rose up over the great Babylon full of sin—rose towards Heaven, where there is no hunger or thirst, and no darkness in the everlasting sun of God's Presence. He rose singing:

"My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come
Taking it home,
For the crown is won.
Alleluia!
Forever more.

"My father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth,
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save.
Alleluia!
And saved is he.

"This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain,
In the narrow way.
Alleluia!
From earth to Heaven."

Editorial Notes.

Entre Nous.

First thanks, dear friend and reader, for all you have done for us! Ours is a "Thank you" of the heart more than of the lips. In the second place, join with us in praying for our dear readers who died during the past year. They belong to us, as you do, for are we not all united by the common bond of our holy Mother's Scapular? Help has come to us from Halifax to Dawson City. The continent responded to those five magic words: "Do you wear the Scapular?" We see the result of it to-day. It bears testimony to the large number of Mary's clients. The daily mail tells us of the divers ways in which the Queen of Heaven rewards those who honor her. The times have been hard. It was a struggle for us, and is now. But with your help we will finish our task. The divine Mother now expects us to adorn her lovely Niagara shrine. She expects you to work with us. And you will. We are sure of that. THE CARMELITE REVIEW is about to enter its seventh year. It has reached the use of reason, so to speak. It has come to stay. We never pretended to make it a literary bargain. It begs. The begging is in her Name—Mary's—for her, with her and through her. Some wise heads predicted dark clouds. They said we could not send out a magazine for a dollar a year. You know better. Next year you have it in your power to annul further dire prophecies. Your letter of cheer will be much appreciated, doubly so if we find something substantial enclosed. In addition to twelve numbers of this little magazine, we give away the beautiful *Home Annual*, so, after all, there is not

much left to us. And the poor printer! He cannot live on air and "pi" alone. Worse than this. Next January the post office will present us with a handsome New Year's gift in the shape of heavy postage. It is quite an item, to be repeated monthly. So you see you owe a duty to us. Send in arrears. Better still, pay in advance, and get your friends to do so—not next year, but to-day. You cannot measure all the good you do to souls by a prompt remittance—all the glory to God—honor to Mary our Mother and your Mother, and the gladness in the hearts of us her unworthy servants.

Home, Here and Hereafter.

What heart is not moved when Stephen Collins Foster sings to us of the "old Kentucky home far away"? that land of warm hearts and balmy air, where that charming Southern writer, Anna C. Minogue, has brought our readers during the past year, and who now, in the dark and dreary December days of the North, cheers and makes us to "hear one bird sweetly singing" a Christmas song. The thoughts of many a brave soldier boy in far-off Manila will dream much, these days, of his home far over the seas, and so indeed this month does the devout Catholic act likewise. His thoughts wander far over the deep waters to the land of bright blue skies, to his Mother's home—to the home far away—the home sacred to every child of Mary—the holy House of Loretto. How we treasure all that reminds us of Mother. We kiss the ground on which she trod—she, the sacred Virgin, whom St. Dionysius would have adored (as he relates) when he beheld her beauty, did his

faith tell him she was but God's creature. We Carmelites have a special reason to love even the earthly abode of our Queen, because to our Order for years did the Holy See commit the custody of that holy shrine and, moreover, were not our fathers neighbors of the Holy Family? and tradition assures us there was an interchange of pious visits between Carmel and Nazareth. To-day there is an "old Kentucky home" dear to many a good religious sister—she of Loretto, a venerable body of nuns which to-day is spread through the West. They are of American origin, and came together under Mary's auspices in 1812, in the days when bloody war raged along the Niagara frontier. Under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, beautiful convents have been erected by these good servants of hers, but half a century and more has wiped out their old landmarks but one—the first Loretto in America—'tis but a log hut, and "be it ever so humble" there is no place (next to the tabernacle) dearer to these good nuns. And so it is with our Blessed Lady's clients throughout the world. They hold sacred their Mother's humble home, worthy to be carried by angel hands, as the reverend Prior of our Canadian convent so beautifully relates to us in this number when he speaks of the "Translation of the Holy House of Loretto." America has a very close copy of the chapel of the House of Loretto which can be seen at Notre Dame, Indiana. We are reminded also of the fact that only lately the Emperor of Germany made a gift to his Catholic subjects of the hallowed ground at Jerusalem on which the holy Virgin's abode once stood, which is not to be confounded with the house at Nazareth. All of which should cheer us with the fact that our

holy Mother has a holier and more permanent home for us in heaven, whither God's angels will translate us after our exile is ended in this valley of tears.

Charity That Cheers.

The poorest of us can dispense alms these days. There are other things besides a well-filled basket or an embroidered bit of wearing apparel. We are richer than we seem to be. We can cheer by our words. It costs nothing, and returns to us with interest. Many look for sympathy, and, alas, too seldom find it. They in vain look for one with whom they may establish a kinship of heart and mind—a heart that answers to every need and throb of their own, and which understands the unuttered thought. Therefore, learn to sympathize. Again, we are too selfish. Let us forget self in making others happy. This will give us a taste of heaven, and, moreover, help us to forget our own miseries. We, also, lack in considering the feelings of others and cause more harm than we are aware of. We ought to get into the habit of giving. Let it be anything, be it but a smile, for such practices enlarge the heart. Someone says that old-time courtesy is passing away, and we deplore the loss of the real gentle men and women of the old school. All these good qualities not only mark the person of refinement but the true Christian and the saint. Let us open our hearts to newer and better things. Do it when we recall the Saviour's birth—we will please Him by thus imitating Him, make others and ourselves happy, and practice the charity that cheers.

Magazines as Missionaries.

It is consoling to hear of instances where souls were brought into the true Church by the chance reading of a

Catholic periodical. The New York *Catholic News* lately related a remarkable instance of a family of unbelievers in Oklohomia who received a copy of that paper from a distance friend. They became converts, and their example is being rapidly followed by others. The editor is aware of more than one instance of persons who found the true Church through THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It is truly consoling to us who are engaged in this little work of love, and also a hint to many who have an easy way of spreading truth. It will be a great solace to you on your death-bed if you know you have saved but one soul by means of papers, magazines or good books. There is also a moral to this: Why not pay a year's subscription and have some good Catholic publication sent as a Christmas gift to some near or distant friend who still sits in darkness. Perhaps when another Christmas comes around the seed will have taken root and your own happiness will be immeasurable.

Mary at the Manger.

The Christian heart is thrilled at the sound of the word "Christmas." It brings us close to Jesus and Mary. But the whole charm of the festival would indeed be lost did we take the Blessed Virgin from the side of the crib. As a pious Benedictine monk, Father Rohner, says: "Mary, next to Jesus, is the life and light and central figure and point of all our Christmas mysteries." Moreover, holy Church calls upon us to honor the divine Mother in a special manner in her Christmas solemnities. A good resolve would be—to follow the advice of the author quoted—"to carry offerings to the crib of Bethlehem and to lay them in the kind motherly hand of Mary, to be applied for the relief of the poor,

or to assist some struggling church or some other missionary work."

Christmas Consolation.

In the grand song of Christmas there is a minor chord with a tinge of sadness. It contains something akin to home-sickness. We remember those gone before us to the better land, those dear ones who to-day celebrate Christmas in heaven. We wipe away a tear when, as we see the vacant chair, we take our place at the family gathering. But we are not like those who have no hope. There is still within the soul the music of wonderful melodies. God grants us a momentary glimpse, at this season, into the glory to come. Our glad hearts, illuminated by faith, for the nonce, hear the celestial songs which

"have power to quiet

The restless pulse of care

And come like the benediction,

That follows after prayer."

Our dear ones have gone to a better world, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." We shall follow them swiftly, but for a few years courage and patience! Then the glorious re-union—the never-ending Christmas when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

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We trust our readers will be indulgent with us for any apparent neglect during the past year in the matter of mailing and delivering the "REVIEW." Several complaints have been received by us, and each in case we did our utmost to remedy matters. If others, over whom we have no control, are to blame for mistakes which are to be regretted, we crave the pardon and patience of those who suffer, and are willing to mail back numbers of this magazine, and execute any reasonable request.

Stick to the Blessed Virgin during the New Year, and she will stick to you.

We wish you a New Year of happiness and blessing, but our wishes are of less value than a good will on your part.

Reverend Rectors and Superiors desiring missions and retreats are at liberty to send their applications through this office.

We hope soon to be able to supply any of our friends with Scapulars of proper make and material. They will be made under our own personal inspection.

Square up your personal accounts with God and leave the great public questions to Providence. There is only one thing to worry about—your own spiritual progress. *That is your affair.* How do you stand at the close of 1898?

Peace jubilees to the contrary notwithstanding—there is a poor outlook for public peace at the close of this year of grace. But there is peace on earth for individuals. A good conscience and trust in God brings jubilee to the heart in spite of all the clash of arms around us. We make our own heaven or hell.

Brave fellows, indeed, those who followed their country's flag and heroically fell fighting beneath its folds. But the true, the real hero is the one who, quietly and unknown, except to the Father who sees in secret, stands in the darkness of this world, suffers daily, and bears up courageously until the day of reckoning.

It is dangerous to postpone the reformation which conscience preaches to our heart. If we delay, difficulties daily increase and the mind recedes, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone; till at last it will enter the arctic circle and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice. Christmas is the time to turn over a good leaf.

See the coupon! It is on first page following the reading matter.

A Redemptorist Father, well known as a writer, sends us some pretty verses from far-off Australia. They will appear in an early number.

May the Divine Mother obtain from her holy Babe an abundance of peace and happiness for all our dear friends and readers! This is our earnest prayer and wish for Christmastide.

With the gracious consent of Lady Herbert, and the kind permission of her London publishers, we gladly advertise the fact that early in the new year we shall give the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW an opportunity of reading the biography of a famous soldier, model Christian and devout Carmelite tertiary—General De Sonis.

The many American friends of the good and learned Passionist Father, the Reverend Aloysius Blakely, will learn with pleasure of a recent new honor that has been conferred upon him in recognition of his great and zealous work in his new field in Bulgaria. Father Blakely has been stationed in the diocese of Nicopolis and he was recently appointed vicar-general of that diocese and also made rector of the Cathedral in that place. Father Blakely is well known around New Jersey, Cincinnati and in Kentucky, he having been stationed for a number of years in Louisville. The Catholic Columbian says: "Father Blakely is a brother of Laurie J. Blakely, of Covington, the journalist, and of Mrs. Mary Louise Ryan, one of Cincinnati's most graceful writers." He has also another worthy sister, Miss Sue X. Blakely of Saint Marys, Pennsylvania, whose versatile pen has charmed a wide circle of readers.

PUBLICATIONS.

One From Many.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 8, 1898.

*The Editor of THE CARMELITE REVIEW,
Niagara Falls, Ont.*

DEAR FATHER:—

The CARMELITE REVIEW has given me untold pleasure and consolation. Through it we obtained several books and subscribers for papers. Your Review is fine and a bright ornament of usefulness in the library.

Yours very truly,
B. C. E.

In ordering books from publishers our friends will do us a good turn by mentioning the fact that they read of the book in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. The same applies to advertisers. Several readers tell us they have purchased books recommended by us.

"Lasca" and other stories (60 cents retail) by Mary F. Nixon, and "Westchester," a tale of the Revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A. (75 cents retail), are books for the holidays just received from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. The binding is extremely pretty. The stories are well worth reading. Just the thing for those who cannot afford costly presents.

From *The Ave Maria* press we have a cheap but valuable little work on "A City of Confusion," by Rev. Henry G. Gamms, the author of "Mariolatry." A great act of christian charity it would be to send this bright little work to some soul struggling in the waves of doubt and infidelity which deluges the world. The book sells for fifteen cents. For sale by *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

"Preparation for Confession, a text book of religion, is from the Monitor Publishing Company of San Francisco, and is edited by Rev. Peter C. York. It is not an examen of conscience, but a series of explanations and readings on the text of the Baltimore catechism; and its aim is to elucidate much that must be obscure to the minds of children just beginning the study of the catechism, and so prepare them for the reception of the sacraments of Confession, First Communion and Confirmation. The common prayers and responses, and a number of hymns have been embodied in the text and the book is illustrated with copies of the masterpieces of religious art; for, as the editor remarks in his preface, "it is no mean part of education to familiarize children with the noble conceptions of those who have striven successfully to body forth the tidings of Faith." The book has been

successfully used in the parochial schools of San Francisco, and it seems to us that it would make an excellent guide for teachers of Sunday schools everywhere.

The Ave Maria says that "it would seem that longevity is not incompatible with the arduous labors and privations of the Catholic missionary in India. A lay-brother of the Syro-Chaldean Carmelite Congregation has passed away at Kottayam at the great age of ninety-eight years and six months. Sixty-seven years he had spent in the work of the missions; and that, too, in the heart of a torrid jungle, where wild beasts abounded. But only sluggards now believe, what the medical profession has long since disproved, that hard work and abstinence shorten human life. Fasting and labor are as helpful to the body as they are to the soul."

A most excellent work of a Benedictine Father, the Rev. B. Rohner, as adapted by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L. L. D., has just come from the press of Messrs. Benziger Bros., (36 Barclay St., New York) Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. It is a most comprehensive but by no means too bulky work. Besides dealing with Mary's festivals the various devotions to her are explained. Four very interesting chapters tell of the many religious Orders—first amongst them the Carmelites—consecrated to the Divine Mother. The last chapter fully, clearly and accurately explains all about the divers confraternities—amongst them that of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. We heartily recommend this new work, particularly as a holiday present, which would be much appreciated by your friends. "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin, Her Feasts, Prayers, Religious Orders and Sodality," is the full title of the work.

The 16th edition of Messrs. Benziger's Catholic Home Annual is now ready for 1899. It is worth fifty cents and sells for twenty-five. Everyone reads it. You can get it by sending a dollar for a years subscription to THE CARMELITE REVIEW. *Do not wait until the end of the year* but order now. Year by year its publishers have added new and additionally interesting features to this popular Annual until this year it can truly be classed as the Annual par excellence, the very best Catholic writers being contributors to its pages. The 1899 edition contains: Frontispiece: A Beautiful Colored Picture of the Crucifixion. "A Christmas Carol" (Poetry). Calendar for each month. "The Impossible:" Story by Maurice Francis Egan. With 2 Illustrations. Some Funny Advertisements (Prose). Full Page Illustration "Out For a Ride." "Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Commandments:" by Rev. Father Girardey, C. SS., R. (Prose). With 2 Illustrations.

Story: "A Winsome Maid," by Clara Mulholland. Illustrated. "Penance, The Key to Heaven:" a Story of the Shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. Adapted by Rev. Daniel Murray. Illustrated. "The Better Part" (Poetry). "The Passing of Pippa:" By Marion Ames Taggart. Story. With Illustrations. "The Miraculous Medal." (Prose.) By Rev. A. A. Lambing. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Christening." Our Prize Story. "The Doctor's Compromise." By F. D. Guilfoil. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin. List of common English Christian names, with signification and name days. Besides other illustrated articles, it also gives some of the notable events of the year 1897-1898. With numerous illustration, calendars, astronomical calculations, etc., etc.

"Teaching Truth by Signs and Ceremonies; or, The Church—Its Rites and Services Explained for the People," by Rev. James L. Meagher, is a graphic and clear description and explanation of the Church—its shape, and why it is built in that manner, the meaning of each part, a history of architecture, sculpture, music and painting. The THINGS in the Church, their meaning and their object, statues, images, pictures, and the pictorial windows. The Sanctuary, the light, its meaning. The candles, why used, their meaning, their reason, their history. The Altar, its history, why made in that way, what it signifies. Why we have Latin and not some modern tongue. The vestments, their meanings and their histories. The Mass explained. Every movement of the celebrant given when said by either a priest, a bishop, or the Pope, with the reasons and the meanings of each ceremony. The funeral ceremonies given, with their meanings and the origin of all the rites around the coffin and the grave. The most complete and exhaustive work ever published in the English language on that subject. The book is the labor of many years, the ideas having been taken from the great writers and the fathers of the Church, and all who treat of these subjects. The book is intensely interesting to all parties, of whatever religion, saying nothing of any form of belief, but telling in the simplest words the meaning of so much that is mysterious in the Church. Illustrated with twenty-one beautiful engravings. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Write to Christian Press Association, 54 Barclay street, New York.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Mrs. J. I., Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. C. F., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. P. F., Elora, Ont.; Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; L. H. D., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L., New York City; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; C. F. C., Walnut Hill, Mass.; Miss E. O'B., Manchester, N. H.; Miss F. B., Phila., Pa.; ———, Exeter, Ont.

Please Read This, Dear Santa Claus!

(A genuine letter from a nice little five year old girl.)

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Please send me a dolly with long hair, a table, a little rocking chair, chairs, and nice tea sets, a little desk, a little broom, a rocking horse for my baby brother, a diamond ring for Grandpa, a diamond pin for Uncle Willie, a little piano for me, and a carriage for my dolly so that I can wheel her, a little statue for me, and some new flowers and a vase for The Holy Infant. Dear Santa Claus, please send me your picture, I will give you something nice too. Send my grandma a box full of diamonds, and Uncle Ernest some new music. Send Aunt S three new books and a charm, for me a little stove, for my papa a new piano, mamma a gold cross and bracelet, lots of candy and toys to all the poor little children, and send me a nice Christmas tree.

NANITA.

[Amen! We will send marked copy to Santa Claus, dear Nanita!—Ed. C. R.]

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

[During the past month we received thousands of names of deceased persons for whom prayers were asked. We would gladly publish all the names, but our readers can easily see how difficult it would be. *Every name received to date* has been placed at the feet of our Blessed Mother of Mt. Carmel, to whom our community makes daily suffrage.—Ed. C. R.]

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

THOMAS MCCABE, Paterson, N. J.

WILLIAM A. HURLEY, whose pious death occurred lately at London, Ont.

MICHAEL HURLEY, Jersey City, N. J.

MRS. MARY HORAHAN, Jersey City, N. J.

ALPHONSE HUCKESTEIN, who died suddenly in Texas, Nov. 8.

MARY ANGELA DONNELLY, died at Latrobe, Pa., Oct. 27th, 1898.

MRS. HENRY LEGARRY, who went to a well-earned reward on Oct. 20, 1898.

MRS. JOHN TOOHEY, whose charitable life ended at Cayuga, Nov. 8.

WINIFRED A. PEER, who entered into rest at Rochester, N. Y., March 18th.

JOHN BARRETT, who, fortified by the holy Sacraments, departed this life at Pittsburg, Pa., June 10th.

SISTER M. CLARE MALLON, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, who, on Oct. 18th, after serving God in religion 43 years, was summoned to celestial joys, in the 78th year of her age.

MRS. ANN LAVERY, who died at Erie, Pa., Oct. 12, 1898, consoled by the prayers and sacraments of holy Church. Deceased was a very devout client of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel.

For dead friends and relatives in St. Joseph's parish, Snyder, Ont.

For those whose names were inscribed on our "Dead List" for November.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, V, 16.

[Our limited space makes it impossible to specify all the petitions sent to us. None of them are overlooked. They are all included in the general summing up, and, moreover, all recommended each month to all Carmelite priests, brothers, sisters and novices and priories and convents in the United States and Canada. Finally, all petitions are laid at the miraculous shrine of our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls.—ED. C. R.]

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

For restoration to health of a lady subscriber. For special requests of thanksgivings. For a family in destitute circumstances—an

unemployed father. Health, 2; parents, 3; sick, 2; special, 4; conversion, 2; fervor, 1; perseverance, 1; parish, 1; success, 3; servants, 1; absent brother, 1; cures, 2; souls, 10.471; thanks, 31; sinners, 1; temporal, 7; spiritual, 4; employment, 1; destitute, 1; particular, 20; readers, 5. For conversion of a brother. For a first communicant. For a promotor. For a father.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from Belle Island, N. F. L., Our Lady of Sorrows, Manzano, N. Mexico. St. Michael's Convent, Belvidere, N. F. L. St. Patrick's, Java Center, N. Y. St. Patrick's, Napanee, Ont.; St. Bernard's, Saranac Lake, N. Y. St. Mary's, Glendale, N. Y. St. Basil's, Brantford, Ont. The Cathedral, Toronto, Ont. St. Patrick's, Java Center, N. Y. The Annunciation, Ireland, Ind. Sts. Peter and Paul's, Ruth, Mich. St. Agnes, Debec, N. B. St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont. St. John's, Catalina, Nfld. St. Joseph's, Acton, Ont.

At Scipio, Kansas Priory, names received from Passionist House, St. Paul, Kan.

Names of persons enrolled have been received for registration at our New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery from : Belle River, Minn. Chicago, Ill. Ogdensburg, N. Y. Menominee, Ill. St. Theresa's Church, Lincoln, Neb. Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

